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ZHV
Belknap



Sacred Poetry.

CONSISTING OF

PSALMS AND HYMN

ADAPTED TO

CHRISTIAN DEVOTION,
IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

Selected from the best Authors, with Variat
and Additions.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
By JEREMY BELKNA
—♦♦♦♦♦—

THIRD EDITION, WITH IM

Published according to Act of C

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P R E F A C E.

R. Johnson hath observed concerning devotional poetry, that "the sanctity of the subjects the ornaments of figurative diction." Subjects may be heightened by the charms of art; but this is too sublime to receive any decorative eloquence; and we often debase it in the attempt.

LAUTS, in one of his hymns, hath said, "In all the names of love and power that ever men or angels bore; are too mean to speak his worth, set EMANUEL's glory forth."

which was the imperfection of one of the best that we frequently find in his divine poems, and allusions taken from "mortal beauties," and to the Saviour, with a license disgusting it of devotion. It has been my aim to avoid affectations; and either to change or omit such allusions.

names of the authors from whom this selection is made, are subjoined to each psalm or hymn; when they are unknown, or have requested to be omitted. Most of these names are familiar to us of poetry; but there is one, to whom I am indebted for some of the most elegant productions, who is but little known in this land of whom I conceive the following account to be acceptable to every reader.

"ANNE STEELE was the eldest daughter of a dissenting minister at Broughton, in Hampshire. She was a man of piety, integrity, benevolence, and the amiable simplicity of manners. She discovered early life, her love of the muses, and often entertained her friends, with the truly poetical and pious thoughts of her pen. But, it was her infelicity, has been of many of her kindred spirits, to have a spacious soaring mind inclosed in a very weak languid body. She lived, for the most part, a long retirement in the same peaceful village where she began and ended her days. The duties of friend and religion occupied her time, and the pleasure both constituted her delight. Her heart was a seal, often to a degree too painful for her own felicity, but always with the most tender and generous sympathy for her friends. Yet, she possessed a native cheerfulness; of which, even the agonizing pains she endured, in the latter part of her life, could not deprive her. In every short interval of abated suffering would in a variety of ways, as well as by being livened by conversation, give pleasure to all around. Her life was a life of unaffected humility, wariness, benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion. She waited with Christian dignity for the hour of her departure: When it came, she welcomed it with a smile, and having taken an affectionate leave of her friends, closed her eyes, with these animating words on her lips, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'

* This account is taken from the preface to the volume of her miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse published under the name of THEODOSIA, by the Job Evans of B. 1801 1780 after her decease.

humblly apprehended, that a grateful and af-
te address to the exalted Saviour of mankind,
mn in honour of the Eternal Spirit, cannot be
able to the mind of GOD. To stigmatize
act of devotion with the name of idolatry, is
the least) an abuse of language. It cannot
charged with derogating from the glory due
ONE God and Father of all, because he is
imate object of the honour which is given to
and to his Spirit.

his selection, those Christians who do not scrup-
ing praises to their Redeemer and Sanctifier,
nd materials for such a sublime enjoyment ;
others, whose tenderness of conscience may
hem to confine their addresses to the Father on-
l find no deficiency of matter suited to their
“ the chaste and awful spirit of devotion.”

STON, May 10, 1795.

B. The characters denoting the sharp or flat
& prefixed to each psalm or hymn, at my re-
by the Rev. Dr. MORSE, of Charlestown.





P S A L M S.

Psalm I. Common Metre. [※]

The Happiness of the Righteous and the Misery of the Wicked

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat.

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He like a tree of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state,

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine ;
Whilst fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust !
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

*Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace ;*

Psalm III. Common Metre.

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

MY God, how many are my fears !
 How fast my foes increase !
 Their number, how it multiplies !
 How fatal to my peace !

2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There's no relief from heaven ;
 And all my swelling sins appear
 Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence,
 On thee my hopes rely ;
 My sinking spirit thou wilt raise,
 And lift my head on high.

4 In former times of deep distress
 To God I made my prayer :
 He heard me from his holy hill ;
 Why should I now despair ?

5 Guarded by him, I lay me down
 My sweet repose to take ;
 For I through him securely sleep,
 Through him in safety wake.

6 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 His arm alone can save ;
 Blessings attend thy people here,
 And reach beyond the grave.

TATE and WATTS, united and v

Psalm IV. ver. 6, 7. C. M. [Ex]

True Happiness only in God.

WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wing
 And wanders unconfin'd,
 Amidst the varied scene of things
 Which entertain the mind ;

P S A L M S.

- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
 In search of sacred rest,
 The whole creation is too poor
 To make us fully blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
 Each flattering specious wile,
 For what can yield a real joy
 But our Creator's smile ?
- 4 Let earth with all her charms depart,
 Unworthy of the mind ;
 In God alone our restless heart
 An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great Source of all felicity,
 To thee our wishes tend !
 Do not these wishes rise from thee,
 And in thy favour end ?
- 6 Thy favour, Lord, is all we want,
 Here would our spirit rest ;
 O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
 And make us fully blest.

Mrs STEELE.

Psalm IV. ver. 8. *Long Metre. [**]*

An Evening Song.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days,
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 And gives me strength for days to come.

*I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;*

His ever watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart ;
And in the morning let me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground ;
And wait thy voice to break the tomb,
With glad salvation in the sound.

WATT

Psalm V. Common Metre. [

For the Lord's Day Morning.

L ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I address my prayer,
To thee direct mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

5 *The men who love and fear thy name,*
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
The mighty God will compass them.

Psalm VI. Common Metre.

[b]

Prayer in Sickness.

Anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
 But spare a wretch forlorn ;
 correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
 Too heavy to be borne.

Sorrow and pain consume the day,
 I waste the night with cries,
 Counting the minutes as they pass,
 Till the slow morning rise.

If tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
 And fills my soul with grief ;
 How long, O Lord, wilt thou delay
 To grant me thy relief ?

The gloomy shades of death cannot
 Thy glorious acts proclaim ;
 So pris'ner of the silent grave
 Can magnify thy name.

He hears when dust and ashes pray,
 He pities all my groans ;
 He saves me for his mercy's sake,
 And heals my broken bones.

The virtue of his sovereign word
 Restores my fainting breath :
 To him will I devote that life
 Which he has sav'd from death.

TATE and WATTS united and varied.

Psalm VII. Common Metre. [※ or b]

Confidence in God.

My just is in my heavenly friend,
 My hope in thee, my God ;
 My helpless life defend
 Those who seek my blood.

B

2 If malice lurk'd within my heart,
Before thy piercing eyes ;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

3 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I trust my cause to thee ;
According to my righteousness
So let thy sentence be.

4 Let wicked arts of wicked men
Be wholly overthrown ;
But guard the just, O God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.

5 Then will I all the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim ;
I'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate his name.

TATE and WATTS un

Psalm VIII. Common Metre. [3]

Divine Consideration.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world, how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high
Employs my wond'ring sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;

3 Lord, what is man ! that thou should'st commit
To keep him in thy mind !
Or what his race, that thou shouldest put
To them so wond'rous kind !

4 Him next in power thou didst create,

End with dignity and state
 In all thy works to reign.
 Jointly own his powerful sway,
 The beasts that prey or graze ;
 Bird that wings its airy way,
 He fish that cuts the seas.
 Now, to whom all creatures bow,
 Within this earthly frame,
 O' all the world, how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy name !

TATE.

Psalm VIII. Long Metre. [b]

Adam and Christ, or the old and new Creation.

1 ORD, what was man when made at first,
 Adam, the offspring of the dust,
 That thou should'st set him, and his race,
 But just below an angel's place !
 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
 And make him Lord of all below ;
 Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
 And lay the fishes at his feet !

3 But what sublimer glories wait
 To crown the second Adam's state !
 What honours shall thy son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born !

4 See him below his angels made !
 See him in dust among the dead !
 To save the world from death and sin :
 But he shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
 The miseries that attend the fall,
 New made and glorious shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

Psalm IX. ver. 10, 11. L. M.

Encouragement to Faith.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

- 2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all sufficient Lord ;
Through all the world, most high confess
By him 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abra'm, God of peace ;
Now, by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servant's prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he has sought his God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same.
- 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE

Psalm X. Common Metre.

A Prayer for Deliverance from Oppression.

WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,

I the wicked still deride
thine and thy power ?
erect their heads in pride,
etter men devour ?

God ! lift up thy hand,
d our humble cry ;
my shall dare to stand
n God our help is nigh.
wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
d still incline thine ear ;
knowest what thy children say
d thou their voice wilt hear.
.d tyrants shall no more oppres,
o more despise the just ;
mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

WATTS.

Psalm XI. Long Metre. [5]

The Justice of Divine Providence.

N God my stedfast hopes rely ;
Why do my foes insulting cry,
Fly like a timorous, trembling dove,
And seek the mountain's lonesome grove." "
hold the wicked aim their darts
gainst the men of upright hearts !
government be overthrown,
ho then the injur'd cause will own ?
ie Lord, enthron'd above the sky,
suffering virtue casts his eye ;
o' he afflicts his saints, to prove
~~their patience, and to try their love~~ ;

4 Yet lawless hands and hearts impure,
His frowns vindictive will endure ;
His lightning wings its rapid way,
His thunder fills them with dismay.

5 Where truth and justice hold their place,
God will reveal his gracious face ;
Delighted in the upright mind
His own reflected beams to find.

MERRICK, varied.

Psalm XII. Common Metre. [

Corruption of Manners.

HHELP, Lord ! for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground ;
The sons of wickedness prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part ;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

3 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Are rais'd to seats of power and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

4 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold ;
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxen cold ;

5 Is not thy chariot hastening on ?
Hast thou not given the sign ?
May we not trust and live upon

A promise for us ?

P S A L M S.

Thy words like silver seven times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure ;
The men who in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.

WATTS.

Psalm XIII. Common Metre. [I]

Complaint under Temptation.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
My God, how long delay ?
When wilt thou send thy heavenly rays
To drive my fears away ?

2 How long shall my distressed soul
Struggle and toil in vain ?

Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.

3 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep ;
Make haste, before my eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

4 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I become his prey,
And all the hosts of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay !

5 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head ;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

6 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace
On which my hopes have hung ;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And victory shall be sung.

WATTS

Psalm XIV. Common Metre.*Universal Depravity.*

FOOOLS in their hearts believe and say
 “ That all religion’s vain :
 “ There is no God that reigns on high,
 “ Or minds th’ affairs of men.”

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
 : Corrupt discourse proceeds ;
 And by their impious hands are done
 Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
 Look’d down on things below ;
 To find the men that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know :

4 He saw that all were gone astray,
 Their practice all the same ;
 That none did fear his Maker’s hand,
 That none did love his name.

5 Their tongues are us’d to speak deceit,
 Their flanders never cease ;
 How swift to mischief are their feet,
 Nor know the paths of peace !

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
 In every heart are found ;
 Nor will they bear diviner fruit,
 Till grace refine the ground.

WAT

Psalm XV. Common Metre. [※]*The Citizen of Zion.*

LORD, who’s the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair ?
 And whilst he hours before thy throne.

Tis he, whose truly honest heart
 By rules of virtue moves ;
 Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

Who never will a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound ;
 Nor hearken to a false report,
 By malice whisper'd round.

Who vice, when dreft in pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect ;
 And piety, tho' cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood ;
 And tho' he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.

Who seeks not in oppressive ways
 His treasure to employ ;
 Whom no reward can ever bribe
 The guiltless to destroy.

The man, who by this steady course
 Has happiness infur'd,
 When earth's foundations shake, shall stand,
 By Providence secur'd.

TATE.

Psalm XV. Long Metre. [x or v]

The Virtues of a Christian.

WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
 Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
 The man who loves religion now,
 And humbly walks with God below.

Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;

Psalm XVI. Third Part. C. M. T

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 SET the Lord before my face,
 He bears my courage up ;
 My heart and tongue their joys express,
 My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 Where souls departed are ;
 Nor quit my body to the grave,
 To see corruption there.

3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 And raise me to thy throne ;
 Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 Thy presence, joys unknown."

4 Thus in the name of Christ the Lord
 The holy David sung ;
 And Providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
 Was crucified and slain ;
 Behold the tomb its prey restores !
 Behold he lives again !

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heaven's eternal hills ?
 There sits the Son, at God's right hand,
 And there the Father smiles.

WAT.

Psalm XVII. Common Metre.

The transforming Vision of Col.

M Y God, the visits of thy face
 Afford superior joy

s and darkness intervene,
ghtest joys decline ;
h's gay trifles oft ensnare
wandering heart of mine.

guide this wandering heart to thee ;
nsatisfy'd I stray ;
k through the shades of sense and sin,
ith thy enlivening ray.

et thy beams resplendent shine,
nd every cloud remove ;
nsform my powers, and fit my soul
or happier scenes above.

ld, raise my faith, my hope, my heart,
o those transporting joys ;
en shall I scorn each little snare,
Which this vain world employs.

en, though I sink in death's cold sleep,
To life I shall awake ;
d, in the likeness of my God,
Df heavenly bliss partake.

Mrs. STEELE.

Psalm XVII. Long Metre. [x]

The Resurrection.

THAT sinners value I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
hall behold thy blissful face,
id stand complete in righteousness.
is life's a dream, an empty show ;
t the bright world to which I go,
th joys substantial and sincere ;
hen shall I wake and find me there !
glorious hour, O blest abode !
ill be near and like my God,

C

And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS

Psalm XVIII. First Part. L. M. [

Confidence in divine Protection.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortrefs and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God address'd my humble cry ;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his throne on high.

4 The Lord did on my side engage,
From heaven my righteous cause upheld,
And sav'd me from the furious rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly fwell'd.

5 Thou to the just shall justice show,
The pure, thy purity shall see ;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

6 Who then deserves to be ador'd
But God, on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,

A. J. M. S.

27

III. Sec. Part. L. M. [* or b]

Contesting Judgment on his Enemies.

SENT on the bending sky,
and descended from on high
as the darkness of the pole
at his feet tremendous roll.

woven clouds around him clos'd,
secret residence compos'd ;
waters, high suspended, spread
dark pavilion o'er his head.
oice th' Almighty Monarch rear'd,
heaven's high vault in thunder heard ;
down in fiercer conflict came
mendous hail and mingled flame.
In aim direct, his shafts were sped,
vain his foes before them fled ;
round his dreadful lightnings stray,
and sure destruction marks their way.

Earth's basis, open to the eye,
And ocean's springs were seen to lie,
As the tempestuous fury past,
And o'er them rag'd the dreadful blast.

MERRI

Psalm XVIII. Third Part. L. M.

Sincerity proved, or the Equity of Providence.

L ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere
Hast made thy truth and love appear
Before my eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause
Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
My actions have proclaim'd thy praise
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest ;
 What wars and strugglings in my breast ;
 But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
 I hope to conquer every sin.

4 With an impartial hand, the Lord
 Deals out to mortals their reward ;
 The kind and faithful sou's shall find
 A God more faithful and more kind.

5 The just and pure shall ever say
 God is more pure and just than they ;
 And men that love revenge shall know
 God hath an arm of vengeance too.

WATTS

Psalm XVIII. Fourth Part. C. M.

Thanksgiving for Victory.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
 The triumph of the day ;
 Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
 And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
 And break united powers ;
 By thee their lofty walls we scale,
 Or burn their proudest towers.

3 God speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
 Whole armies are dismay'd ;
 His voice, his frown, his angry look,
 Strike all their courage dead.

4 He forms our soldiers for the field,
 With all their martial skill ;
Instructs their hand the sword to wield,
 And gives them hearts of steel.

The Lord our Saviour ever lives,
His name be ever blest ;
His powerful arm' the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

WATTS.

Psalm XIX. First Part. C. M. [X]

The Voice of Nature proclaiming God.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.
The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
And, from the dark returns of night,
Divine instruction springs.

Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd ;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display,
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,
Has such a cheerful face ;
No giant dares like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.

From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes ;
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the circuit of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice ;
 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He publishes his maker, God,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 But when we read thy written word ;
 What light and joy those leaves afford !
 These are our study and delight :
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

5 From the discov'ries of thy law,
 The perfect rules of life we draw ;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 Which makes our guilty conscience clean,
 Converts our soul, subdues our sin,
 And gives a free but large reward.

6 Who knows the errors of his thoughts !
 Forgive, O Lord, our secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain ;
 Accept the tribute of our praise,
 That we have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

WATT

Psalm XIX. Short Metre. [

For the Lord's Day Morning.

B EHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way,
 His beams thro' all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light ;

dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight
How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
Ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
Say I never read in vain,
I find the path to heaven.

Near thy word with love,
Help me to obey ;
I thy good Spirit from above,
O guide me, lest I stray.

Whilst with my heart and tongue
Spread my praise abroad ;
Scept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

Psalm XX. Long Metre. [L]

For a Day of Prayer in War.

Now may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry ;
Yahweh hears when Israel prays,
And sends deliverance from on high.

The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls ;
He from his sanctuary sends
Success and strength when Zion calls.

Well he remembers all our sighs,
whose love exceeds our best delights ;
whose love accepts the sacrifice
of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of God, the Lord,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our ships shall spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast ;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 Save us, O Lord, from guilty fear,
And let our hopes be firm and strong ;
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

WATTS

Psalm XXI. Long Metre.

The Exaltation of Christ.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace ;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand !
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold ;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory not of gold.

4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine ;
Blest with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

WATTS

III. First Part. C. M. [5]

Sorrows and Glory of Christ.

the hour of deep distress,
Lord, support thy SON,
as dark my soul oppres,
Ie not alone!"

Our suffering Saviour pray,
Lucky cries and tears ;
him in that dreadful day,
Is'd away his fears.

the victory of his death,
One exalted stands ;
he nations of the earth
Bow to his commands.

Rous offspring shall reward
Saviour's dying groans ;
them, faith the glorious Lord,
Daughters and my sons."

Cry and humble souls shall see
Table richly spread ;
All that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

WATTS, varie.

III XXII. Second Part. L. M.

Christ's Death and Resurrection.

Now let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord ;
When he complain'd in tears and blood
Like one forsaken of his God.
The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in
He rescu'd others from the grave,
Now let him try himself to save.

3 "Behold the man who did pretend
 "God was his father and his friend ;
 "If God the blessed lov'd him so,
 "Why doth he fail to help him now

4 O harden'd people ! cruel priests !
 How they stood round like savage be-
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had put him in their pow

5 They wound his head, his hands, his
 Till streams of blood each other mee
 By lot his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he dy

6 But God his Father heard his cry ;
 Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on h
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

Palm XXII. Third Part. C. M.

Obedience to God due from all Men.

LET all the various tribes of men
 To God their homage pay ;
 And distant nations of the earth,
 One sov'reign Lord obey.

2 'Tis his prerogative supreme
 O'er subject kings to reign,
 'Tis just that he should rule the wor-
 Who does the world sustain.

3 The rich, whom he with plenty feed
 His goodness shall confess ;
 The sons of want, whom he relieves
 Their bounteous patron blefs.

4 With humble confidence to God
 Let all for aid repair ;

he who first their beings gave,
Will make them still his care.

It time ! when all of human birth
Devoted to his name,
To their heirs, his sacred truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

TATR, varied.

IM XXXIII. Common Metre: [※]

God's tender Care of his People.

He Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Is pleas'd to be my guide ;
Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.
Under grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
He leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring feet reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Teach with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

Poss the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
There his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

He liberal and unceasing care,
He does my table spread ;
Crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

Hee God doth thus his wond'rous love
Through all my life extend,
At life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

Psalm XXIII. Short Metre.*God's tender Care of his People.*

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 Whilst he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk through death's dark shad
My God is with me there.

5 In sight of all my foes,
He does my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of his love
Shall crown my future days ;
Nor from his house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak his praise.

WATT

Psalm XXIII. Six Line Long Metre.*God our Shepherd.*

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care
His presence shall my wants supply,

As he shall attend,
With hours defend.

Dusty glebe I faint,
Mountain paht ;
And dewy meads,
Wandering steps he leads ;
At rivers, soft and slow,
Last landskips flow :

Wide and rugged way,
Bus, lonely wilds I stray,
All my pains beguile,
Wildernes shall smile ;
Beens and herbage crown'd,
Hall murmur all around.

The paths of death I tread,
Horrors overspread,
Art shall fear no ill,
Lord, art with me still ;
Staff shall give me aid,
Through the dismal shade.

ADDISON.

IV. Common Metre. [**]

Men whom God approves.

As earth is all the Lord's,
It's her fulness is ;
And they who dwell therein,
In right are his.

And, and spread the seas,
Which they contain ;
His own image form'd,
Else works to reign,
*If, this Lord of all
Seat design'd :*

1 O who shall to that sacred hill
Desir'd admittance find ?

2 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free ;
Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

3 This is the man on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down ;
Whom God his Saviour shall be pleas'd
With righteousness to crown.

4 Such is the character of those
Who seek the face of God ;
Whose happy feet shall stand within
The place of his abode.

TATE, varied.

Psalm XXIV, Long Metre. [1]

Heaven the Residence of Saints, and the Ascension of Christ.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms and beasts and bird
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky ;
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God ?

3 He who abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are cle
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour bles,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race
Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

P. S. A' L M. S.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh !
Who can this King of glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way ;
 Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes, with God to dwell.
7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
With their Redeemer and their God.

WATTS.

Psalm XXV. Short Metre.

Seeking Divine Forgiveness and Direction.

To God I lift my eyes,
My trust is in his name ;
And they whose hope on him relies,
Shall never suffer shame.

From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening's shade,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
And ask thy heavenly aid.

Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth ;
Forgive the sins of riper age,
And follies of my youth.

Thro' all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy shine,
To those who with religious hearts
To his blest will incline.

To those in safety guides
Who his direction seek,

And in his sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

6 For thy own goodness' sake,
Save thou my soul from shame ;
And pardon all my sins, tho' great,
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

TATE and WATTS, united and va

Psalm XXVI. Long Metre.

Self Examination.

JUDGE me, O God, and prove my way;
And try my reins, and try my heart ;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy word my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies ;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
In my esteem shall never rise.

3 In innocence I'll wash my hands,
From pride and guilt and folly clear ;
Then at thy sacred altar stand,
And hope to find acceptance there.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thy honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood ;
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

WATTS, va

Salm XXVII. Common Metre. [x or b]

The Church is our Safety and Delight.

E Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
is my strength, nor will I fear
hat mortal flesh can do.

privilege my heart desires,
grant me an abode
ng the churches of thy saints,
ie temples of my God.

E shall I offer my requests,
id see thy glory still ;
hear thy messages of love,
id learn thy holy will.

en troubles rise and storms appear,
ere may his children hide :

has a strong pavilion, where
e makes my soul abide.

old friends and kindred, near and dear,
ave me to want or die ;

God would make my life his care,
nd all my need supply.

t on the Lord, ye trembling saints.
nd keep your courage up ;
I raise your spirit when it faints,
nd elevate your hope.

WATTS.

Salm XXVII. Long Metre. [b]

The Safety of trusting in God.

E Lord, my Saviour, is my light,
What terrors can my soul affright ?
It God, my strength, my life, is near,
mortal shall alarm my fear ?

2 When numerous hosts besiege me round,
My courage shall maintain its ground ;
Tho' war should rise in dread array,
God is my strength, my hope, my stay.

3 This only bliss my heart desires,
To this my ardent wish aspires,
In God's own house to spend my days,
To hear his word, and speak his praise ;

4 When troubles rise, my guardian God
Will hide me safe in his abode ;
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
Sustain'd by his almighty hand.

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
Should love forsake a parent's heart ;
The God on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble souls, in every strait
On God with faith and patience wait ;
His hand shall life and strength afford ;
Wait, therefore, ever on the Lord.

Mrs. STEELE.

Psalm XXVIII. Common Metre. [*The humble Suppliant trusting in God.*

O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath ;
Hear me, O Lord, or I shall be
Like those who sleep in death.

2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy seat.

If wicked men their works despise.

shall avenge the cause,
them up no more.
gratitude inspir'd,
will resound ;
the cries of my distress
an answer found.

Might fill'd my heart with joy,
that I should raise
wful tribute of my thanks,
celebrate thy praise,

thy people, Lord, and deign
eritage to bless ;
hem with plenty and with peace,
honour and success.

TATE, varied.

B. XXIX. Long Metre. [*]

The Majesty of God in Thunder.

to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
to the Lord renown and power ;
due honors to his name,
eternal might adore.

rd proclaims his power aloud
vast ocean and the land ;
e dissolves the watery cloud,
htnings blaze at his command.

e from heaven in thunder speaks,
majesty and terror crown'd ;
e the stately cedar breaks,
ows its scatter'd limbs around.

e divides the flames of fire,
ked streaks of lightning sends,
~~mountain trembles~~ at his ire,
~~forest lowly bends.~~

5 His lightning rends the firmest rock,
And pierces deep the solid ground ;
The hinds affrighted feel the shock,
And shudder at the awful sound.

6 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever king ;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his praise securely sing.

7 In gentler language, here the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts ;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and comfort to our hear-

W RITS AND TAPE, UNITED AND

Psalm XXX. *Common Metre**Prayer Board.*

BENEATH my God's protecting ar-
How did my soul rejoice !
And fondly hop'd no future harm
Would interrupt my joys.

2 Lord, 'twas thy favour fix'd my rest :
Thy shining face withdrew,
Then troubles fill'd my anxious brea-
And pain'd my soul anew.

3 Again to thee, O gracious God,
I rais'd my mournful eyes ;
To thee I spread my woes abroad,
With supplicating cries.

4 What glory can my death afford,
In the dark graye consin'd ?
Shall senseless dust adore the Lord,
Or call thy truth to mind ?

5 Hear, O my God, in mercy hear,

gracious helper, near,
my sorrows fly.

the voice Divine ;
extinct bound ;
of mourning I resign,
sadness girds me round.

my utmost glory be
thy honours high,
my gratitude to thee
silence dic.

my gracious God, I raise
thankful heart and tongue ;
y goodness and thy praise
lasting song.

Mrs. STREET.

ALM. XXX. Long Metre. [**].

Recovery from Sickness.

was my health, my day was bright,
I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;
I said within my heart,
ure and peace shall ne'er depart."
orgot thine arm was strong,
made my mountain stand so long ;
s thy face began to hide,
life was gone, my comfort dy'd.

ted by a Father's rod,
aloud to thee, my God ;
d in dust, can I declare
truth, or sing thy goodness there ?
t me, O God of grace," I said,
bring me from among the dead ;"
ord rebuk'd the pains I felt,
doning love remov'd my guilt..

5 My sad complaints in praises end,
And tears of gratitude descend ;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Thy power and goodness shall proclaim ;
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

WATTS.

Psalm XXXI. Common Metre. [**]

Relief from Distress.

COME, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God in grateful songs ;
And let the memory of his grace
Inspire your hearts and tongues.

2 His frown what mortal can sustain ?
But soon his anger dies ;
His life-restoring smile again
Returns, and sorrow flies.

3 Her deepest gloom, when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His face celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart.

4 To thee, my God, oppress'd with grief,
I breath'd my humble cry ;
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my weeping eye.

5 Thy mercy chas'd the shades of death,
And snatch'd me from the grave ;
O may thy praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.

Mrs. STEELE.

P S A L M S.

Psalm XXXI. Long Metre. [x or 11]

Confidence in God.

1 ORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust ;
Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

2 Thou art my Rock, thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat ;
O make thy power and mercy known,
To safety guide my wandering feet.

3 To thy kind hand, all gracious Lord,
My soul I cheerfully resign ;
My saviour God, I trust thy word,
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.

4 I hate their works, I hate their ways,
Who follow vanity and lies ;
but to the Lord my hopes I raise,
And trust his power, who built the skies.

5 What perfect bliss, O bounteous Lord,
Immenely great, divinely free,
Hast thou reserv'd for their reward,
Who fear thy name, and trust in thee ?

6 Blest be the Lord, forever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fear remove ;
The sacred walls which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.

7 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart !
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
And he will heavenly strength impart.

Mrs. STEELE.

Psalm XXXII. Long Metre. D

The Marks of true Repentance.

HE's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear ;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

- 2 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere,
- 3 Whilst I kept silence and conceal'd
My load of guilt within my heart,
What torment did my conscience feel !
What agony of inward smart !
- 4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike distress'd ;
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
Like land with summer drought oppress'd.
- 5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within ;
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 6 For this display of sovereign grace,
In my distress so freely given,
Each humble foul will seek thy face,
And find his way to peace and heaven.

TATE and WATTS, united and varled.

Psalm XXXII. Short Metre. D

Confession and Pardon.

OBLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er,
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more !

They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and liyes, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere,
When I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the festering wound ;
I confess'd my sin to thee,
And ready pardon found,
Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
A help, in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

WATTS.

Psalms XXXIII. Common Metre []***The Works of Creation and Providence.*

EJOUNCE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you ;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true !
His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly orbits spread ;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made,
He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
The terrors of the spacious earth,
Whose fear before him stand ;

He spoke, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands thro' every age,
And in full glory shines.

W.

Psalm XXXIII. Six Line L. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

HAPPY the nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builids his church, his earthly thr
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their v
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength, the warrior boast,
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
In vain they trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of the horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death and danger threat'ning f
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and tru
When wars or famine waste the land

4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou, our Physician, thou, our Shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne ;
We wait to see thy goodness shine,
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. C. M. [**]

Encouragement to trust and hope God.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all who are distress'd,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just :
 Protection he affords to all
 Who make his name their trust.
 O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide ;
 How blest are they, and only they
 Who in his truth confide.
 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care.
 Whilst hungry lions lack their prey,
 The Lord will food provide.
 For such as put their trust in him,
 And see their wants supply'd.

TATE.

PSALM XXXIV. Sec. Part. C. M. [b]

The Way of Holiness and its Reward.

APROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
 And my instruction hear ;
 I teach you the true discipline
 Of God's religious fear.

E 2

2 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see ;
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free.

3 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue ;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.

4 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes ;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

5 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave ;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
The contrite spirit save.

TATE.

Psalm XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14. C. M.

Love to Enemies,

BEHOLD the love, the generous love
Which holy David shows !
Hark, how his tender pity moves
To his afflicted foes !

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seemis to feel the smart ;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead !
And, fasting, mortify'd his soul,
Whilst for their life he pray'd !

They groan, and curse him on their bed ;
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
 And double blessings on his head
 The righteous God returns.

O glorious type of heavenly grace !
 Thus Christ, the Lord, appears ;
 Whilst sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with tears.

He, the true David, Israel's King,
 Bless'd and belov'd of God,
 To save our souls from death and sin,
 Shed his own precious blood.

WATTS.

Psalm XXXVI. First Versi. L.M. [**]

The Perfections and Providence of God.

HY mercy, Lord, my only hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Above the spreading skies extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains,
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
 Thy providence the world sustains,
 The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.

Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;
 And drink, as from the fountain head,
 Of joys that shall forever last.

Then let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display :

With thee, the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day.

T.

Psalm XXXVI. Sec. Versi. L. M.

The Divine Being and Perfections.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud,
Which veils and darkens thy designs.

- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both men and beasts thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 Oh God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with rich repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain full and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

Wa

XXVII. First Part. C. M. [v]

The Cure of Envy and Unbelief.

Should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
My sinners waxing great,
Violence and lies?

Every graft, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades,
Hall their glory vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
I shall I dwell among the just,
And never want for food.

To my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known;
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek shall still the earth possess,
And be the heirs of heaven;
True riches, in abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

WATT

Psalm XXXVII. Sec. Part. C. M.

Religion in Words and Deeds.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay ;
The just is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal hand he gives
To all the Sons of need ;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to speak profane,
To slander or defraud ;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide ;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
Preserv'd from every snare ;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

WAT

Psalm XXXVII. Third Part. C.M. [**]

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
Though they should fall, they rise again
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the man he loves

P S A L M S.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them hei
Of blessings long to come.

4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man or God ;
Like princely laurel fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad :

5 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

6 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

WATT

Psalm XXXVIII. ver. 9, 10. C. M.

Consolation in Death.

1 My Soul, the awful hour will come,
Apace it hastens on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

2 My heart, long labouring with its woes,
Shall pant and sink away ;
And you my eyelids, soon shall close
On the last glimmering ray.

3 Whence, in that hour, shall I receive
A cordial for my pain ?
When, if the richest were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain !

4 Great King of nature and of grace,
To thee my spirit flies ;

And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

5 All my desires to thee are known,
And every secret fear ;
The meaning of each broken groan
Is notice'd by thine ear.

6 O place me by that mighty power
Which to such love belongs,
Where darkness veils the eyes no more,
And groans are chang'd to songs.

DODDRIDGE.

Psalms XXXIX. Common Metre. [
Man's Mortality.

T EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
How short the fleeting time ?
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

tless search no more be mine,
hopes I now recal ;
ly prospects I resign,
ake my God my all.

WATTS.

XL. First Part. C. M. [v]

Deliverance from great Distress.

I'd patient for the Lord,
d to hear my cry ;
ne resting on his word,
rought salvation nigh.

the depths of sore distress,
l my struggles vain ;
man help seem'd daily less,
s'd me up again.

a rock he made me stand,
ught my cheerful tongue
e the wonders of his hand,
ew, thankful song.

d his works of grace abroad,
nts with joy shall hear ;
ers learn to make my God
only hope and fear.

erries fill my wond'ring view
many and how great !
o short, and words too few,
numbers to repeat.

m afflicted, poor and low,
hope I'll never part ;
. beholds my heavy woe,
ears me on his heart.

WATTS.

Psalm XL. Sec. Part. C. M. [

The Divine Mission and Sacrifice of Christ.

THUS saith the Lord, “ Your work is vain ;
Give your burnt offerings o’er ;
In dying goats and bullocks slain,
My soul delights no more.”

2 Then spake the Saviour, “ Lo, I’m here,
My God, to do thy will ;
Whate’er thy sacred books declare,
Thy servant shall fulfil.”

3 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th’ eternal Son appears ;
And at th’ appointed time assumes
The body God prepares !

4 Much he reveal’d his Father’s grace,
And much his truth he show’d ;
And preach’d the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

5 His Father’s honour touch’d his heart,
He pitied sinners’ cries ;
And, to fulfil a Saviour’s part,
Was made a sacrifice.

6 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could cleanse from guilt within ;
But the one sacrifice he made,
Atones for all our sin.

7 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan’s kingdom shook ;
Thus by the woman’s promis’d seed,
(The serpent’s head was broke.)

Psalm XLI. Long Metre.

[§]

Charity rewarded.

BEST is the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress ;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hand can do ;
He in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head ;
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven ;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

WATTS.

Psalm XLII. Common Metre.

[※ or □]

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine ?

3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with my religious friends,
Thy temple did frequent,

4 When I advanc'd with songs of praise,
 My solemn vows to pay ;
 Amidst the joyful sacred throng,
 Which kept the feitual day.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, and he'll employ
 His aid for thee ; and change thy sighs
 To hymns of sacred joy.

6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

TATE

Psalm XLIII. Long Metre. [※ or

Complaint and Hope.

GOD of our strength, to thee we cry,
 O let us not forgotten lie ;
Oppress'd with sorrows and with care,
 To thy protection we repair.

2 O let thy light attend our way,
 Thy truth afford its steady ray ;
 To Zion's hill direct our feet,
 To worship at thy sacred seat.

3 Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre,
 Thy love our joyful song inspire ;
 To thee, our cordial thanks be paid,
 Our sure defence, our constant aid.

4 Why then dejected and dislaid ?
 And whence the grief that fills our breast
 In God we'll hope, and to him raise
 A monument of endless praise.

Altered from MEUR

Psalm XLIV. Common Metre. [x or b]

In Time of War.

O LORD, our fathers oft have told,
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
And in more ancient years.

Twas not their courage, nor their sword
To them salvation gave ;
Twas not their number, nor their strength
That did their country save.

But thy right hand, thy powerful arm,
Whose succour they implor'd ;
Thy providence protected them,
Who thy great name ador'd.

As thee, their God, our fathers own'd,
So thou art still our King ;
O therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

We will not trust our sword nor bow,
When we in war engage ;
But thee, who canst subdue our foe,
And calm their haughty rage.

To thee, the glory we'll ascribe,
From whom salvation came ;
In God our shield we will rejoice,
And ever blefs thy name.

TATE, varied.

Psalm XLV. First Part. I. M. [x]

The Glory of Christ and the Power of his Gospel.

NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King ;
My tongue shall all his worth proclaim,
And speak the honours of his name.

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace ;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on thy sharp victorious sword ;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce thy foes of stubborn heart ;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God,* forever stands,
Grace is the sceptre of thy hands ;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 Thy Father, God, hath richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head ;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first born Son above the rest.

* See Hebrews, i. 8.

WATTS

Psalm XLV. Second Part. L. M. [

Christ and his Church.

THE King of Saints ! how fair his face !
Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The church array'd in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

3 *He forms her graces like his own,*
He calls and seats her near his throne.

ay wandering heart forget
of thy native state.

ie King the more rejoice
ie object of his choice ;
e lov'd, and yet ador'd,
Maker and thy Lord.

hour, when thou shalt rise
ir palace in the skies ;
thy sons, a nu'nerous train,
e a prince in glory reign.

less honours crown his head,
ry age his praises spread ;
we with cheerful songs approve
ndescensions of his love.

Warts.

PSALM XLVI. *Long Metre.* [**]

Praise for National Peace.

AT Ruler of the earth and skies,
word of thy almighty breath
ink the world, or bid it rise ;
mile is life, thy frown is death.

angry nations rush to arms,
rage and noise and tumult reign,
war resounds its dire alarms,
slaughter spreads the crimson plain ;
sovereign eye looks calmly down,
marks their course, and bounds their
word the angry nations own, 'power ;
noise and war are heard no more.

peace returns with balmy wings,
ug commerce spreads her sails ;

The fields are green, and plenty sings
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.

5 Thou good and wise and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will ;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore ;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness and adore.

Mrs. STEELE.

Psalm XLVI. Six Line L. M. [or]

War and Peace.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press ;
In him undaunted we'll confide ;
Tho' earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Dissolv'd by every rising tide.

2 A gentle stream with gladness still
The city of our God shall fill,
The sacred seat of God most high :
God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
Whilst his almighty aid is nigh.

3 In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dispers'd their power,
The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,

Come, see the wonders he has wrought
In earth, what desolations brought,
How he has calm'd the jarring world ;
He broke the warlike spear and bow,
With them the thundering chariot too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.

Submit to God's almighty sway,
'er him the nations shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess :
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

TATE.

Psalm XLVII. *Common Metre. [※]**Universal Praise.*

) FOR a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
Whilst angels shout their lofty praise,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth their voices raise,
O'er all the earth he reigns.
Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

-

WATTS.

Psalm XLVIII. Short Metr*Gospel Worship and Order.*

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes the church his blest abode
His most delightful seat.

2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell ;
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well :

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eye
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God whilst here below,
Our God above the sky.

Psalm XLIX. Common Metr*The Vanity of Riches.*

WHY doth the man of riches groan
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With every rising tide ?

his treasures can procure
but a short reprieve ;
from death one guilty hour,
make his brother live.

Truth of life can ne'er be told,
Insom is too high ;
cannot be brib'd with gold,
man may never die.

the brutish and the wise,
imorous and the brave,
their possessions, close their eyes,
hasten to the grave.

his inward thought and pride,
house shall ever stand ;
t my name may long abide,
e it to my land."

his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
soon his memory dies !
ne is written in the dust
which his body lies.

WATTS.

L. First Part. Com. Metre. [b]

The last Judgment.

Lord, the Judge, before his throne
lets the whole earth draw high ;
ions near the rising sun,
near the western sky.

He shall bold blasphemers say,
dgment will ne'er begin ;"
He abuse his long delay,
npu'dence and sin.

'on a cloud, our God shall come,
flames prepare his way ;

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above, his call shall hear,
Attending angels come ;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints, (he cries)
Who made their peace with God,
Through the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works, bro't forth to view
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

WAT

Psalm L. Sec Part. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warn'd,
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 They dare rehearse his sacred name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbour wrong
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, and stain'd with blood ;
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

whilst his judgments long delay,
grow secure, and sin the more ;
think he sleeps as well as they,
put far off the dreadful hour.

Dreadful hour ! when God draws near,
sets their crimes before their eyes ;
guilt and punishment appear,
no deliverer can arise.

WATTS.

THE LI. First Part. Long Metre. [b]

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

With pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive,
let a repenting sinner live ;
not thy mercies large and free ?
not the contrite trust in thee ?
Sins, tho' great, do not surpass
riches of eternal grace ;
let God, thy nature hath no bound,
let thy pard'ning love be found.

Shed my soul from every sin,
make my guilty conscience clean ;
on my heart the burden lies,
past offences pain my eyes.

Imps with shame my sins confess
ist thy law, against thy grace ;
should thy judgment be severe,
condemn'd, but thou art clear.

Spare a trembling sinner, Lord,
I hope, still hovering round thy word,
for some precious promise there,
sure protection from despair.

G

6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

WAT

Psalm LI. Second Part. L. M.

The Penitent restored.

O THOU, who hear’st when sinners cry
Tho’ all my crimes before thee lie,
Regard them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Renew me, O my God, within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit not depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish’d from thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, O God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will not despise
A contrite heart for sacrifice.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the wretch condemn’d to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy grace,
Sinners shall learn to seek thy face ;
I’ll lead them in the heavenly road,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

WAT

LIII, united with the 55. S.M. [b]

Devotion and Confidence.

inners take their course,
choose the road to death ;
ie praises of my God
nd my daily breath.

wilt regard my cries,
eternal God ;
nners perish in surprise,
th thy angry rod.
se they dwell at ease,
o sad changes feel,
ther fear thy holy name,
arn to do thy will.

ce an olive tree,
n thy courts I'll stand,
fidently, Lord, rely
y protecting hand.

all my heavy cares,
n upon the Lord ;
ny burden on his arm,
est upon his word.

m shall well sustain
hildren of his love ;
nd on which their safety stands
ithly power can move.

WATTS and MERRICK.

LIII. *Long Metre.* [x or 5]
pared with Rom. iii. 10, 11.*Inanity of the World removed by the Gospel.*

D the fool ! whose heart denies
od who form'd the earth and skies !
t the path of sin he treads,
the dire example spreads !

2 Th' eternal Sovereign from on high
Cast on the sons of men his eye ;
To see if any understood,
And fear'd and lov'd their Maker, God.

3 But all were so degenerate grown,
None the true God had fully known !
Both Jew and Gentile long had been
By lust enslave'd, and dead in sin.

4 Both gone from wisdom's path astray,
Pursu'd the errors of their way,
With dismal superstition blind,
And causeless terrors fill'd their mind.

5 Who, gracious God, to sinners eyes
Could bid the wish'd salvation rise ?
Thy SON did light and truth display,
And turn their darkness into day.

6 No flesh shall boast of righteousness,
But guilty shall themselfes confess ;
And when they hear thy pardoning voice,
In thy salvation shall rejoice.

MERRICK, with addition

Psalm LIV. Particular Metre.

Deliverance from Enemies.

THY name, O God, my heart avows,
Do thou my injur'd cause espouse,
And be thy strength my aid ;
My fervent cries in mercy hear,
And let them by thy pitying ear
With full regard be weigh'd.

2 For people from thy fear estrang'd,
With tyrants fierce, against me rang'd,
My fainting soul pursu'd ;

uidst my helpers, heaven's high Lord
stand, and faithful to his word,
h adverse power subdue.

my heart, their rage repell'd,
a willing offering yield ;
thee its praise shall flow ;
t to my thought thy mercies rise,
gave me with exulting eyes
see my prostrate foe.

MERRICK.

Salm LV. Common Metre. [b]

Impatience corrected by Faith.

ERE I like a feather'd dove !
innocence had wings,
and make a long remove
n all these restless things.

to some wild desert go,
find a peaceful home ;
storms of malice never blow,
iptations never come.

opes, and vain inventions all,
scape the rage of hell !
ighty God, on whom I call,
save me here as well.

rning light I'll seek his face,
oon repeat my cry ;
ght shall here me ask his grace,
will he long deny.

ny preserver and my friend,
shield me when afraid ;
wand angels must attend,
comand their aid.

Yet they invade the rights of God,
And send their bold decrees abroad,
To bind the free born soul in chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is their tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong !
And death attends where'er it wounds ;
They hear no counsels, cries nor tears ;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the melody of sounds.

4 Break thou their teeth, Almighty God,
The teeth of lions drench'd in blood,
And crush those serpents in the dust ;
Thy voice shall thunder from the sky,
Their crowns shall fall, their titles die,
Their grandeur and their power be lost.

5 Thus shall thy justice, mighty Lord,
Freedom and peace to men afford,
And nations shall unite and say,
“Sure there's a God, that rules on high,
Who hears th' oppressed when they cry,
And all their fusterings will repay.”

WATTS, altered

Psalm LIX. Short Metre. [

For Deliverance from the Savages.

L ORD, let our humble cry
Before thy throne ascend ;
Behold us with compassion's eye,
And still our lives defend.

2 For foes a num'rous band
Against our lives conspire ;
They aim destruction thro' the land,
And spread the raging fire.

Beneath the silent shade
 Their secret plots they lay,-
 Ur peaceful towns by night invade,
 And waste the fields by day.

And will the God of grace,
 Regardless of our pain,
 Permit secure that bloody race
 To riot o'er the slain ?

In vain their secret guile
 Or open force they prove ;
 Thine eye can pierce the deepest veil,
 Thy hand their force remove.

Deliver us from death,
 Send our invaders home ;
 Drive them with thy powerful breath
 Thro' distant wilds to roam.
 Then shall our grateful voice
 Proclaim our guardian God ;
 Thy salvation we'll rejoice,
 And found thy praise abroad.

BARLOW, altered.

Psalm LX. Common Metre. [b]

Humiliation for Disappointment in War.

ORD, hast thou cast the nation off ?
 Must we forever mourn ?
 Wilt thou consume us in thy wrath ?
 Shall mercy ne'er return ?

The terror of one frown of thine
 Melts all our strength away :
 Like men subdu'd by power of wine,
 We tremble in dismay.

3 Our country shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand ;
O hear the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

4 Lift up thy banner in the field,
For those who fear thy name ;
Defend thy people with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand ;
For God shall tread the mighty down,
And make the feeble stand.

WATTS

Psalm LXI. Long Metre.*Safety in God.*

WHEN overwhelm'd with pain and grie-
Helpless and far from all relief,
My heart within me sinks and dies,
To God I lift my waiting eyes.

2 High on the rock, my footsteps rear,
There let me stand unmov'd, and hear
The storms which now around me beat,
Roll harmless underneath my feet.

3 Thee, Lord, I seek whene'er my foes
On mischief bent, my path enclose ;
Thou art, in every dang'rous hour,
My stedfast hope, my strongest tower.

4 Remote from fear, within thy shrine,
Thou, Lord, my dwelling shalt afix ;

My wings shall wrap me in their shade,
Or thou hast heard me when I pray'd.
Be in thy presence let me stand,
And share the blessings of thy hand ;
Abiding dwelling let thy truth defend,
And mercy on my steps attend.
Shall thy love awake my song,
Or voice the willing note prolong ;
Hast, warm'd with zeal, my vows I pay,
And bless thee to my latest day.

MERRICK, varied.

Psalm LXII. Long Metre. [5]

No Trust in the Creatures, but in God.

[Y] spirit looks to God alone,
[M]y rock and refuge are his throne ;
All my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
To him, your suppliant voices raise ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

These are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity ;
And in the balance, both appear
Light as a breath of empty air.

Take not increasing gold your trust,
Or set your heart on glittering dust ;
They will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke ?

Once hath his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
All power is his eternal due,
must be fear'd and trusted too.

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone;
 Grace is a partner of the throne ;
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well adjudge our last reward.

W.A:

Psalm LXIII. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face ;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Through all thy temple shine ;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move ;
 Nor raise so high my cheerful voice
 As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King ;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

\

W

Psalm LXIII. Long Metre. [**]

The Love of God and his Worship.

REAT God, indulge my humble claim,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest,
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God ;
 And I am thine, by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood,
 With heart and eyes and lifted hands,
 Or thee I long, to thee I look ;
 As travellers, in thirsty lands,
 Long for the cooling water brook.
 With early feet, I will appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face ;
 Give me to see thy glory there,
 And taste the richness of thy grace.
 Of all, by worldly men possess'd,
 Of all the joys our senses know,
 Make me so divinely blest,
 I raise my cheerful passions so.
 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 Whilst I have breath to pray or praise ;
 His work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And well employ my future days.

WATTS.

Psalm LXIII. Short Metre. [**]

Delight in Divine Worship.

TY God, permit my tongue
 With joy to call thee mine ;
 And let my early cries prevail,
 To taste thy love divine.

H

2 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.

3 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

4 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee whilst I live ;
Not the gay scenes of time and sense
Such pure delight can give.

5 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy watchful Providence
My cheerful hope relies.

6 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

WATTS.

Psalm LXIV. Six Line L. M. [**In a Time of Insurrection.*

O LORD, to our request give ear,
And free our souls from hostile fear ;
For crafty men, of impious mind,
(Their powers in secret league combin'd)
With factious rage their plots devise,
And vent their malice, mix'd with lies.

2 Behold the slaughter-breathing throng,
Whet like a sword their threat'ning tongue
And bend their bows, to shoot their darts
Against the men of upright hearts :

1 In works of mischief they agree,
And vainly think that none shall see.

2 But, wretches, whither will ye fly ?
Behold the arrow from on high
Descends, and bears upon its wing
The wrath of heaven's offended King !
Your slanders on yourselves shall fall,
Hated, despis'd, and shunn'd by all.

3 The world shall then God's power confess,
His wisdom, love and righteousness ;
And men shall see, with rev'rend thought,
The wonders that his hand hath wrought ;
Whilst all shall own his dealings just,
The righteous in his name shall trust.

TATE and MERRICK, united and varied.

Psalm LXV. First Part. L. M. [※]

Public Worship.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat :
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
For thou wilt purge the guilty stain,
And wash away the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The vast delight thy worship gives.

TATE

Psalms LXV. Sec. Part. C. M.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea.

TIS by thy strength the mountains stan
God of eternal power ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, air, and earth are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

WAT.

Psalms LXV. Third Part. C. M.

Fruitful Seasons.

GOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures every Spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring ;
 The vallies rich provision yield,
 The grateful labourers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
 Rejoice at falling showers ;
 The meadows dress'd, in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop ;
 The fields with verdure fill'd, again
 Revive the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
 How bounteous are thy ways !
 The bleating flocks spread c'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

WATTS.

Psalm LXV. *Long Metre.* [§]*A New Version.*

THY praise, O God, in Zion waits ;
 All flesh shall crowd thy sacred gates,
 To offer sacrifice and prayer,
 And pay their willing homage there.

3 What though iniquity prevail,
 And feeble flesh be prone to fail ;
 Yet, Lord, thy grace thou wilt display,
 And purge each hateful stain away.

3 Blest is the man approv'd by thee,
 And brought thy holy courts to see !
 Goodness, immense and unconfin'd,
 Shall largely feast his longing mind.

4 Great God, by thy Almighty hand
 The everlasting mountains stand ;
 II,

And every storm and every flood
Obey thy all commanding nod.

5 Thy lightnings, flashing through the skies,
Fill the wide earth with sad surprise ;
But, cheer'd by thy enliv'ning voice,
Rising and setting suns rejoice.

6 From thy vast inexhausted stores,
The earth is blest with kindly showers ;
And savage wilds and deserts drear
Confess thee, Father of the year.

7 The flocks which graze the mountain's brow
The corn which clothes the plains below,
To every heart new transports bring,
And hills and vales rejoice and sing.

JACOB KIMBALL

Psalms LXVI. First Part. C. M. [M]

Divine Power and Goodness.

NOW to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Address a cheerful song ;
Let gratitude inspire your mirth,
And joy the notes prolong.

2 Come see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways !
In *Moses'* hand he puts his rod,
The sea his voice obeys.

3 He made the ebbing channel dry,
Whilst Israel pass'd the flood ;
The tribes beheld, with wondering eye,
A guardian in their God.

4 O bless the Lord, and never cease ;
Ye saints fulfil his praise ;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine ;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,
We march at thy command ;
Led to possess the promis'd place,
By thy unerring hand.

WATTS

Psalm LXVI. Second Part. C. M. [**]

Praise to God for bearing Prayer.

NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Power ;
Who heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known ;
Come ye who love my God, and hear
The wonders he hath done.

If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
When praise employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

But God, his name be ever blest,
Has set my spirit free ;
He ne'er rejected my request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

WATTS.

Psalm LXVII. Short Metre. [**]

Universal Praise.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy church to shine.

2 That so thy gracious way
May thro' the world be known ;
Whilst distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let the whole world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
In humble, pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

TAN

Psalm LXVIII. F. Part. 6 Line L. M.

The Justice and Compassion of God.

LET God arise in all his might,
And put his enemies to flight ;
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies,
Or wax that melts before the fire,
So shall his fainting foes expire.

2 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong,
Praise him, ye nations, in your song ;
He rides and thunders through the sky,
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high ;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,
Ye saints rejoice before his face.

3 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress ;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge most just, a Father kind ;
He breaks the captive's galling chain,
And prisoners see the light again.

Let heaven, and all who dwell on high,
To God their voices raise ;

While lands and seas affl't the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

Zion is thine, most holy God,
Thy son shall bless her gates ;
And glory, purchas'd by his death,
For thy own Israel waits.

WATTS, altered.

Psalm LXIX. Long Metro. [i]

The Sufferings of Christ.

Help in our hearts, let us record
The sorrows of our dying Lord,
Behold the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul.

The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man who check'd their sin ;
While he obey'd God's holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

Long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join,
To execute their vain design.

Gracious God, thy power and love
Made the curse a blessing prove ;
Whence upon the cross he bled,
Mortal honours crown his head.

Christ thy Son our guilt forgive,
Let the mourning sinner live ;
Lord will hear us in his name,
Shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

WATTS, varied.

Psalm LXX. Common Metre. □

Protection against Enemies.

GREAT God, attend my humble call,
 Nor hear my cries in vain ;
 O let thy grace prevent my fall,
 And still my hope sustain.

2 When foes insulting wound my name,
 And tempt my soul astray ;
 Then let them hide their face with shame,
 To their own plots a prey.

3 Whilst all who love thy name rejoice,
 And glory in thy word,
 In thy salvation raise their voice,
 To magnify the Lord.

4 Be thou my help in time of need,
 To thee, O Lord, I pray ;
 In mercy hasten to my aid,
 Nor let thy grace delay.

BARLOW

Psalm LXXI. First Part. C. M. □

Old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth ;
 Thy hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 New wonders, Lord, my eyes have seen
 With each revolving year ;
 Thou know'st the days which yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.

3 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart ?

all sustain my sinking years,
and my strength depart?
o the silent vale of death
be my next remove;
these poor remains of breath
are thy wond'rous love.

thy power and truth proclaim
the surviving age;
ave a favour of thy name
I shall quit the stage.

experience I have known
sovereign power to save;
command I venture down
eily to the grave.

I am buried in the dust,
flesh shall be thy care;
with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
aise them strong and fair.

WATTS.

LXXI. Second Part. C. M. [**]

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
when I begin thy praise,
will the growing numbers end,
numbers of thy grace?

it my everlasting trust,
goodness I adore;
ice I knew thy graces first,
ak thy glories more.

I shall travel all the length
the celestial road,
rich with courage in thy strength
my Father, God.

4 When I am fill'd with shame and grief
 For some remains of sin,
 Thy promises shall bring relief,
 And give me peace within.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my King !
 My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
 My Saviour's dying blood ;
 His death has brought my foes to shame,
 And made my peace with God.

WATTS, altered

Psalm LXXII. First Part. L. M. [*The Kingdom of Christ.*

GREAT God, whose universal sway
 All heav'n reveres, all worlds obey,
 Now make the Saviour's glory known,
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 Angels submit to his commands ;
 His justice shall protect the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
 And treads th' oppressor in the dust ;
 His righteous government shall last,
 Till days and years and time be past.

4 The heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 Revive at his first dawning light,

he saints shall flourish in his days,
rest in the robes of joy and praise ;
peace, like a river, from his throne
shall flow to nations yet unknown.

WATTS, altered.

psalm LXXII. Second Part. L. M. [x]

The Kingdom of Christ.

Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom it stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
Through him shall endless prayers be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every daily sacrifice.
From north to south shall princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet ;
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love, with grateful song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
Where he displays his healing power,
The sting of death is known no more ;
In him the sons of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

7 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long *Amen.*

WATTS, altered

Psalm LXII. Third Part. L. M. [B]

Divine Influence compared to Rain.

AS showers on meadows newly mown,
 Our God shail send his spirit down ;
 Eternal Source of grace divine,
 What soul refreshing drops are thine !

2 Lands which beneath a burning sky
 Have long been desolate and dry,
 Th' effusions of his love shail share,
 And sudden life and verdure wear.

3 The dews and rains in all their store,
 Watering the pastures o'er and o'er,
 Are not so copious as that grace
 Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As in soft silence, vernal showers
 Descend and cheer the fainting flowers ;
 So in the secrecy of love,
 Falls the blest influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find,
 In holy silence of the mind ;
 Whilit every grace maintains its bloom,
 Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confi'd
 To me, but pour'd on all mankind ;
 Till all the wastes in verdure rise,
 And a new Eden bless our eyes.

RIPPON'S COLLECT

om this, my thoughts I bent,
nd the case too hard for me ;
he house of God I went,
their end did plainly see.

ix high advanc'd, they all
very places loosely stand ;
into ruin headlong fall,
wn by thine Almighty hand.

ncied joys, how fast they flee !
e a dream when man awakes ;
ongs of softest harmony
a preface to their plagues.

I thy presence me supplied,
y right hand directs my way ;
unsels, Lord, shall be my guide
ns of peace and endless day.

WATTS and TATE

LXXXIII. Sec. Part. C. M. [※]

302 P S A L M S.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me ;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke
 And flesh and heart should faint ?
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.

5 Behold, the sinners who remove
 Far from thy presence, die ;
 Not all the idol gods they love,
 Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abro
 And tell the world my joy.

W

Psalm LXXIV. ver. 12, 17. C. A

Divine Providence.

PARENT of nature, GOD supreme
 Thy works are great and good ;
 All nature manifests thy name,
 The sky, the earth, the flood.

2 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
 The dark return of night ;
 Thou hast prepar'd the sun to shine,
 And every feebler light.

3 By thee each region of the earth
 In perfect order stands ;
 The glowing south, the frozen north
 Obey thy fix'd commands.

4 Thou didst divide th' Egyptian sea,
By thy resistless might ;
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

5 At thy command, the solid rock
Pour'd water from its side ;
And thou didst lead thy chosen flock
Through Jordan's parting tide.

6 If nature owns its sovereign Lord,
We would obey thy will ;
And whilst we trust thy faithful word,
We sing thy praises still.
WATTS and TATE, with Variation and Addition.

Psalm LXXV. *Long Metre.* [**Power of Government from God alone.*

(Applied to the American Revolution.)

1 To thee, most holy and most high,
We render thanks and sing thy praise ;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 To bondage doom'd, thy free-born sons
Beheld their foes inignant rise ;
And, sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
Appeal'd to him who rules the skies.

3 Then, mighty God, with equal power
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To drive their legions from our shore,
And save the men who soug't thy face.

4 Let haughty princes sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head ;
But by their impious thoughts aside,
Lead own the powers which God has made

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;
But God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis he that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall raise a tyrant to the throne ;
'Th' impartial Sovereign of the earth
Will make the rights of men be known.

7 His hand will yet uphold the just,
And whilst he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.

Altered from WATTS

Psalm LXXVI. Common Metre. F* or

God's guardian Care for his People.

IN Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his sacred throne,
And Sion was his seat.

2 From Sion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning bow ;
The spear, the arrow, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian foe.

3 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey ?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells,
Is glorious more than they.

4 What power can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears ?
When heaven shines round with dreadfull lig
The earth lies still and fears.

od, by his own sovereign grace,
rs to save th' oppres'd,
th of man shall work his praise,
e'll restrain the rest.

WATTS.

LXXVII. Common Metre. [b]

first derived from ancient Provinces.

N overwhelm'd with pain and grief,
neath thy chaitening rod ;
of comfort and relief,
ok to thee our God.

u forever cast us off ?
will thy wrath prevail ?
u forgot thy tender love ?
will thy promise fail ?

n forbids this hopeless thought,
hecks this doubting frame ;
w the works thy hand has wrought,
and is still the same.

d the sons of Jacob lie,
gypt's yoke oppress'd ;
ou refuse to hear their cry,
give thy people rest ?

own way, thy chosen sheep
hear thy mighty call ;
nture thro' the parted deep ;
the liquid wall.

was their journey thro' the sea,
h before unknown !
attend their wond'rous way,
vercy leads them on.

7 Tho' trackless waves of ocean hide
 Thy footsteps from our sight,
 We'll follow where thy hand shall guide
 For thou wilt lead us right.

Altered from WATKINS

Psalm LXXVIII. First Part. C. M. [x]

Religious Education of Children.

GIVE ear, ye children, to my law,
 Devout attention lend ;
 Let the instructions of my mouth
 Deep in your heart descend.

2 My tongue by inspiration taught,
 Shall parables unfold ;
 Dark oracles, but understood,
 And own'd for truths of old ;

3 Which we from sacred registers
 Of ancient times have known,
 And our forefathers' pious care
 To us have handed down.

4 Let children learn the mighty deeds
 Which God perform'd of old ;
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

5 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs ;
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

6 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their hope securely stands ;
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

TATE and WATKINS

LXXVIII. Second Part. C. M.

Verse 19, 20. [※ or b]

A Table in the Wilderness.

T of universal good,
wn thy bounteous hand ;
id so rich a table spread,
i a desart land.

y thy power, the flinty rocks
hing torrents flow ;
her'd wanderers of the air
uiding instinct know.

gnant clouds, at thy command,
ids celestial bread ;
ight drops of pearly dew
umerous armies fed.

d thus, thine Israel march'd,
omis'd land to gain ;
l thy children now begin
k their God in vain ?

hy stores exhausted now ?
s thy mercy fail ?

h should languish in our breast,
nxious care prevail ?

unworthy fears, be gone,
ide disperse in air ;
leserve our Father's rod,
we distrust his care.

DODDRIDGE.

I LXXIX. Long Metre. [b]

The Devastation of War.

D, O God, how cruel foes
aceful heritage invade ;

Their lawless tribute they impose,
And in the dust our towns are laid.

2 To rav'neus birds, our flesh they gave,
Slaughter'd on fields, with crimson dy'd ;
The cheap indulgence of a grave
Is by inhuman foes deny'd.

3 How long, O Lord, shali we endure ?
Wilt thou not hear the captive's cry ?
Rescue, by thine almighty power,
The trembling wretch, condemn'd to die.

4 Remember not our former guilt,
But save us by thy boundleis grace ;
Then shall our wastes again be built,
And all our mouths be fill'd with praise.

Altered from BARLOW.

Psalm LXXX. Long Metre.

The Vineyard of Cal laid waste.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe thro' the desert and the deep :

2 Thy church deserted now appears ;
Shine from on high, dispel our fears ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground ?

4 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless thy people with its fruit ;
But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, thy lovely tree !

Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?
 Why are its fences thus laid waste ?
 Its fruit expos'd beside the way,
 To each rapacious hand a prey !
 Return, O God, thy face incline ;
 Return, and visit this thy vine ;
 Turn us to thee, thy face display,
 And grief and fear shall fly away.

WATTS and MERRICK.

Psalm LXXXI. Short Metre. [*]*Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.*

SING to the Lord, aloud,
 And make a joyful noise :
 God is our strength, our Saviour God,
 Let Israel hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry,
 Preserve my worship clean ;
I am the Lord who set thee free
 From slavery and sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
 And I'll supply them well ;
 But if ye will refuse your God,
 If Israel will rebel,

4 "I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
 To their own lusts a prey ;
 And let them run the dangerous road,
 'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet, O that all my saints
 Would hearken to my voice ;
 Soon would I ease their sore complaints,
 And make their hearts rejoice.

K

6 "Whilst I destroy their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock ;
And they should taste the stream that flows
From their eternal Rock."

W

Psalm LXXXII. Common Metr.

Warning to Magistrates.

GOD in the great assembly stands,
And, with impartial eye,
Beholds how rulers use their power,
And does their actions try.

2 When justice reigns, and right prevails,
The Judge their virtue loves ;
But when iniquity abounds,
Their deeds he disapproves.

3 The faithful voice of conscience speaks
In silence to their mind ;
" How long will ye unjustly judge,
And be to sinners kind ? "

4 " Protect the humble, help the poor,
The fatherless defend ;
Dare not the widow to oppress,
And be the sufferer's friend.

5 " Remember, tho' your seat is high,
Your title Gods on earth,
Your heads must in the grave be laid,
Like men of humble birth.

6 " Your public acts and private deeds
Will into judgment come ;
And from my lips must each receive
The most impartial doom."

3 God, thy sacred truth
all the earth display ;
ry nation shall behold
own thy righteous sway.

Altered from TATE.

LXXXIII. Short Metre. [b]

Complaint against Persecutors.

D will the God of grace
erpetual silence keep ?
bloody men, more fierce than wolves,
ur his harmless sheep ?
n't thy feeble flock
r counsels they employ ;
alice with her watchful eye
ies them, to destroy.
me, let us join, they say,
xtirpate the race ;
ck oblivion shall prevail,
r mem'ry to efface.”
ke, Almighty God,
disappoint their aim ;
hem like chaff before the wind,
ubble to the flame.
I shall the nations know,
glorious, faithful word,
uman counsels or device
stand against the Lord.”

Altered from WATTS.

LXXXIV. Long Metre. [x]

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

1 T God, attend, while Zion sings
joy that from thy presence springs ;

To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

- 2 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides a nest ;
But will my God to sparrows grant
Those pleasures which his children want ?
- 3 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace ;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt me to desert thy door.
- 4 God is our Sun, he makes our day ;
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 5 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 6 Blest are the men, whose stedfast mind
To Zion's gate is still inclin'd ;
God is their strength, and through the ~~w~~
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

WATSON

Psalm LXXXIV. First Part. C. M.

Delight in Divine Ordinances.

MY heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode ;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God !

To fit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a thousand days employ'd
In sin's voluptuous joys.

Much rather in God's house, would I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My splendid dwelling make.

For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them who justly live.

O God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Are still repos'd on thee !

O could I e'er the spacious land
And sea extend my sway,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

TATE and WATTS.

Psalm LXXXIV. Second Part. C.M. [**]

Delight in Divine Ordinances.

O LORD, how worthy of our love
Is that delightful place,
Where we can meet to pray and hear
Thy word of truth and grace !
Our longing soul faints with desire
To tread that blest abode ;
Our panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

K 2

3 There the great Monarch of the skies,
 His saving power displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes,
 With kind and quick'ning rays.

4 The birds more happy far than we,
 Around thy temple throng ;
 Securely there they build, and there
 Securely hatch their young.

5 Thrice happy they whose choice has the
 Their sure protection made !
 Who love to tread the sacred ways
 Which to thy temple lead.

6 Thus they proceed by various steps,
 And still approach more near,
 Till all on Zion's heavenly mount,
 Before their God appear.

TATE and WATTS, with Variat

Psalm LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre*

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are !

To thine abode, My heart aspi
 With warm desires, To see my Go

2 The sparrow for her young,
 With pleasure seeks a nest,
 And wand'ring swallows long
 To find their wonted rest ;

 With equal zeal, Lord I would w
 Within thy gate, And with thee

3 To spend one sacred day . . .

is diviner joy
 thousand days beside ;
 ere God resorts, I love it more
 keep the door Than shine in courts,
 Spy souls that pray
 e God appoints to hear ;
 Spy men that pay
 constant service there !
 ey praise thee still, And happy they,
 ho find the way To Zion's hill.
 go from strength to strength,
 ugh this dark vale of tears,
 ach arrives at length,
 ach in heaven appears.
 glorious seat ! When God our King
 all thither bring Our willing feet !

WATTS.

n LXXXV. *Common Metre. [b]**Prayer for Public Deliverance.*

Y favour, gracious Lord, display
 Which we have long implor'd ;
 for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,
 ly heavenly aid afford.
 e answer patiently we'll wait,
 r thou with glad success,
 ey no more to folly turn,
 iy mourning saints wilt bless.
 hose who fear thy holy name,
 thy salvation near ;
 in its former happy state,
 ur nation shall appear,
 mercy now with truth is join'd,
 d righteousness with peace ;

Those kind companions absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

5 Truth from the earth, like fairest flowers
Shall spring and bloom around ;
And justice from her heavenly seat,
Behold and bless the ground.

6 The Lord will on our land bestow
Whatever thing is good ;
The soil in plenty shall produce
Her fruits to be our food.

7 Before him righteousness shall go,
And his just path prepare ;
Whilst we his sacred steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

MILTON et

Psalm LXXXV. Long Me

Salvation by Christ.

SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the
And grace, descending from on high
The hope of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given

3 Now truth and virtue shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God ;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more
But mark his steps, and keep the way.

LXXXVI. *Common Metre. [※]*

(See Hymn LIV.)

The Greatness and Goodness of God.

G the gods there's none like thee,
Lord, alone divine !

their nature, mighty Lord,
be their works like thine.

be their great Creator, thee,
tions shall adore ;

ing misguided prayers, and praise
great name restore.

confess thee great, and great
onders thou hast done ;
ll confess thee God supreme,
s thee God alone.

great, but good thou art,
eady to forgive ;
cy hears the penitent,
ids the sinner live.

epeated, humble prayer,
rd attentive be ;
le, I on thee will call,
ou wilt answer me.

who daily thee invoke,
mercy, Lord, extend ;
thy servant's soul, whose hopes
ec alone depend.

TATE and WATTS, with Alteration.

LXXXVII. *Long Metre. [※]**The Church the Birth-Place of Saints.*

opening a new place of worship.)
ill the great eternal God
rth establish his abode ?

And will he from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples as his own ?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bleſſ,
Which guards our synagogues in peace,
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

4 These walls, we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo with thy praise ;
And thou descending fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train ;
Whilſt power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE

Psalm LXXXVIII. Ver. 10. L. M.

Reanimation.

(Adapted to the design of *Humane Societies*)

FROM thee, great Lord of life and death
Do we receive our vital breath ;
And at thy sovereign call, resign
That vital breath, that gift divine.

2 *Wilt thou show wonders to the dead ?*
Wilt thou revive the lifeless head ?

And from the silence of the grave,
Wilt thou the wretched victim save ?

Such wonders, formerly unknown,
Thy providence to us hath shown ;
To feeble man thou dost impart
The plastic, life-redeeming art.

We bless thee for the skill and power,
From death's appearance, to restore
This nice machine of curious frame,
And light again the vital flame.

May ev'ry life by thee restor'd,
Be consecrated to the Lord ;
May pious love inspire each breast,
Which has thy saving hand confess'd.

Again they must resign their breath,
And sink beneath the stroke of death ;
When from that death they shall revive,
May each with thee in glory live.

Salm LXXXVIII. Six Line L. M. [b]

On the Death of Friends.

) GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groans, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath ;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and gloomy death.

Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
Whilst dust and silence spread the gloom ;
My friends belov'd, in happier days,
The dear companion of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.

3 As lost in lonely grief I tread
 The silent mansions of the dead,
 Or to some throng'd assembly go ;
 Through all alike I rove alone,
 Forgotten here, and there unknown,
 The change renew'd my piercing woe.

4 Wilt thou neglect my mournful call ?
 Or who shall profit by my fall,
 When life departs and love expires ?
 Can dust and darkness praise the Lord,
 Or wake and brighten at his word,
 To join the high angelic choirs ?

5 My friends are gone, my comforts fled,
 The sad remembrance of the dead
 Recals my wandering thoughts to mow.
 But thro' each melancholy day,
 I call on thee, and still will pray,
 Imploring still thy kind return.

BAKLOW

Psalm LXXXIX. First Part. C.M.

A blessed Gospel.

BEST are the souls who hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound ;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
 Thro' their Redeemer's name ;
 His promises exalt their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives ;
 Israel, thy King forever reigns,
 Thy God forever lives.

W.W.

In LXXXIX. S. P. C. M. [※ or 5]

The Covenant of Grace.

EAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known ?
Sinners, behold your help is laid
On my beloved Son.

"Behold the man my wisdom chose,
Among your mortal race ;
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The spirit of my grace.

"High shall he reign on David's throne,
My people's better king ;
My arm shall put his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

"My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side ;
While in my name, thro' earth and sea.
He shall in triumph ride.

"Me for his father and his God,
He shall forever own ;
Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I'll support my Son.

"My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
At my right hand shall sit ;
Beneath him, angels know their place,
And princes at his feet.

"My cov'nant stands forever fast,
My promises are strong ;
Firm as the heav'n his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long."

Watts.

L

Psalm LXXXIX. 3d P. C. M. [**]

The Covenant of Grace.

“**Y**ET (saith the Lord) if David’s race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
And tempt my anger down ;

2 “Their sins I’ll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart ;
But never cease to be their God,
Nor from my truth depart.

3 “My cov’nant I will not revoke,
But keep my grace in mind ;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

4 “Once have I sworn (I need no more)
And pledg’d my holiness ;
To seal the sacred promise sure
To David and his race.

5 “The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea ;
Long as he travels round the skies,
To give the nations day.

6 “Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure ;
Till the fix’d laws of shade and light
Shall be observ’d no more.”

W.
Psalm LXXXIX. Six Line L. M.*Life, Death and the Resurrection.*

THINK, mighty God, on feeble man !
How few his hours, how short the day !
Short from the cradle to the grave :

can secure his vital breath,
 fit the bold demands of death,
 h skill to fly, or power to save ?
 shall it be forever said,
 race of men was only made
 sickness, sorrow and the dust ?”
 ut thy servants, day by day,
 to the grave, and turn’d to clay ?
 d, where’s thy kindness to the just ?
 hou not promis’d to thy Son,
 ll his seed, a heavenly crown ?
 flesh and sense indulge despair :
 er blessed be the Lord,
 faith can read thy holy word,
 I find a resurrection there.
 er blessed be the Lord,
 gives his saints a long reward
 all their toil, reproach and pain :
 I below, and all above,
 o proclaim thy wond’rous love,
 d each repeat their loud *Amen.*

WATTS.

I LXXXIX. First Part. *L. M. [※]**The Covenant of Grace.*

EVER shall my song record
 e truth and mercy of the Lord ;
 y and truth forever stand
 heaven, establish’d by his hand.

to his Son he swore, and said,
 th thee my covenant is made ;
 ee shall dying sinners live,
 and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my prophet, thou my priest,
Thy children shall be ever blest ;
Thou art my chosen king, thy throne
Shall stand eternal, as my own.

4 "There's none of all my saints above,
So much my image or my love,
Celestial powers thy subjects are ;
Then what can earth with thee compare

5 "David, my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
Was but the shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her Saviour, and her King ;
Angels his heavenly honours show,
And saints declare his works below.

W.

Psalm LXXXIX. S. P. L. M. [*

Divine Sovereignty, and Public Worship.

WHAT seraph of celestial birth,
To vie with Israel's God shall dare
Or who among the sons of earth
Can with the mighty God compare ?

2 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength and power like thine renown
Of such a numerous faithful host
As that which does thy throne surround

3 Thou dost the raging sea control,
And change the surface of the deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep !

4 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heaven ; thee, Lord, alet

The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
The sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;
And who among thy saints appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

With reverence and religious dread,
Thy saints will to thy temple press ;
Thy fear thro' all their hearts shall spread,
Who thy most holy name confess.

TATE.

Psalm XC. Common Metre. [b]

God's Eternity, and Man's Mortality.

BEFORE the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame ;
From everlasting, thou art GOD,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“Return, ye sons of men ;”
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-running stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

‘Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;

And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

6 Then let us learn the heavenly art,
 T' improve the hours we have ;
That we may act the wiser part,
 And live beyond the grave.

WAT:

Psalm XC. Long Metre. []**

Divine Protection through every Age.

1 THOU, Lord, thro' every changing sce
 Hast to the saints a refuge been ;
Thro' every age, eternal GOD,
 Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest,
And were with thy protection blest ;
Though in the shade of death they lie,
They'll rise and dwell above the sky.

3 Behold their sons, a feeble race !
We come to fill our fathers' place !
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we tread,
Ere we are number'd with the dead ;
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Be thou our all-sufficient aid.

5 So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To thee, great God, may we ascend,
And find an everlasting friend.

6 To thee our infant race we'll leave,
Them may their father's God receive ;
That voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

DODD

Psalm XC. *Short Metre.*

[b]

The Shortness of Life.

LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !

2 Alas, the brittle clay,
That built our body first !
And every mouth, and every day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust !

3 Then, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

4 They'll sooner waft us o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Then shall we reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

WANTS.

Psalm XCI. *Common Metre.* [※ or b]*Divine Protection, Resignation and Gratitude.*

WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amidst the darkest hours ;
Bright rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mix'd with flowers.

2 This thought can all my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
No harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;

And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 If pain and sickness rend this frame,
And life almost depart ;
Is not thy mercy still the same,
To cheer my drooping heart ?

5 Is blooming health my happy share ?
O may I bless my God ;
Thy goodness let my song declare,
And spread thy praise abroad.

6 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

7 If cares and sorrows me surround,
Their power why should I fear ?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my God, art near.

8 Thy sov'reign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet let my soul, adoring, own
That all thy ways are right.

Mrs. STEELE

Psalm XCII. Long Metre.

For the Lord's Day.

WELCOME, thou day of sacred rest !
No mortal cares shall fill my breast
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound. ✓

2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word
Thy works of grace, how bright they '

never raise their thoughts so high,
brutes they live, like brutes they die !
rafts they flourish, 'till thy breath
lead them to the shade of death.

shall share a glorious part,
grace hath purify'd my heart,
fresh supplies of joy are shed
oily oil to cheer my head.

y worst enemy before,
ex my eyes and ears no more ;
ward foes shall all be slain,
tan break my peace again.

hall I see, and hear, and know,
esir'd or wish'd below ;
very power find full employ
eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

XCIII. Long Metre. [x or b]

Divine Sovereignty and Holiness.

Lord, the God of glory reigns,
robes of majesty array'd ;
irth's foundation he sustains,
ules the world his hand hath made.

lling seas began to move,
blue heavens were stretch'd abroad ;
scred throne was fix'd above,
everlasting thou art God.

loods, O Lord, lift up their voice
off their troubled waves on high ;
od above can still the noise,
make the angry sea comply.

righteous laws, O Lord, are sure,
~~but~~ who in thy presence dwell,

That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

TATE and
WESLEY

Psalm XCIII. Particular Metre

Divine Power, the Church's Safety.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains ;
His head with awful glories crown'd
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word ;
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry sky ;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar ;
In vain with angry spite,
The furly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown,
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne forever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er

Thy saints with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

WATTS.

Psalm XCIV. - Common Metre. [b]

Against wicked Rulers.

How long, O Lord, shall wicked men
In splendid triumph ride !
How long shall haughty tyrants reign,
By violence and pride !
They say, "the Lord nor sees nor hears ;"
When will the fools be wise ?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?
Or blind, who made their eyes ?
He knows their impious tho'ts are vain,
And they shall feel his power ;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
In some distressing hour.
Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws ;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.
When multitudes of mournful tho'ts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy grace, which pardons all my faults,
Shall cheer my drooping soul.
Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw ;
Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.
For God will not cast off his saints,
Not his own promise break ;

He pardons his inheritance,
For his own mercy's sake.

WAT

Psalm XCV. Common Metre.

Before Prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

- 2 With thanks approach his awful throne,
And psalms of honour sing ;
The great Jehovah reigns alone,
The whole creation's King,
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come kneel before his face ;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.
- 6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for our request ;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
“ Ye shall not see my rest.”

W.

Psalm XCV. First Part. L. M. [※]

Public Worship.

COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
or we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

unto his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King superior far to all
Whom by the title gods, we call.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyfs
By the same sov'reign right is his ;
'Tis mov'd by that Almighty hand,
Which form'd and fix'd the solid land.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there !
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

TATE.

Psalm XCV. Sec. Part. L. M. [※ or □]

Canaan lost through Unbelief.

COME, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures by his word ;

M

4 Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice,
 Let ocean lift its roaring voice,
 Proclaiming loud, " Jehovah reigns ; "
 For joy let fertile vallies sing,
 And tuneful groves their tribute bring
 To him, whose power the world sustains

5 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall own his sovereign power,
 And barb'rous nations fear his name ;
 Then shall the universe confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

TATE and WATTS, united and varied.

Psalm XCVII. Long Metre. [**]

Grace and Glory.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high,
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And hosts celestial join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,
 But grace and truth support his throne ;
 Though gloomy clouds his feet surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.

3 Ye, who confess his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame ;
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.

4 Immortal light, and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest blest our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honours of the Lord ;
 None but the souls who taste his grace
 Can triumph in his holiness.

WATTS.

Psalm XCVIII. Common Metre. [※]

Blessings of the Messiah's Kingdom.

O our Almighty Maker, God,
 New honours be address'd ;
 His great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations bless'd.
 He spake the word to Abr'ham first,
 His truth fulfils his grace ;
 The Gentiles make his name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness.
 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come ;
 Let earth receive her king ;
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.
 Joy to the world ! her Saviour reigns ;
 Let men their songs employ ;
 While lands and seas, rocks, hills and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.
 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
 Nor violence abound ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Wherever man is found.
 He rules the world with righteousness,
 And makes the nations prove
 The blessings of his truth and grace,
 The wonders of his love.

WATTS.

4 The pure, the faithful, and the just,
 My favour shall enjoy ;
 These are the friends that I will trust,
 The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in fly deceit,
 I'll not endure a night ;
 The liar's tongue I ever hate,
 And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
 And make the wicked flee ;
 So shall my house be ever found
 A dwelling fit for thee.

W.A.

Psalm CII. First Part. C. M.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

L ET Zion and her sons rejoice ;
 Behold the promis'd hour !
 Her God hath heard her mourning voic
 And will exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
 Are precious in our eyes ;
 Those ruins shall be built again,
 And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
 And stand in glory there ;
 Nations shall bow and own his name,
 And worship in his fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
 With pity in his eyes ;
 He hears the dying prisoners groan,
 And sees their wants arise.

's the souls condemn'd to death,
when his saints complain,
be said they spent their breath,
and their tears in vain.

all be known when we are dead,
left on long record,
es yet unborn, may read,
learn to trust the Lord.

WATTS.

CII. Second Part. C. M. [※]

The unchangeableness of God.

U, Lord, hast earth's foundations laid,
e heavens, a glorious frame,
ie Almighty hand were spread,
speak their Maker's name.

shining glories all shall fade,
y controlling power,
d like a vesture when decay'd : •
hou shalt still endure.

ight perfections, all divine,
nal as thy days ;
gh everlasting ages shine,
h undiminish'd rays.

rvant's children, still thy care,
l own their father's God ;
st times thy favour share,
spread thy praise abroad.

Mrs. STEELE.

CII. Verse 24—27. L. M. [v]

red with Hebrews, i. 8—12. xiii. 8.

*Mortality of Man, and the Eternity of Christ.**Lord, our Maker's hand**in our strength amidst the race ;*

Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day ;
And must thy people die so soon ?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This tho't our sorrow shall assuage ;
Our Father and our Saviour live,
Christ is the same thro' ev'ry age.
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid,
Heav'n is the building of his hand ;
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade
And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky
Like garments shall be laid aside ;
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church forever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face, thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

WATTS

Psalm CIII. First Part. L. M. [**]

Praise to God for his Goodness.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living GOD,
Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join,
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace,
His favours claim thy highest praise.

t not the wonders he hath wro't,
lost in silence and forgot.

c vices of the mind he heals,
d cures the pains that nature feels ;
leems the soul from guilt, and saves
wasting life from threat'ning graves.

youth decay'd, his power repairs,
mercy crowns our growing years ;
atisfies our mouth with good,
fills our souls with heavenly food.

sees the oppressor and the opprest,
often gives the sufferers rest ;
will his justice more display
he last, great decisive day.

power he show'd by *Moses'* hands,
gave to *Isræl* his commands ;
made his truth and mercy known
all the nations by his SON.

WATTS.

m CIII. Second Part. S. M. [**]

Divine Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

Y soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
ose anger is so slow to rise,
o ready to abate.

God will not always chide,
nd when his wrath is felt ;
strokes are fewer than our crimes,
nd lighter than our guilt.

High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread ;
far the riches of his grace
ur highest thoughts exceed.

4 His grace subdues our sins ;
 And his forgiving love
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
 To those who fear his name,
 Is such as tender parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble frame.

6 Our days are as the grafts,
 Or like the morning flower ;
 When blasting winds spread o'er the field
 It withers in an hour.

7 But thy compassion, Lord,
 Through ages shall endure ;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

W.A.

Psalm CIII. Third Part. C. M.

God's tender REGARD to Human WEAKNESS.

L ORD, we thy won'drous power proclaim
 And make that power our trust ;
 Which rais'd at first this curious frame,
 From mean and lifeless dust.

2 By dust supported still it stands,
 Prepar'd in various forms ;
 And wrought by thy creating hands,
 To nourish mortal worms.

3 A while these frail machines endure ;
 The fabric of a day !
 Then lose their animating power ;
 And moulder back to clay.

4 Yet frail and feeble as we ate,

He who first our frame did rear,
Various weakness knows.

Shows us with a pitying eye,
We struggling with our load ;
As and dangers he is nigh,
Father and our God.

Supported by his love,
Tend to realms of peace ;
Ev'ry pain shall far remove,
Ev'ry frailty cease.

DODDRIDGE.

CIII. Fourth Part. C. M. [**]

Angelic Praise.

U, Lord, in heav'n hast plac'd thy throne,
Thy kingdom wide extends ;
Thy dominion shall be known
Earth's remotest ends.

Angels, who excel in might,
I wait to do his will,
Them, whose work is your delight,
Ose pleasure ye fulfil.

Spirits, who with joy obey
Orders of your King,
I his churches when they pray,
Join the praise they sing.

In all his works his praise proclaim,
Let my heart and tongue
With the universal frame,
His eternal song.

Partly from WATTS

N

Psalm CIV. First Part. L. M. E

Divine Majesty and Goodness in Storm and Rain.

A WAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise,
To God the song of triumph raise ;
Adorn'd with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !

2 Light forms his robe, and round his head
The heavens their ample curtain spread ;
See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings !

3 Around him rang'd in awful state,
Dark silent storms attendant wait ;
And thunders ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sovereign will.

4 From earth's low margin to the skies
He bids the dusky vapours rise ;
Then from his magazines on high,
Commands th' imprison'd winds to fly.

5 The lightning's pallid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrow'd lands ;
Whilst down the mountain's channel'd side
The torrent rolls in swelling pride.

6 Till spent its wild impetuous force,
And settled in its destin'd course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.

7 Thus clouds, and storms, and fires obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;
And whilst thy terrors round us stand,
We see a Father's bounteous hand.

MERRICK, with Alteration and Additions

CIV. Second Part. L. M. [b]

The Seaman's Prayer.

THE Ruler of the skies,
 How various are thy works ! how wise !
 Where throughout all space extends,
 Rough all depth, all height transcends ;
 Th alone beholds her shores
 By thy exhaustless stores ;
 Throughout their liquid reign,
 Eading seas thy gifts contain.
 Unnumber'd fishes swarm,
 Rent size, of various form ;
 The ships incumbent ride,
 In the bosom of the tide.
 Huge Leviathan is seen
 't the mighty waves between ;
 Icy mountains float and roll,
 From the seas beneath the pole.
 The concave we behold
 Blue, or sparkling gold ;
 Waving azure fields around
 To th' horizon's utmost bound.
 Lands and waves obey thy will ;
 Edle owns thy power and skill ;
 Steer'd by thy directing hand,
 We shall gain the wish'd for land.

MERRICK, with Alteration and Addition.

CIV. Third Part. L. M. [x or b]

Divine Providence toward Man and Beast.

Are thy works, Almighty Lord,
 Nature rests upon thy word ;

And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

- 2 If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint and die ;
Dust to its kindred dust returns,
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.
- 3 But thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men :
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the waste of time and death.
- 4 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine ;
Thy works, the honour of thy might,
Are honour'd with thy own delight.
- 5 Earth at thy look shall trembling stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand ;
And, touch'd by thy vindictive stroke,
The everlasting mountains smoke.
- 6 In thee our hopes and wishes meet,
And make our contemplations sweet ;
Thy praises shall our breath employ,
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

WATTS and MEADE

Psalm CIV. Fourth Part. L. M.

The Voice of the Creatures proclaiming God.

- THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and sky.
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise !
- 2 Behold the sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

ing life, his influence spreads,
alth and plenty smile around ;
utiful fields and verdant meads
h a thousand blessings crown'd.

ty goodness, power divine,
ds and verdant meads display,
fs the hand which made them shine
urious charms, profusely gay.

1 and beast, here, daily food
extensive plenty grows ;
re, for drink, the crystal flood
ns, sweet winding, gently flows.

ng streams and soft'ning showers,
etate race are fed ;
es, and plants, and herbs, and flowers,
aker's constant bounty spread.
ous minds, who roam abroad,
ce creation's wonders o'er,
the footsteps of our God ;
ow before him, and adore.

Mrs. STEELE.

CIV. *Particular Metre.* [※]

P A R T I.

S GOD, O my soul,
oice in his name,
et my glad voice
greatness proclaim ;
Sing in honour,
nition and might ;
irone is the heaven,
robe is the light.

N 2

2 The sky we behold,
 A curtain display'd,
 The chambers of heaven
 On waters are laid.
 The clouds are a chariot
 Thy glory to bear,
 On winds thou art wafted,
 Thou ridest on air.

3 As rapid as fire,
 Thy angels on high
 Convey thy commands,
 Thy ministers fly.
 The earth, on its basis
 Eternal sustain'd,
 Is fix'd in the station
 Thy wisdom ordain'd.

4 The world, when at first
 Of chaos compos'd,
 Was void, without form,
 In waters enclos'd ;
 Thy voice, how majestic,
 In thunder was heard ;
 The waters subsided,
 The mountains appear'd,

P A R T II.

5 Thy providence fix'd
 The stream and its source ;
 The sea knows its bounds,
 The rivers their course.
 Convey'd through dark channels,
 Springs rise on the hills,
 They burst in the fountains,
 They fall in the rills.

P S A L M S.

The beasts of the wild
Their forest forsake ;
The herd quits the field,
To drink of the lake :
On trees crown'd with blossoms,
Its margin along,
Birds, warbling sweet music,
Praise GOD in their song.

Descending on hills,
Clouds plenteousness pour ;
All nature revives,
Earth smiles in the shower :
A garment of verdure
Apparels the plain ;
Fruits swell in the garden,
Fields wave with their grain.

With moisture refresh'd,
The vine yields its fruit,
Tis balm to our hearts,
To health a recruit.
With pleasure we gather
The richness of oil ;
Tis strength to our body,
Support to our toil.

P A R T III.

The trees full of sap,
With joy rear their head,
The cedars their boughs
O'er Lebanon spread.
Secure in the covert
The bird flies for rest,
She sings on the branches,
She broods on the nest.

Psalm CV. Common Metre. [

The Divine Promise to Abraham fulfilled.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace ;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

- 2 To Abrah'm and his seed he swore,
To give Canaan's land ;
Though strangers, destitute of power,
A little feeble band.
- 3 Like pilgrims through the countries round,
Securely, they remov'd ;
And haughty kings who on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.
- 4 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right ;
Gave them his leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 5 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow ;
And, foll'wing still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
- 6 O wond'rous stream ! O blessed type !
Of overflowing grace !
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,
While we his footsteps trace.
- 7 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
The blessings of the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear ;

iel must live through ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

WATTS.

Psalms CVI. First Part. L. M. [**]

The Character and final Prosperity of the Righteous.

RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
whose mercy firm through ages past,
is stood, and shall forever last.

ho can his mighty deeds express,
it only vast, but numberless ?
hat mortal eloquence can raise
st tribute of immortal praise ?

appy are they, and only they,
'ho from thy precepts never stray !
'ho know what's right, nor only so,
it always practise what they know.

ttend to me that favour, Lord,
hou to thy chosen dost afford ;
t this my happiness, to see
hy church in full prosperity.

remember what thy mercy did
or Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;
nd with the same salvation blefs
ach humble suppliant of thy grace.

I may I see thy tribes rejoice,
nd aid the triumph with my voice ;
his is my glory, Lord, to be
gin'd to thy church, and near to thee.

et Israel's God be ever bleſt,
Who gives his people heavenly rest ;

Let all his saints, with full accord,
Exalt their voice to praise the Lord
 TATE and WAR

Psalm CVI. Sec. Part. S. M

Israel punished and pardoned : Or, the Love of God

GOD of eternal love !
G How fickle are our ways !
And yet how oft did Israel prove
The riches of thy grace !

2 They saw his wonders wrought
 And then his praise they sung ;
But soon his works of power forg
 And murmur'd with their tong

3 Now they believe his word,
 While rocks with water flow ;
Now with their lusts provoke the
 And dare the vengeful blow.

4 Yet, when they mourn'd their
 He hearken'd to their groans ;
Brought his own cov'nant to his
 And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book ;
 He sav'd them from their foes ;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
 The people whom he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
 Who lov'd their ancient race ;
And Christians join the solemn w
 Amen, to all the praise.

P S A L M S.

Psalm CVII. First Part. L. M.

Israel led through the Wilderness to the Land of Promise

GIVE thanks to God ; he reigns above ;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love,
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record ;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
In their distress, to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide ;
He led their march far wand'ring round ;
Was the right path to Canaan's ground.
When our first release we gain,
From sin's hard yoke and Satan's chain,
Have this desert world to trace,
A dreary and a dang'rous place.
He feeds and clothes us all the way,
Guides our footsteps, lest we stray ;
Wards us with a powerful hand,
Brings us to the heavenly land.
Let us all with joy record
Truth and goodness of the Lord ;
Great his works, how kind his ways !
Our tongue pronounce his praise !

WATTS.

CVII. Second Part. L. M. [b]

Redemption for Sin, and relief to Prisoners.

age to age exalt his name,

and his grace are still the same ;

O

He fills the hungry souls with
And feeds them with substant

2 But if their hearts rebel and ri
Against the God who rules th
If they reje&t his heavenly wo
And slight the counsels of the

3 He'll bring their spirits to the
And no deliv'rance shall be fo
Laden with grief, they waste i
In darkness and the shades of

4 Then to the Lord they raise th
He makes the dawning light a
And scatters all that dismal sh
Which hung so heavy o'er the

5 He cuts the iron bars in two,
And lets the joyful pris'ner th
Takes off the load of pain and
And gives the lab'ring soul rel

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of th
How great his works ! How k
Let every tongue pronounce h

Psalm CVII. Third Par

Intemperance chastised and refo

BENEATH God's terrors doc
Behold th' intemp'rate banc
The fruits of folly reap, and o
The justice of his hand.

2 From food estrang'd, their lar
The needful meal foregoe'

Life feels its current faintly roll,
And hastens to its close.

3 Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r,
And nature, joyous, sees
His word her ruin'd strength repair,
Her fiercest tortures eale.

4 O then that all would bless his name,
Who thus his mercy prove ;
And still from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love.

That men of various tongues would sing,
His acts in frequent lays ;
And yield to heaven's eternal King
The sacrifice of praise.

MERRICK.

Psalm CVII. Fourth Part. L. M. [b]

Dangers and Deliverance by Sea.

1 HEY who in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
The Lord's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.

2 Soon as his dread command is past,
The low'ring storm begins to rise ;
It sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the swelling billows rise.

3 The lab'ring ships borne up to heav'n,
Upon the lofty waves appear ;
Then down the deep abyis are driv'n,
Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.

4 They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppres'd ;
Nor does the skilful seaman know
Which way to steer, what course is best.

5 Then, to the Lord's indulgent ear,
Their supplication they address ;
He kindly condescends to hear,
And frees them from their deep distre

6 He bids the storm its fury cease,
And lays the billows calm and still ;
Then summon's forth the gentle breez
The seaman's wishes to fulfil.

7 O then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God for all his goodness praise
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displ

'TATE, v.

Psalms CVII. Fifth Part. L. M. [

Colonies planted and punished.

WHERE nothing dwelt but beasts o
Or men as fierce and wild as the
God bids the oppress'd and poor repair
And builds them towns and cities then

2 They sow the fields, and trees they pl
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want
Their race grows up from fruitful stoc
Yheir wealth increases with their flock

3 Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,
He lets the savage nations in ;
A hostile race invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

4 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn :
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

f the humbled people mourns,
his dreadful hand he turns ;
he makes their cities thrive,
bids the dying churches live.
ighteous, with a joyful sense,
re the works of Providence ;
wise observers still shall find
Lord is holy, just and kind.

WATTS.

I CVIII. *Common Metre.* [※]*A general Song of Praise.*

O D, my grateful soul aspires
to magnify thy name ;
tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
will celebrate thy fame.

See, my heart, and thou, my voice,
willing tribute pay ;
set a hymn of sacred joy
ute the op'ning day.

the listening world around
y goodness I will sing ;
t every grateful tongue shall join
praise th' eternal King.

Se thy mercy's boundless height
e highest heav'n transcends ;
far beyond the spreading earth
y faithfulness extends :
ou exalted, O my God,
ove the starry frame ;
let the world, with one consent,
sefs thy glorious name.

Psalm CIX. Common Metre.

Love to Enemies, from the Example of Christ.

O GOD, we celebrate thy praise,
Thy mercy is our song ;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found ;
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd,
Their peace he still pursu'd ;
They render'd hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause ;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.

5 Let not this bright example shine
In vain before our eyes ;
May we like him to peace incline,
And love our enemies.

6 Thus shall we too thine image bear,
And thus our sonship prove ;
For good and bad thy bounty share,
Thou God of boundless love.

WATTS, 7A

Psalm CX. Long Metre. [x]

The Priesthood and Kingdom of Christ.

THUS the eternal Father spake,
To Christ his Son " Ascend and I

Zion shall thy word proceed ;
 'd, the sceptre in thy hand,
 ke the hearts of sinners bleed,
 their wills to thy command.
 sed power ! O glorious day !
 lid vict'ry shall ensue !
 werts who thy grace obey
 he drops of morning dew !”
 h pronounced a firm decree,
 repent the thing he swore ;
 I shall thy priesthood be,
 'aron's sons shall serve no more.
 zedek the wond'rous priest,
 eneration was unknown,
 ; of righteousness and peace,
 air type of Christ my Son.”
 all the earth his reign shall spread,
 ce opposers frown in vain ;
 I shall raise his humble head,
 exalted throne maintain.

WATTS, varied.

IM CXI. *Long Metre.* [※]*The Divine Perfections.*

Eye the Lord ; to speak his praise,
 ful her utmost powers shall raise,
 ivate friends, and in the throng
 who to his house belong.
 ks, for greatness though renown'd,
 d'rous works are always found,
 who seek for them aright,
 : pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame
 And universal glory claim ;
 His truth, confirm'd through ages
 Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precept, he has us enjoin'd
 To keep his wond'rous works in mind,
 And to posterity record,
 How good and gracious is the Lord.

5 Just are the dealings of his hands,
 Immutable are his commands ;
 By truth and equity sustain'd,
 And for eternal rules ordain'd.

6 Who wisdom's sacred prize would
 Must with the fear of God begin ;
 Immortal praise and heavenly skill
 Have they who know and do his will.

Psalm CXII. Long Metre.

The Character and Happiness of the Virtuous Man.

THAT man is blest, who stands
 Of God, and loves his sacred name.
 His name on earth shall be renown'd,
 And with increasing honour crowned.

2 His hospitable house shall be
 To friends and strangers always fit,
 His virtue safe from all decay,
 Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

3 The man that's fill'd with virtue's might,
 Shines brightest in affliction's nig
 Compassion dwells within his heart,
 His justice flows to all mankind.

favours he extends,
gives, to others lends ;
his charity impairs,
prudence in affairs.

ngers threaten him around,
all he maintain his ground.
remembrance of the just
sh when he sleeps in dust.
whilst they his alms bestow'd,
future harvest sow'd ;
shall reap a sure reward,
forever with the Lord.

TATE, varied.

CXIII. Long Metre. [*]

The Greatness and Condescension.

s of th' Almighty King,
age his praises sing ;
ie circling sun displays
beams or setting rays.
earth, beyond the sky,
high throne of majesty ;
or nature's narrow rounds,
s vast dominion bounds.
ous mortal rashly dare,
l, with our God compare ?
how divinely bright,
s in uncreated light ?
is glorious head to view
right hosts of angels do ;
cends yet more to know
ffairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor ;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And makes them meet for heav'nly thrones.

WATTS

Psalm CXIV. Long Metre. [X or b]

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

WHEN Israel, free'd from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way ;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like trembling sheep,
Like lambs, the smaller hills did leap ;
Not *Sinai* on its base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the sea divide ?
Or *Jordan* backward roll his tide ?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels ?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God ;
The King of Israel ! see him here !
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;
The rock to flowing water turns ;
From stones, spring fountains at his word,
And earth and seas confess the Lord.

WATTS

Psalm CXV. *Long Metre.* [* or b]*Idolatry reprobred.*

OT to ourselves, who are but dust ;
 Not to ourselves is glory due ;
 To thy name, thou only just,
 ou only gracious, wise and true !

Y dreadful majesty proclaim,
 Let the heathen's haughty tongue
 Ut us, and, to raise our shame,
 "where's the God you've serv'd so long ?"

The God we serve maintains his throne
 ove the clouds, beyond the skies ;
 rough all the earth his will is done,
 knows our groans, and hears our cries.

At the vain idols they adore
 senseless shapes of stone or wood ;
 best a mass of glittering ore,
 silver saint, or golden god.

Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
 thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
 ie Lord shall build thy ruins up,
 blefs the people and the priest.

ie dead no more can speak thy praise,
 ey dwell in silence, in the grave ;
 it, whilst we live, we'll sing thy grace,
 tell the world thy power to save.

WATTS.

Psalm CXVI. *Common Metre.* [**]*Praise for Deliverance from Distress.*

WHAT shall I render to my God,
 For all his kindness shewn ?

1 My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My off'rings shall be paid ;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed GOD !
How dear thy servants in thy sight !
How precious is their blood !

4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

WATTS

Psalm CXVII. *Short Metre.**Praise to God from all Nations.*

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall found through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honours spread,
Long may thy praise endure ;
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

¶ CXVIII. v. 18, 19. 1st P. C. M. [*]

Recovery from Sickness.

REIGN of life, I own thy hand
 every chast'ning stroke ;
 whilst I smart beneath thy rod,
 thy presence I invoke.

See, in my distress, I cry'd,
 thy mercy lent an ear ;
 powerful word my life prolong'd,
 did bring salvation near.

Lord, ye gates of righteousness,
 sat, with the pious throng,
 thy record my solemn vows,
 did tune my grateful song.

Come to the Lord, whose gentle hand
 enews our lab'ring breath ;
 come to the Lord, who makes his saints
 triumphant in their death.

God, in that appointed hour,
 see heav'nly world display ;
 see sin and death shall have no place,
 and tears be wip'd away.

Come, whilst the nations of the blest'd
 with rapture sing around ;
 anthems to delivering grace
 loftier strains shall sound.

DODDRIDGE, with Variation.

¶ CXVIII. Sec. Part. C. M. [*]

For the Lord's Day.

IS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;

P

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad;
And praise surround thy throne.

2 This day, the Saviour left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
This day, the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To *David's* holy son ;
Save us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God, his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

WATT

Psalm CXVIII. *Short Metre.**Salvation by Christ.*

B EHOLD the corner stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise !

2 The Jewish scribe and priest
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
And envy rage in vain.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine ;
This day did Jesus rise.

w glorious is the day,
our Redeemer made !
; rejoice, and sing, and pray,
all the church be glad.

lanna to the King
David's royal blood ;
him, ye saints, he comes to bring
ration from your God.

: bless thy holy word,
iich all this grace displays ;
offer on thine altar, Lord,
r sacrifice of praise.

WATTS.

l CXIX. First Part. C. M. [※ or b]

The Happiness of a virtuous Life.

V bleſſ'd are they who always keep
he pure and perfect way ;
never from the sacred paths
God's commandments stray !

bleſſ'd, who to his righteous laws
we still obedient been ;
have with humble fervent zeal
favour sought to win !

men their utmost caution use
shun each wicked deed ;
the path which he directs
th constant care proceed.

strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
learn thy sacred will,
ll our diligence employ
t statutes to fulfil.

*n that thy most holy will
it o'er our ways preside ;*

And we the course of all our life
By thy direction guide !

6 Then with assurance should we walk
From all confusion free,
Convinc'd, with joy, that all our ways
With thy commands agree.

TATE

Psalm CXIX. Sec. Part. C. M. :

The Danger attending Youth.

INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The sons of men survey ;
And see how youthful sinners sport
In a destructive way.

2 In pleasure's flowery path they tread,
On future years presume ;
Although ten thousand snares are spread,
To snatch them to the tomb.

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wandering mind,
Amus'd with airy dreams ;
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk,
And make thy word their guide ;
Till each, the danger safely past,
On Zion's hill abide.

DODDRIDGE, with Variatio

Psalm CXIX. Third Part. C. M.

Repentance and Obedience.

THOU art my portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart prepares t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
 And glory in my choice ;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Can make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before my eyes ;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

4 If e'er I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways,
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 If thou incline this wandering heart
 Thy precepts to fulfil ;
 Then till my mortal life shall end,
 I shall perform thy will.

WATTS.

Psalm CXIX. 4th Part. C. M. [※ or b]*Instruction from Scripture.*

THY word is like a heavenly light,
 Which guides us all the day ;
 And through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

3 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth preserves her place ;
 In nature's volume night and day,
 Thy power and skill we trace.

4 But in thy law, and gospel, Lord,
Are lessons more divine ;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

WATKIN

Psalm CXIX. Fifth Part. L. M.

Godly Sorrow for the Sins of Men.

A RISE, my tender thoughts, arise ;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human beings sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
See God insulted through his Son,
The world abus'd, the soul undone.

3 My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threat'nings, Lord ;
I know the wretched, dreadful end
To which their careless steps descend.

4 My God, the mournful scene I view,
With horror and with pity too ;
O could my sympathy reclaim
The wretches from destructive flame !

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
It can but weep, where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving grace employ,
And then drown the floods of grief to see.

Psalm CXIX. 6th Part. C. M. [※ or □]

Delight in the Word of God.

) HOW I love thy holy law,
 'Tis daily my delight ;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

My waking eyes prevent the day,
 To meditate thy word ;
 My soul with longing melts away,
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,
 I call thy words to mind ;
 My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
 And God's acceptance find.

How doth thy word my heart engage ;
 How well employ my tongue !
 It cheers my tiresome pilgrimage,
 And yields a heav'nly song !

Am I a stranger, or at home,
 'Tis my continual feast :
 Not honey dropping from the comb
 So much allures the taste.

No treasures so enrich the mind,
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of shining gold.

When nature sinks and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And exalt my praise.

Psalms CXIX. 7th Part. C. M.

The Variety and Comfort of the divine i

LORD, I have made thy word m
Thy statutes all are just ;
They make my noblest powers rej
And mortify my lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey,
And keep thy laws in sight ;
Through all the business of the d
To form my actions right.

3 And when my spirit takes her fill
From fountains so divine,
Not mighty men that share the s
Have joy compar'd to mine.

4 I read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy grace in sight ;
Whilst through the promises I ro
With ever new delight.

5 Tis like a land of wealth unknow
Where living springs arise ;
Seeds of immortal blifs are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

6 The best relief that mourners hav
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grav
And our eternal rest.

Psalms CXIX. 8th Part. C. I

The Perfection of Scripture.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compar'd v
How mean their writings lo

most perfect rules they gave,
show one sin forgiven ;
a step beyond the grave ;
line conduct to heaven.

an end of what we call
tion, here below ;
ut the powers of nature fall,
an no farther go.

commands, O righteous Lord,
de the heart within ;
fect law, exceeding broad,
ts the secret sin.

we boast perfection here,
e sin defiles our frame,
ks our virtues down so far,
scarce deserve the name.

th, and love, and every grace
far beneath thy word ;
fect truth and righteousness
ll only with the Lord.

WATTS, varied.

CXIX. 9th Part. C. M. [※ or b]

Desire of Divine Knowledge.

mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
w great thy works appear !
ny eyes to read thy word,
see thy wonders there.

th, by thy creating hands,
rm'd with care and skill ;
e me learn thy just commands,
t I may them fulfil.

I'm a stranger here below,
ou my constant guide ;

Psalm CXIX. Twelfth Part. C.M.D.

The Benefit of Afflictions.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send ;
My soul for thy salvation waits,
When will my troubles end !

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod ;
Afflictions make me learn the law,
And reverence my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins ;
I read thy word, I run thy ways,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppres'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe ;
In all the suff'rings I endure,
Thy grace and love appear.

6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

WATT

Psalm CXIX. 13th Part. C. M.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine ;

in desires, and every lust,
off these eyes of mine.

the influence of thy grace,
lead me in my way;
would loiter in my race,
turn my feet astray.

more afflictions press me down,
and thy quick'ning powers;
ard that I have rested on
help my heaviest hours.

Are thy mercies sov'reign still?
thou a faithful God?
ou not grant me warmet zeal,
in the heav'ly road?
ot my heart thy precepts love?
long to see thy face?
t how slow my spirits move,
out enliv'ning grace!
hall I love thy gospel more,
ne'er forget thy word;
I have felt its quick'ning power,
raw me near the Lord.

WATTS.

n CXIX. 14th Part. L. M. [b]

Afflictions sanctified.

ER, I bless thy gentle hand;
kind was thy chastising rod!
rc'd my conscience to a stand,
ought my wand'ring soul to God!
and vain, I went astray,
ad felt thy scourges, Lord;

Q

I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I may learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within ;
Teach me to love thy holy name,
And guard me safe from every sin.

6 Then those who love and fear the Lord,
In my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And make thy grace my only choice.

WAT.

Psalm CXX. Common Metre.

Complaint against Enemies.

THOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suff'ring state ;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From men who love deceit ?

2 Ah, woe is me, to have my seat
Among the sons of strife ;
Perpetual insult doom'd to meet,
From men of restless life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
I'd rather choose to roam
In some wide, lonesome wilderness,
To find a silent home.

'eace is the blessing that I seek,
And friendly terms prepare ;
ut when to them of peace I speak,
They all for war declare.
ew passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong ;
hat shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou provoking tongue !
ould deadly arrows strike thee through,
Strict justice would approve :
ut I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

WATTS and MERRICK.

alm CXXI. Common Metre. [※ or 5]

Divine Preservation.

ROM Zion's hill, my help descends ;
To God I lift mine eyes ;
ly strength alone on him depends,
Who built the earth and skies.
le, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my feet to slide ;
No sleep nor slumber seals the eye
Of Israel's faithful Guide.
He will sustain my feeble powers
With his almighty arm ;
And watch my most unguarded hours
Against all fatal harm.
Then let my soul securely rest,
My guardian is the Lord ;
His power which makes my slumbers blest,
Protection will afford.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Will he permit to smite ;
He shields my head from burning no
From noxious damps by night.

6 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
God will my life defend ;
Conduct me free from every snare,
Safe to my journey's end.

TATE, WATTS, and M

Psalm CXXI. *Hallelujah Metre.*

Divine Preservation.

TO God I lift my eyes,
From whom is all my aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundation laid.
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares ;
Since God, my heavenly guide,
Will dissipate my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
Which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heat by day,
Nor blast of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.

Thou art my light,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head,
By day or night.

Art thou not promis'd, Lord,
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust thy word,
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

WATTS.

ALM CXXII. *Common Metre. [**]**For the Lord's Day Morning.*

OLD the rising dawn appear,
Which calls our willing feet
Lead thy courts, O God, and here
Our solemn praise repeat!
Zion's gates are our delight;
Within her walls we stand;
All her happy sons unite
Friendship's sacred band.

I love the place where Zion's Lord
Pleas'd to shew his face;
He proclaims his holy word,
And here accepts our praise.

In reverend awe and godly fear,
I bow before thy throne;
Thou the fervent prayer wilt hear,
Through thy beloved Son.

Q 2

5 Peace be within this hallow'd place,
 And joy a constant guest ;
 With holy gifts, and heav'nly grace,
 Be her attendants blest.

6 Our soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 For here our friends and brethren dwell,
 And here our Saviour reigns.

WATTS and MERRICK, united and varie

Psalm CXXII. Particular Metre.

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

HOW does my heart rejoice
 To hear the public voice,
 “Come, let us seek our God to-day !”
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We'll haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place !
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
 And walls of strength enclose thee round
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 Here David's holy Son
 Hath plac'd his royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment here ;
 He bids the saints be glad ;
 He makes the wicked sad ;
 But humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest ;

: man who seeks thy peace,
I wishes thine increase,
Send blessings on him rest !

tongue repeats her vows,
ease to this sacred house,”
ere my friends and brethren dwell ;
I since my glorious God
kes thee his blest abode,
ul shall ever love thee well.

WATTS.

m CXXIII. Common Metre. [b]

Pleading with Submission.

HOU, whose grace and justice reign,
i thron’d above the sky,
ee our hearts would tell their pain,
thee we lift our eye.

rvants watch their master’s hand,
d dread the stern rebuke ;
aids before their mistress stand,
d wait the peaceful look :
r our sins we justly feel
y righteous hand, O God ;
wait the gracious moment still,
l thou remove thy rod.

e who in ease and pleasure live,
r daily groans deride ;
thy delays of mercy give
esh courage to their pride.

foes insult us ; but our hope
thy compassion lies ;
thought shall bear our spirits up,
t God will not despise.

WATTS

Psalm CXXIV. Long Metre.*Deliverance from Enemies.*

HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;

- 2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the billows roll ;
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
The waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;
So flies the bird with lively wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 Forever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's deadly snare ;
Who sav'd us from the threat'ning sword,
And made our lives his watchful care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies ;
Who still upholds all nature's frame,
And guards his church with wakeful eyes.

WATTS.

Psalm CXXV. Common Metre. [** or]*Trial and Safety.*

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
When tempests rise, the soul shall stand,
That trusts, O Lord, in thee.

- 2 As lofty mountains stood to guard
Fair Salem's happy ground,
So God's almighty power and love
Enclose his church around.

ough he permit the tyrant's rod
 To inflict a chast'ning stroke ;
 , lest it wound the soul too deep,
 As fury shall be broke.

: Lord will gently deal with those,
 Whose filial love and fear,
 Ose faith, and hope, and every grace
 Roclaim their hearts sincere.

WATTS, varied.

[m CXXVI. Common Metre. [※]]

Remarkable Deliverance.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd our mournful state,
 Rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The work appear'd so great.

Great is the work," our brethren cry'd,
 And own'd the power divine ;
 Great is the work," our souls reply'd,
 ' And be the glory thine.'

He Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

At those who sow in sadness, wait
 Till the fair harvest come ;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.

The seed, though buried long in dust,
 Will not deceive their hope ;
 The precious grain cannot be lost,
 For grace ensures the crop.

WATTS.

Psalms CXXVII. Common Metre. [¶]*Success and Prosperity from God.*

IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain ;
Cities without his watchful eye
An useless guard maintain.

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair ;
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

3 But, if we trust our Father's love,
And in his ways delight,
He'll give us needful food by day,
And quiet sleep by night.

4 Then children, relatives and friends
Shall real blessings prove ;
And all the earthly joys he sends
Be crown'd with heavenly love.

TATE and WARREN, with Addi

Psalms CXXVIII. Long Metre.*Family Duties and Blessings.*

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walks by his unerring word ;
Comfort and peace his days attend,
And God will ever prove his friend.

2 To him who condescends to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars rais'd,
And daily let his name be prais'd.

3 To him may each assembled house
Present their night and morning vows

it servants and their rising race
aught his precepts and his grace.
a shall the charms of wedded love
more delightful blessings prove ;
parents' hearts shall overflow
h joys that parents only know.
en nature droops, our aged eyes
I see our children's children rise ;
pleas'd and thankful we remove,
join the family above.

DODDRIDGE and MERRICK, united and varied.

in CXXIX. Long Metre. [* or **h**]

(A new version.)

The Counsels of Enemies disappointed.

W often have our restless foes
Their arts employ'd to vex our land !
God did kindly interpose ;
power hath made our feet to stand.
Subtil wiles as dark as night,
ir malice lay a while conceal'd ;
soon the mischief sprang to light,
I all their projects stood reveal'd.
h pride and power and lifted hand,
y dealt their vengeful blows around ;
backs were like the furrow'd land,
en ploughmen break the stubborn ground.
t secret arts, and open force
ve never mov'd our stedfast feet ;
s justice still maintains its course,
id he will all their plots defcat.
e wither'd grafts their hopes shall fade,
r God nor man their counsels bless ;

No friendly hand shall lend them aid,
No tongue shall wish them good success.

Psalm CXXX. Common Metre.

Repentance and Pardon.

1 LORD, should'st thou call us to thy bar !
Should thine impartial hand
Avenge our sins against thy law,
What mortal flesh could stand !

2 But sovereign mercy dwells with thee ;
Hope dawns amidst our fears ;
Divine forgiveness, large and free,
Shall wipe our flowing tears.

3 On thee alone our souls would wait,
And in thy word would stay ;
Thy promises can light create,
And turn our night to day.

4 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes :

5 So wait our souls to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meet the first openings of thy face,
And find a brighter day.

6 Let contrite sinners on the Lord,
With humble hope, recline ;
Justice and mercy, in his word,
Harmoniously combine.

7 Unnumber'd though our sins appear,
And fill our hearts with pain ;
Thy boundless love dispels our fear,
And cleanses every stain.

IIM CXXX. *Long Metre.* [b]

I deep distress and troubled thoughts;
thee, my God, I raise my cry ;
severely mark our faults,
flesh could stand before thine eye !

You hast set thy throne of grace
dispense thy pardons there ;
mbers may approach thy face,
ope and love, as well as fear.

benighted pilgrims wait,
ng and wish for breaking day,
ts my soul before thy gate ;
will my God his face display ?

It is fix'd upon thy word,
ll I trust thy word in vain ;
urning souls address the Lord,
id relief from all their pain.

s his love, and large his grace,
h the redemption of his Son ;
is our feet from sinful ways,
rdons what our hands have done.

Watts.

CXXXI. *Common Metre.* [b]*Humility and Contentment.*

ambition in my heart ?
ch, gracious God, and see ;
I act a haughty part ?
, I appeal to thee.

from the confines of my heart
liscontent and pride ;

R

Nor let me, in erroneous paths,
With thoughtless sinners glide.

3 Whate'er thine all discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 With humble pleasure let me view
The prosp'rous and the great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known ;
O give me tears for others' woe,
And patience for my own.

6 Feed me with necessary food,
I ask not wealth or fame ;
But give me eyes to view thy works,
And sense to praise thy name.

7 May my still days obscurely pass,
Without remorse or care ;
And let me for the parting hour
Incessantly prepare.

B. WILLIAMS's Coll.

Psalm CXXXII. Common Met.*The Jewish and Christian Churches compared*

THE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there ;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

2 Thither from Canaan's utmost ends
The favour'd tribes resort ;
And God his sure protection lends,
While they approach his court.

have no such lengths to go,
such a tedious road ;
For thy saints assemble now,
is a house of God.

King of grace, arise,
Enter to thy rest ;
Church waits with longing eyes,
to be own'd and blest.

With all thy glorious train,
Spirit and thy word ;
the ark did once contain
no such grace afford.

Mighty God, accept our vows,
Let thy praise be spread ;
provisions of thy house,
Fill thy poor with bread.

WATTS, with Variation.

CXXXIII. *Short Metre.* [※]

Brotherly Love.

They are the sons of peace,
whose hearts and hopes are one ;
and designs to serve and please
in all their actions run !

It is the pious house,
where zeal and friendship meet ;
songs of praise, their mingled vows
make their communion sweet.

On the heavenly hills
saints are blest above ;
peace like morning dew distils,
If the air is love.

WATTS

Psalm CXXXIV. *Long Metre.**Daily and nightly Devotion.*

YE servants of th' eternal King,
Your grateful hymns in triumph sing ;
Ye who attend his courts by day,
And in the night your homage pay.

- 2 Behold the sun, obedient still
To execute his Maker's will !
The silver moon and planets roll,
In silence round the glowing pole.
- 3 As they dispense their steady rays,
Like them be constant in his praise ;
Like them, harmoniously join
To celebrate the hand divine.
- 4 And may that God whose power has m:
This earth, and heaven's wide arch displa
From sacred Zion bid you prove
The blessings of his boundless love.

Partly from Mass

Psalm CXXXV. *Common Metre.**Praise to the true and living God.*

AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King
Your noblest passions raise ;
The pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

- 2 Great is the Lord, and works of might
His majesty declare ;
But still his saints are near his sight,
And find a parent's care.
- 3 Heaven, earth and sea confess his hand
He bids the vapours rise ;

ning and storm, at his command,
sep through the vaulted skies.

ower that kings or gods have claim'd,
ound with him alone :
eathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
ere our Jehovah's known.

h of the stocks or stones they trust
i give them showers of rain :
i they pray to glittering dust,
l worship gold in vain.

: who know the living GOD,
e him with holy fear ;
akes his church his blest abode,
d claims your homage here.

WATTS, varied.

CXXXVI. *Long Metre.* [※]

Creation, Providence and Grace.

I to our God immortal praise ;
ercy and truth are all his ways ;
lers of grace to God belong ;
t his mercies in your song.

o the Lord of lords, renown,
ing of kings with glory crown ;
ercies never shall decay,
gh lords and kings shall pass away.

ilt the earth, he spread the sky,
ix'd the starry lights on high :
lers of grace to God belong,
at his mercies in your song.

res the sun his cheering light,
s the moon direct the night :

P S A L M S.

mercies never shall decay,
Though suns and moons shall pass away.

5 He sent his Son with power to save
From sin and darkness and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world he guides our feet
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

WATTS

Psalm CXXXVI. *Hallelujah Metre.* [

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2 To him, whose wond'rous power,
All other gods obey ;
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.
For God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

3 By his Almighty hand,
Stupendous works are wrought ;
The heavens by his command
Were to perfection brought.

His boundless love
Shall never end.

Through heaven he doth display
The radiant orbs of light ;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night.

This God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land ;
And made the solid ground
Above the waters stand.

This God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

He doth the food supply,
In which all creatures live ;
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.

This God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

TATE.

III CXXXVI. All Sevens Metre. [**]

The Perfections and Providence of God.

Let your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heavenly King :
His blessings far extend,
His mercy knows no end.

- 2 Be the Lord your only theme ;
Who of gods is God supreme ;
He to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee, their faces hide.
- 3 Who asserts his just command,
By the wonders of his hand ;
He whose wisdom, thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky.
- 4 He who bade the watery deep
In appointed bounds to keep,
And the stars that gild the pole
Through unmeasur'd ether roll.
- 5 Thee, O sun, whose powerful ray
Rules the empire of the day ;
You, O moon and stars, whose light
Cheers the darkness of the night.
- 6 He with food sustains, O earth,
All which claim from thee their birth :
For his blessings wide extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

Mr.

Psalm CXXXVII. Common Metr
(A new version.)

Captivity.

- F**AR from our friends and country de
In hostile lands we moan ;
No tender hand to wipe the tear
Which flows with every groan !
- 2 Our foes insulting mock our grief,
And sport with our complaints ;
No mercy prompts to give relief,
Though languid misery faints.

retrospective scenes employ'd,
We think on former days ;
In peaceful sabbaths we enjoy'd,
And all our work was praise.

now, of liberty depriv'd,
solitude confin'd ;
in we seek the word of life,
feed the starving mind.

thee, O Lord, we lift our eye,
thee our cause commend ;
hear'st the mourning pris'ner's sigh ;
you art the suff'rer's friend.

Seek no vengeance on our foes,
it put our trust in thee ;
thy mercy interpose,
and set thy captives free.

n CXXXVIII. Common Metre. [※]

A Song of Praise.

thee, my God, my heart shall bring
the lively grateful song ;
ading crowds shall hear me sing
ith rapture on my tongue.

list the glories of thy name,
thy truth exalted shines ;
ithful God, thy words proclaim
everlasting lines.

ternal God looks kindly down
n pious humble souls ;
from afar his piercing frown
ne sons of pride controls.

, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfil ;
thee, the work belongs ;

On me a heavy curse fell,
And made me grieve for things.

Mrs. STREET

Psalm CXXVII. Long Metre. 1

Spiritual Strength and Joy.

With all thy powers of heart and tongue
Sing thou my Maker is my song ;
With all thy eyes above, thy eyes
Behold a glory on the skies.

1 Singing thy truth and mercy, Lord ;
Teach me the wonders of thy word ;
Names of thy works and names below
Show me thy power and glory now.

2 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Everlasting is the angelic, proud and great
But from his thrones he bends to see
The dust of humble poverty.

4 Amidst a thousand hosts I stand,
C shield and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

5 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work which wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

WAT

Psalm CXXXVIII. v. 3, 5. S. M.

Spiritual Strength and Joy.

MY soul, review the time,
In which my God I sought ;
I'd aloud for aid divine,
And aid divine he brought.

2 Through all my fainting heart,
His secret vigour spread ;

To me his strength he did impart,
And rais'd my drooping head.

3 Then will I raise my voice,
And form a cheerful song ;

With all the saints I will rejoice,
Who to his courts belong.

4 With them, the path I'll trace,
Which leads to his abode ;
And join to sing redeeming grace,
Along the joyful road.

5 Here, flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
There, Zion's lofty towers arise,
The seat of Zion's King.

6 Within those sacred walls,
I shall be ever blest ;
I'll follow where my Father calls,
And seek his heav'nly rest.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

Psalm CX XXIX. 1st Part. C. M. [X or Y]

The unioinal Presence of God.

1 In all my walks I tarry with thee,
In vain would I would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The sight of thine eye.

2 Thy all-seeing eye right surveys
My walking, every rest ;
My paths, and every private way,
As I do walk by thy breast.

3 When I am down to the Lord,
I find him, I find'd within ;

And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove;
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

W.

Psalm CXXXIX. 2d Part. C. A

The all-seeing Eye of God.

LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful ire;
In heaven thy glorious throne.

2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
I' escape the wrath divine;
Thy voice would break the bars of death
And make the grave resign.

3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes which guard thy lair
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight bower
Are both alike to thee;

y I ne'er distrust that power
m which I cannot flee.

WATTS.

CXXXIX. 3d Part C.M. [Xorb]

God the Author of our Being.

of my life, whose bounteous care
st gave me power to move ;
hall my grateful heart declare
wonders of thy love ?
will I honour, for I stand
product of thy skill ;
onders of thy forming hand
admiration fill.

t void of thought and sense, I lay,
t of my parent earth ;
reath inform'd the sleeping clay,
I call'd me into birth.

thee, before my breath begun,
limbs their fashion took ;
n continuance, every one
is written in thy book.

: eye beheld in perfect view,
e yet unfinish'd plan ;
imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
d form'd the future man.

iy this animated frame,
us work of matchless skill,
I devoted tⁿ thy name,
nd love to c ill.

B. W. Watts's Collection, varied.

S

Psalm CXXXIX. 4th Part. C. M

Praise for temporal and spiritual Mercies.

ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
King guardian of my days ;
My heart thy mercies would record,
In grateful songs of praise.

- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame,
Was thy indulgent care ;
Before I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe my infant prayer.
- 3 When reason with my stature grew,
How faint her brightest ray !
How little of my God I knew !
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'twas thine almighty love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.
- 5 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turn'd my eye !
How many past almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by !
- 6 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store ;
But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 7 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies ;
Complete the wonders of thy grace.
And raise me to the skies.

shall my joyful powers unite,
more exalted lays,
oin the happy sons of light,
everlasting praise.

Mrs. STEELE.

¶ CXXXIX. 5th Part. L.M. [¶ or b]

The Formation of Body and Soul..

DU God, by whose command I live,
he tribute of my praise receive ?

ee, O Lord, my life I owe,
all my joys from thee do flow.

many suns have form'd the year,
roll'd their courses round the sphere,
thou my shapeless dust survey'd,
distinguish'd matter laid.

plastic hand my clay refin'd,
articles in order join'd ;
, to complete the wond'rous whole,
stamp thine image on my soul.

ul susceptible of joy,
ch length of time cannot destroy ;
ugh nature claims my vital breath,
ds defiance still to death.

calms of blifs that soul will soar,
en earth and skies shall be no more ;
there in more exalted lays
I sing my great Creator's praise.

Mrs. CARTER, varied.

¶ CXXXIX. 6th Part. C.M. [¶ or b]

To the Searcher of Hearts..

ID, should I count thy mercies o'er,
wast the numbers rise !

Beyond the sands that spread the shore
Or stars that gild the skies.

- 2 Whene'er I close my eyes to sleep,
These thoughts shall soothe my rest
And when I wake they still shall keep
Their place within my breast.
- 3 Before thine all pervading eyes
I would my soul display ;
I scorn to use the least disguise,
But ask thy strict survey.
- 4 Does my fond heart some fav'rite sin
Within itself conceal !
O may a beam of light divine
The hidden guilt reveal.
- 5 If in the paths of dark deceit
My soul hath gone astray,
O turn and guide my wand'ring feet
In thy celestial way.

Partly from Don

Psalm CXL. Long Metre.

Deliverance from Enemies.

- 1 GREAT God, our haughty foes repe
Their rage by power superior quell
Save us from their vindictive tongue,
And guard us from the hand of wrong
- 2 The tongue, by wisdom unsubdu'd,
From bliss its owner shall exclude ;
Destruction follows fast behind
The feet to wickedness inclin'd.
- 3 Our heart has known thee, Lord, pre
The helpless and the poor to guard ;

ave them from oppression's jaws,
vindicate the injur'd cause
soul, subjected to thy fear,
gratitude thy voice shall bear ;
bow their wills to thy command,
in thy sight accepted stand.

MERRICK.

Psalm CXLI. *Long Metre.* [b or x]*Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.*

RD, when I call, make haste to hear,
nd to my voice incline thine ear ;
all my prayer like incense rise,
ifted hands like sacrifice.

t upon my lips a guard,
let my tongue be doubly barr'd ;
ot my heart to vice incline,
let my hand in mischief join.

x from wisdom's path I stray,
walk in sin's delusive way,
irtue's friends, severely kind,
ove the errors of my mind.

r faithful words like ointment shed,
never bruise, but heal my head ;
when I find them press'd with grief,
ay to Heav'n for their relief.

WAFTS, MERRICK and DENHAM.

Psalm CXLII. *Long Metre.* [b]*Deliverance from Trouble and Sorrow.*

thee, great God, I will disclose,
n sad recital, all my woes ;
se thine eyes, with steady view,
gh sorrow's gloom my steps pursue.

2 On every side I cast mine eye,
But found no friend or helper nigh ;
No lenient tongue my grief to cheer,
No eye to drop the social tear.

3 Then, mighty God, to thee I cry'd,-
In whom I can my hopes confide ;
Be thou my refuge while I live,
And when I die, my soul receive.

4 Do thou my prison doors unbar,
So shall my tongue thy love declare ;
And righteous men with me shall join
To celebrate thy power divine.

WATTS and MERRICK, varie

Psalm CXLIII. *Long Metre.**Complaint and Hope.*

HEAR, O my God, with pity hear,
My humble, supplicating moan ;
In mercy answer all my prayer,
And make thy truth and goodness known.

2 O let thy mercy still be nigh ;
Should awful justice frown severe,
Before the terror of thine eye,
What trembling mortal can appear !

3 I call to mind the former days ;
Thine ancient works declare thy name,
Thy truth, thy goodness and thy grace ;
And these, O Lord, are still the same.

4 To thee I lift my suppliant hands,
To thee my longing soul aspires ;
As cheering showers to thirsty lands,
Thy grace can fill these strong desires.

5 Speak to my heart ; the gloomy night
Shall vanish, and bright morning break.

I trust, my guide, my light,
me the path my feet should take.
me to do thy sacred will ;
art my God, my hope, my stay ;
y good Spirit lead me still,
oint the safe, the upright way.

Mrs. STEELE.

M CXLIV. *Long Metre. [b or 8]**Divine Protection, Peace and Plenty.*

SEND from heaven, Almighty Lord,
nd earth shall tremble at thy word ;
oking hills, with conscious fear,
wn their sov'reign Maker near.

thy keen pointed lightnings fly
aming arrows through the sky ;
es dispers'd shall rise no more,
re the terrors of thy power.

hy potent arm control
threat'ning waves that round us roll ;
sons of vanity that rise,
raudful hands and impious lies.

hall our sons, beneath thy care,
up like plants erect and fair ;
ughters shall like pillars rise,
splendid buildings charm the eyes.

plenty shall our stores increase,
, the lovely child of peace ;
ick its fleecy wealth shall yield,
our its thousands o'er the field.

ell fed ox shall then afford
erful labours to his lord ;
e shall sons of plunder reign,
of misery complain.

In all thy works, immortal rays
Of power and goodness shine.

Mrs. STEELE

Psalm CXLV. Third Part. C. M.

Divine Power and Compassion.

GREAT God, while nature speaks thy praise,
With all her num'rous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their songs.

2 Thy power and goodness they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign ;
Thy wond'rous deeds, Almighty King,
Shall fill the raptur'd strain.

3 Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.

4 He that invokes the God of grace,
Shall find him ever near ;
To all who humbly seek his face.
He lends a pitying ear.

5 He knows the pain his servants feel ;
He hears his children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

6 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

7 His praise, a most delightful theme,
Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
Let all creation bless his name
In one eternal song.

WATTS AND S

Psalm CXLVI. Long Metre. [x]

No Trust in Man, but in God.

THE praises of my God and King,
 While I have life and breath to sing,
 Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
 Till heaven improve the blissful song.

No more in princes will I trust !
 Vain man, thou art but air and dust !
 With all thy pride, and all thy power,
 The helpless creature of an hour !

He breathes, he thinks, but soon he dies !
 No more the potent or the wise ;
 The scheme his morning thoughts begun
 Is lost before the setting sun. . . .

Happy the man whose hopes divine
 On nature's guardian God recline ;
 Who can with sacred transport say,
 This God is mine, my help, my stay.
 Heaven, earth and sea declare his name,
 He built, he fill'd their spacious frame ;
 And o'er creation's fairest lines
 His stedfast truth unchanging shines.

His justice looks on those who mourn
 Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
 The hungry poor his hand sustains,
 And breaks the wretched captive's chains.

If weary strangers friendless roam,
 Divine protection is their home ;
 The Lord relieves the widow's care,
 And dries the helpless orphan's tear.

The Lord shall reign forever King,
 And age to age his glory sing ;
 Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns,
 Resounding his praise in lofty strains.

Psalm CXLVI. Six Line L. M. D.

Praise for divine Goodness.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God who made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppres'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
His love their joyful lips shall tell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
Let every tongue, let every age
In this delightful work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M S.

ll praise him whilst he lends me breath,
nd when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
ly days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

WATTS.

Psalm CXLVII. Com. Metre. [xx]

The changing Seasons.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
ver the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

e sends his showers of blessing down,
To cheer the plains below ;
makes the wood the mountains crown,
And grafts in vallies grow.

gives the grazing ox his meat ;
e hears the raven's cry ;
man who tastes his finest wheat,
ould raise his honours high.

eady counsels change the face
the declining year ;
ds the sun cut short his race,
I wintry days appear.

ary frost, his fleecy snow
end and clothe the ground ;
uid streams forbear to flow,
fetters bound.

from his dreadful stores on high,
urs the rattling hail,
i who dares his God defy,
nd his courage fail.

T

7 He sendeth his sun to melt the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer winds to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

8 The changing wind the flying cloud
Obey his sovereign word ;
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord.

WATT

Psalm CXLVII. 1st Part. *L. Metre.**The Beauties of Nature.*

SING to the Lord, let praise inspire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;
In strains of joy proclaim abroad
The endless glories of our God.

2 He counts the hosts of starry flames ;
He knows their natures and their names.
Great is our God ! his wond'rous pow'r
And boundless wisdom we adore.

3 He veils the sky with treasur'd showers,
On earth, the plenteous blessing pours ;
The meadows smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flowery scene.

4 His bounteous hand, great spring of good
Provides the brute creation food ;
He feeds the ravens when they cry,
All nature lives beneath his eye.

5 In nature, what can him delight,
Most lovely in its Maker's sight ?
Not active strength his favour moves,
Nor comely form he best approves.

the Lord is ever dear,
art where he implants his fear ;
us who on his grace rely
er lovely in his eye.

Mrs. STEELE.

CXLVII. 2d Part. L. M. [**]

The Seasons of the Year.

SE ye the Lord ! Oh blissful theme,
ing the honours of his name !
asure, 'tis divine delight,
aise is lovely in his sight.

isks, and, swiftly from the skies
th, the sov'reign mandate flies ;
ant nature hears the word,
ows, obedient to her Lord.

nick descending flakes of snow
rth a fleecy mantle throw ;
littering frost, o'er all the plains
s its universal chains.

fierce storms of icy hail,
ivering powers of nature fail ;
his cold, what life can stand,
er'd by his guardian hand ?

isks, the snow and ice obey,
ture's fetters melt away ;
ernal gales soft rising blow,
quid waters gently flow.

the Lord, let praise inspire
ateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;
ins of joy proclaim abroad
bless glories of our God.

Mrs. STEELE.

Psalm CXLVIII. 1st Part. C. M.

Universal Praise.

PRaise ye the Lord, immortal choir,
Who fill the realms above ;
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil the lustre of your eyes
Before a brighter God.

3 Thou central globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days ;
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names ;
Tell the blind world your orbs are fed
By his exhaustless flames.

5 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the etherial blue !
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

6 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your aweful forms,
And speak his potent hand.

WAT

Psalm CXLVIII. 2d Part. C. M.

SHOUT to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

thes, sporting on the flood,
y silver shine ;
their mighty Maker, God,
t the foaming brine.

ler things shall tune his name
ter notes than these ;
ephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
ispering through the trees.

ur tall heads, ye lofty pines,
i who makes you grow ;
isters bend the fruitful vines,
ry thankful bough.

irill birds his honour raise,
imb the morning sky ;
rov'ling beasts attempt his praise
ser harmony.

ile the meaner creatures sing,
rtals take the sound ;
glories of your King
gh all the nations round.

WATTS.

XLVIII. 1st Part. L. M. [*]

I of all the lights above,
un, whose beams adorn the spheres,
unwearied swiftness move,
he circles of our years :

Creator of the skies,
is'd thine orb in golden rays ;
ne sun forget to rise,
et his Maker's praise.

ning beauty of the night,
of silence, silver moon,

Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon :

- 4 Arise, and to that soy'reign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hours,
And half supply the want of day.
- 5 Ye glitt'ring stars that gild the skies,
When darkness has its curtain drawn,
And keep your watch with wakeful eyes,
When busines, cares and day are gone:
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundleſs treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 7 O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art our sun that makes our days ;
With all thy shining works above
We would unite to sing thy praise.

WATT

Psalms CXLVIII. 2d Part. L. M. [

A WAKE, ye tempests, and his fame

In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
While the soft whisper of his name
Fills every gentle breeze of air.

2 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire ;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In this eternal song conspire.

3 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill ;
Vallies, lie low before his eye ;
And let his praise, from every hill,
rise, tuneful, to the neighbouring sky.

stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
 your high branches, and adore ;
 him, ye beasts, in different strains ;
 mb shall bleat, the lion roar.
 ye shall make his praise your theme,
 demands a song from you ;
 the dumb fish that cut the stream
 p and mean his praises too.
 s, can you refrain your tongue,
 Nature all around you sings ?
 shout from old and young,
 umble swains and lofty kings !
 is his vast dominion lies,
 he Creator's name be known ;
 is his thunder shout his praise,
 und it lofty as his throne.
 AH ! tis a glorious word !
 it dwell on every tongue !
 ose who best have known the Lord,
 und to raise the noblest song.

WATTS.

CXLVIII. *Short Metre.* [※]

ET every creature join
 To praise th' eternal God ;
 avenly host, the song begin,
 I found his name abroad.
 sun, with golden beams,
 d moon, with paler rays,
 ury lights, ye twinkling flames,
 ne to your Maker's praise.
 built those worlds above,
 'fix'd their wond'rous frame ;

P S A L M S.

By his command, they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers, or snow,
Ye thunders murmur'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,
His honours be express'd ;
But they who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

w

Psalm CXLVIII. 1st Hallelujah N.

Universal Praise.

Y E boundless realms of joy !
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ,
Above the starry frame.

Ye holy throng Of angels brigl
In worlds of light, Begin the song

2. Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
Thou moon that rules the night
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of feebler light.

His praise declare, Ye heave
And clouds that move In liquid

3. Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name ;
By whose almighty word,
They all from nothing came

I shall last, From changes free ;
In decree Stands ever fast.

Nov'd their mighty wheels,
Unknown ages past ;
Each his word fulfils,
A time and nature last.

rent ways, His works proclaim
And'rous name, And speak his praise.
Ed zeal be shown,
Vond'rous fame to raise,
Se glorious name alone
Lives our endless praise.

utmost ends His power obey ;
Rious sway The sky transcends,
ns and youths engage,
ound his praise divine ;
e infancy and age
Feebler voices join.

He reigns, His name be sung,
Y tongue, In endless strains.

ll the nations fear
God who rules above ;
ings his people near,
nakes them taste his love.

Earth and sky Attempt his praise,
ts shall raise His honours high.

TATE and WATTS, united.

CXLVIII. 2d *Hallelujah Met. [※]*

Praise from all the Creatures.

FIRST PART.

O your Creator, God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Features of his hand,
Highest notes of praise.

Let ev'ry voice Proclaim his po'
His name adore, And loud rejoic

2 Let all creation join,
To pay the tribute due ;
Ye heavenly hosts begin,
And we shall learn of you.

Let nature raise, From every tor
A general song Of grateful pra

3 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright ruler of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all diffusive ray :

From morn to night, With every
Record his name, Who gave :

4 Thou moon in radiance mild,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in shining hosts,
To gild th' etherial plain :

With countless rays, Declare his
Prolong the theme, Reflect his

5 Ye clouds, or fraught with show'r
Or ting'd with various dyes,
That pour your blessings down,
Or charm our gazing eyes :

His goodness speak, His praise de
As through the air You shine or

6 Ye winds, that shake the world,
With tempests on your wing,
Or breathe in gentle gales,
To waft the smiling spring :
Proclaim aloud, As you fulfil
His sov'reign will, 'The pow'r

SECOND PART.

ers, as ye flow,
 your Maker's name,
 er you winding rove
 y silver stream.
 ing flood, His hand ordains,
 he plains ; Great spring of good ;
 terous bleating flocks,
 ading o'er the plain,
 entle artless voice,
 e humble strain.
 ou food, He bids the field
 : yield, Extensive good.
 s of nobler size,
 aze in meads below ;
 l your Maker's praise,
 responsive low.
 his hand ; The herbage grows,
 flows At his command.
 her'd warblers, come,
 ng your sweetest lays ;
 ie the sprightly song
 : Creator's praise.
 you are, He tun'd your voice,
 ejoice Beneath his care.

THIRD PART.

s which form the shade,
 the loaded bough
 uits of sweetest taste,
 aker's bounty show.
 you rose, Your vernal suits
 in fruits His hand bestows.

2 Ye lovely verdant fields,
 In all your green array,
 Though silent, speak his praise
 Who makes you bright and gay.
 While we in you, With future bread,
 Profusely spread, His goodness view.

3 Ye flowers, which bloom around
 A thousand beauteous dyes,
 Your fragrant odours breathe,
 A grateful sacrifice :
 To him whose word Gave all your blo
 And sweet perfume ; All bounteous Lo

4 But, O, from human tongues
 Should nobler praises flow ;
 And every thankful heart
 With warm devotion glow.
 Your voices raise, Ye highly blest,
 Above the rest Declare his praise.

5 Assist me, gracious God,
 My heart, my voice inspire ;
 Then shall I grateful join
 The universal choir.
 Thy grace can raise My heart and tong
 And tune my song To lively praise.

Mrs. STEE

Psalm CXLVIII. Particular Metre.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay ;
 Let each euraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty name ;
 Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and sky
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye angels, spread the joyful sound,
 While all th' adoring throngs around
 His wond'rrous mercy sing ;
 Let every list'ning saint above,
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the loudest strain.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vist abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God,
 Ye thunders, speak his power ;
 Lo ! on the lightning's rapid wings,
 In triumph rides the King of kings,
 Th' astonish'd worlds adore.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
 To join the thunder of the skies,
 Praise him who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

Wake, all ye soaring throng, and sing ;
 Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise ;
 To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipt your glittering wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the reas'ning head,
 In heavenly praise employ ;
 Spread the Creator's name around,
 Till heav'n's wide arch repeat the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

B. Williams's Collection.

Psalm CXLIX. *Particular Met.**Thanksgiving.*

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing.
 In their great Creator
 Let all men rejoice,
 And heirs of salvation
 Be glad in their King.

- 2 Let them his great name
 Devoutly adore ;
 In loud swelling strains
 His praises express,
 Who graciously opens
 His bountiful store,
 Their wants to relieve, and
 His children to bless.
- 3 With glory adorn'd,
 His people shall sing
 To God, who defence
 And plenty supplies :
 Their loud acclamations
 To him their great King,
 Through earth shall be founded,
 And reach to the skies.
- 4 Ye angels above,
 His glories who've sung,
 In loftiest notes,
 Now publish his praise :
 We mortals delighted,
 Would borrow your tongue ;
 Would join in your numbers,
 And chant to your lays.

THE CL. Long Metre. [*]

Praise.

E ye the Lord, let praise employ,
s own courts, your songs of joy ;
cious firmament around
ho back the joyful sound.

t his works in strains divine,
id'rous works, how bright they shine !
im for all his mighty deeds,
greatness all your praise exceeds.

the trumpet's piercing sound,
ad your sacred pleasure round ;
softer music tunes the lute,
rbling harp, the breathing flute.

in train, with joy advance,
se him in the graceful dance ;
each voice, and strike each string,
the solemn organ sing.

loud cymbal sound on high,
er, deeper notes reply ;
nious let the concert rise,
ar the rapture to the skies.

whom life and breath inspire
and join the blissful choir ;
e fly ye who know his word,
and love, and praise the Lord !

Mrs. STEEL.



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I N D E X.

Blest are the souls who hear and know
Blest is the man who fears the Lord
Blest is the man whose tender care
Blest is the man who shuns the place

COME let our souls address the Lord
Come, O ye saints, your voices raise
Come sound his praise abroad
Consider all my sorrows, Lord

DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength
Deep in our hearts let us record
Descend from heav'n, almighty Lord

EARLY my God, without delay
FAIREST of all the lights above
Far from our friends and country dear
Father, I bless thy genile hand
Father, I sing thy wond'rous grace
Firm was my health, my day was bright
Fools in their hearts believe and say
Forever shall my song record
For thee, O God, our constant praise
From age to age exalt his name
From deep distress and troubled thoughts
From thee, great Lord of life and death
From Zion's hill my help descends

GIVE ear, ye children, to my law
Give thanks to God, he reigns above
Give thanks to God, invoke his name
Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame
Give to our God immortal praise
God in the great assembly stands
God is our refuge in distress
God is the Lord, the heavenly King
, my supporter and my hope

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F N D E X.

In God, most holy just and true
In Judah God of old was known
Is there ambition in my heart
I set the Lord before my face
It is the Lord our Maker's hand
Judge me, O God, and prove my ways
I waited patient for the Lord

LET all the earth their voices raise
Let all the heathen writers join
Let all the various tribes of men
Let every creature join
Let God arise in all his might
Let heathens to their idols haste
Let sinners take their course
Let Zion and her sons rejoice
Lift your voice and thankful sing
Lord, hast thou cast the nation off
Lord, I have made thy word **my choice**
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name
Lord, let our humble cry
Lord of the worlds above
Lord, should I count thy mercies o'er
Lord, shouldst thou call us to thy bar
Lord, thou hast seen my soul sincere
Lord, what a feeble piece
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I
Lord, what was man when made at first
Lord, we thy wond'rous praise proclaim
Lord, when I call make haste to hear
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high
Lord, where shall guilty souls retire
Lord, who's the happy man that may

MAKER and sov'reign Lord
My God, how many are my fears

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I N D E X.

O render thanks to God above
O that the Lord would guide my ways
O that thy statutes every hour
O thou to whom all creatures bow
O thou who hear'st when sinners cry
O thou whose grace and justice reign
O were I like a feather'd dove

PARENT of nature, God supreme
Parent of universal good
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir
Praise ye the Lord, let praise employ
Praise ye the Lord, O blissful theme
Praise ye the Lord, to speak his praise
Preserve me, Lord, in time of need

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord
SALVATION is forever nigh
Shall tyrants rule by impious laws
Shew pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive
Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas
Sing to the Lord aloud
Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name
Sing to the Lord, let praise inspire
Sing to the Lord, who loud proclaims
Sov'reign of life, I own thy hand

TEACH me the measure of my days
Th' Almighty reigns exalted high
That man is blest who stands in awe
Thee will I bless, my God and King
The God Jehovah reigns
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord
The King of Saints, how fair his face
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord
The Lord in Zion plac'd his name
The Lord Jehovah reigns

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I N D E X.

To thee, great God, will I disclose
To thee, most holy and most high
To thee, my God, my heart shall bring
To thine almighty arm we owe
To your Creator, God

VAST are thy works, almighty Lord
Unshaken as the sacred hill

WE bless the Lord, the just, the good
Welcome, thou day of sacred rest
What seraph of celestial birth
What shall I render to my God
What sinners value I resign
When fancy spreads her boldest wings

- When God reveal'd his gracious name
- When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand
- When I survey life's varied scene
- When, overwhelm'd with pain and grief 82
- Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey
- With all my powers of heart and tongue
- With songs and honours sounding loud
- Who shall ascend thy heavenly place
- Why do the wealthy wicked boast
- Why doth the Lord stand off so far
- Why doth the man of riches grow
- Why should I vex my soul, and fret

YE boundless realms of joy
HYe servants of th' eternal King
Ye servants of th' almighty King
Yet, saith the Lord, if David's race

N. B. The Hymns are placed in the alpha-
ical order of their initial letters.

H Y M N S.

Hymn I. Long Metre. [※ or □]

Persecution.

ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind
With iron chains, the freeborn mind ;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering, by destructive flame !

Bold arrogance, to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given !
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

Mad zeal ! that fills the world with woe !
That hurls down kingdoms at a blow !
That wakens vengeance to devour
The foes of antichristian power. •

Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve ;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wield³
No arms, but what persuasion yields.

By proofs divine and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along ;
And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence, which Heaven inspires.

O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feast, by Jesus held !
May we this blessing know, and prize
The light which liberty supplies.

A

SCOTT.

Hymn II. Common Metre.*The Resurrection of Christ.*

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

2 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;

Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

3 Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
 To hail this welcome morn ;
 Which scatters blessings from its wings,
 To nations yet unborn.

4 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
 With strong compassion mov'd,
 Came from the bosom of his God,
 To save the souls he lov'd.

5 The powers of darkness leagu'd in vain,
 To bind his soul in death ;
 He shook their kingdom when he fell,
 With his expiring breath.

6 Not long the bands of death could keep
 The hope of Judah's line ;
 Corruption never could take hold
 On one so much divine.

7 Exalted high at God's right hand,
 And Lord of all below ;
 Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
 And endless blessings flow.

8 Now to our Saviour and our King,
 Glad homage let us give ;
 And be prepar'd like him to die,
 That with him we may live.

Mrs. B.
B.

Hymn III. Long Metre. [b]*Holy Resolution.*

A H, wretched souls, who strive in vain !
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.

I would resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

O be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine ;
 Till others love the bles'd employ,
 And join in labours so divine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd choice ;
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.

¶ O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wander from thy sacred ways ;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

Mrs. STREETE.

Hymn IV. Common Metre. [b]*Watchfulness and Prayer.*

A LAS, what hourly dangers rise !
 What suares befit my way !
 To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears !
 My weak resistance, ah how vain !
 How strong my foes and fears !

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside ;
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And never let me go astray,
From happiness and thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn V. Long Metre. [b]*The Syro-Pheenician Woman. Mat. xv. 26, 27.*

A LL-conqu'ring faith ! how high it rose !
When heav'n itself might seem t' oppose !
All gracious Lord ! who didst appear
Most merciful when most severe !

2 Thus, at thy feet, our souls would fall,
And loudly thus for mercy call ;
“Thou Son of David, pity show,
And save us from th' infernal foe.”

3 Though viler than the brutes we be,
Our longing eyes would wait on thee,
Who doest to dogs such grace afford,
To taste the crumbs beneath thy board.

4 But thou the humble soul wilt raise,
And all its sorrows turn to praise ;

Each self abasing broken heart,
Shall with thy children share a part.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn VI. Short Metre. [※]*Cbriſt the Branch of David, and the Morning Star.*

A LL hail, mysterious King !
A Hail, David's ancient root !
 Thou righteous branch, which thence did
 To give the nations fruit. [spring,

2 Our weary souls shall rest
 Beneath thy grateful shade ;
 Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste,
 By thy bleſt fruit convey'd.

3 Fair morning star, arise !
 With living glories bright ;
 And pour on these awakening eyes
 A flood of sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
 Pierc'd by thy heavenly ray ;
 Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
 To everlasting day.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

Hymn VII. Common Metre. [※]*A Pillar in the heavenly Temple.*

A LL hail, victorious Saviour, hail !
A I bow to thy command,
 And own that David's royal key
 Well fits thy sov'reign hand.
 Open the treasures of thy love,
 And ſhed thy gifts abroad ;
Unveil to my rejoicing eyes
The temple of my God.

3 Thcre as a pillar let me stand,
On an eternal base ;
Uprear'd by thy almighty hand,
And polish'd by thy grace.

4 There, deep engraven let me bear,
The title of my God ;
And mark the new Jerusalem,
As my secure abode.

5 In lasting characters inscribe
Thy own beloved name ;
That endless ages there may read
The great Immanuel's claim.

DODDRIDGE

*Hymn VIII. Long Metre. [X or
Uncharitable Judgment.]*

A LL-knowing God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servants to his bar may call ?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake ?

3 Who, with another's eye, can read ?
Or worship by another's creed ?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

4 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful we obey our light ;
And, cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow, as to learn, thy will.

5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people, fashion'd in thy mould ?

H Y M N S.

And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love ?

SCOTT.

Hymn IX. Long Metre.

[*]

A Vision of the Lamb.

ALL mortal vanities, be gone ;
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears ;
Behold, before th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears !

Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore ;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

Lo ! he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne !
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.

All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb ;
And in new songs of gospel found,
Address their honours to his name.

Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
To be our Saviour and our King.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell,
With thine inestimable blood ;
And wretches who did once rebel,
Are now made servants of their God.

Worthy forever is the Lord,
Who dy'd for treasons not his own ;
By every tongue to be ador'd,
Reign upon his Father's throne.

WATTS

Hymn X. Common Metre. {*The Marriage of the Lamb.*

ALL ye who faithful servants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
His praise devoutly sing.

- 2 Let us rejoice and render thanks
To his most holy name ;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
The marriage of the Lamb.
- 3 His bride herself has ready made,
How pure and white her dress !
This is the saint's integrity,
And spotless holiness.
- 4 How happy then is every one,
Who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb,
Is call'd, a welcome guest.

TAT

Hymn XI. Particular Metre.*Submission to the Divine Will.*

ALMIGHTY King of heaven above,
Eternal source of truth and love,
And Lord of all below,
With reverence and religious fear,
Permit thy suppliants to draw near,
And at thy feet to bow.

- 2 Thy sovereign fiat form'd us first ;
Thy breath can blow us back to dust,
Frail, sinful, mortal clay ;
'Tis thine undoubted right to give
Those earthly blessings we receive ;
And thine to take away.

H Y M N S.

9

ngs are under thy control,
wisdom rules the whole,
ing good from ill ;
We therefore we resign,
lls are swallow'd up in thine,
y most holy will.

en above, thy will is done,
angels wait around thy throne,
counsels to obey ;
g at thy feet they fall,
; thee, sovercign Lord of all,
own thy powerful sway.

nay we join the heav'ly throng,
ortals learn th' angelic song,
dwell beneath the sun ;
ery tongue thy praise proclaim,
e the universal theme,
noval's will be done."

III XII. Short Metre. [※ or □]

Humble Praise.

MIGHTY Maker, God,
How wond'rous is thy name !
ories how diffus'd abroad,
oughout creation's frame,
ure in every dress
humble homage pays,
nds a thousand ways t' express
goodness and thy praise.

ature white and red,
rose and lily stand ;
ce from pride their beauties spread,
how thy skilful hand.

irk mounts up on high
inambitious song,

And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

5 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too ;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

6 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride that creeps securely in,
And dwells a wretched worm.

7 Create my soul anew,
Or all my worship's vain ;
This sinful heart will not be true,
Till it be form'd again.

8 In joy then let me spend
The remnant of my days ;
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfume of praise.

WATT

Hymn XIII. Common Metre. [* or

Holy Fortitude.

A M I a soldier of the cross ?
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease ?
Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?

3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must not I stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord ;

I bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

hy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die ;
hey view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

hen that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

WATTS.

Hymn XIV. Long Metre. [※ or b]

Christ our Example.

AND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife ;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

O how benevolent and kind !
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love ;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
His example let us move.

6 But, ah, how blind, how weak we are !
 How frail, how apt to turn aside !
 Lord we depend upon thy care,
 We ask thy Spirit for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be ;
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 O Saviour, daily more like thee.

Mrs. STEEL

Hymn XV. Short Metre. [o***Triumph over Death.*

AND must this body die ?
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

2 Corruption, earth and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

3 Christ, my Redeemer, lives,
 And often, from the skies,
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
 Shall these vile bodies thine,
 And every shape, and every face
 Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.

6 O Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
 With our immortal tongues.

Hymn XVI. Common Metre. [* or ‡]

For the New Year.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past ;
cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
And what thy chief concern ?

With the new year, which now begins,
Begin thy race for heaven ;
Repent of all thy former sins,
Reform, and be forgiven.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
To him thyself commend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Liverpool Collection.

Hymn XVII. All Sevens Metre. [‡]

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

ANGELS, roll the stone away,
Death, give up thy mighty prey ;
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Shining in immortal bloom.

'Tis the Saviour, angels raise
Your triumphant song of praise ;
Let the heavens' remotest bound
Bear the joy inspiring sound.

B

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him rise ;
Mark his progress through the sky,
To the radiant world on high.

4 Heaven displays her crystal gate ;
Enter in thy royal state ;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
'Tis thy Father's and thy own.

5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Strike with awe your golden lyrics ;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be loud and strong.

6 To the list'ning nations tell,
Sin o'erthrown and vanquish'd hell :
Where is death's once dreaded king ?
Where, O monster, is thy sting !

SCOTT.

*Hymn XVIII. Long Metre. [X or
The Sabbath.]*

A NOTHER six days' work is done !
Another Sabbath is begun !
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has bless'd.

2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new ;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away ;
The Sabbath thus we love to spend,
Hope of one which ne'er shall end.

STERNET.

No XIX. Six Line L. M. [※ or 6]

God's Name proclaimed to Moses.

ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories shine
Around thy condescending God :
Hus, he in his word proclaims
Awful, his endearing names ;
Attend, and found them all abroad.
Jehovah I, the sov'reign Lord,
A mighty God by heaven ador'd,
Down to the earth my footsteps bend :
Heart the tenderest pity knows,
Sorrows full streaming wide o'erflows,
And grace and truth shall never end.
By patience long can crimes endure,
Pard'ning love is ever sure,
When penitential sorrow mourns :
Millions, through unnumber'd years,
With hope and new delight it bears,
Yet wrath against the sinner burns.”
Behaste, my soul, the vision meet,
Prostrate at Jehovah's feet,
And drink the tuneful accents in.
“Take on, my Lord, repeat the voice,
With these heart-expanding joys,
Will bear'n complete the rapt'rous scene.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn XX. Common Metre. [※ or □]*The new Creation.*

ATTEND, whilst God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew ;
" Behold I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new !

2 " Old things are wholly pass'd away,
And the first Adam dies ;
My hands a new foundation lay ;
See the new world arise !

3 " I'll be a Sun of righteousness,
To the new heavens I make ;
None but the new born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin ;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

5 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh ;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin and earth and hell,
In the new world which grace hath made,
I would forever dwell.

WATTS.

Hymn XXI. Long Metre. [※ or □]*Glory in the Cross.*

AT thy command, our blessed Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast ;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thy own flesh feeds every guest.

1 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died ;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

2 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,
And fling its scandals on the cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumph in his cross.

3 With joy, we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left his tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come. WATTS.

Hymn XXII. Common Metre. [**]

The Incarnation of the Word.

1 WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord !
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That glorious Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
O happy morn ! illustrious hour !
Was once in flesh array'd.

3 Then shone Almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms ;
When Jesus left the world above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies ;
And sunk to poverty and woe,
That wretched man might rise.
Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture then let mortal tongues
Their grateful homage pay.

6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !

With wonder we adore ;
But could we sing as angels do,
We'd love and praise thee more.

Mrs. STEE

Hymn XXIII. Long Metre.

Temptation without and within.

1 WAKE, my soul, lift up thine eye
See how thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 See how rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
See pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 I tread upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset me round ;
O let me then guard every part,
But most, the traitor in my heart.

4 O teach thy servant how to wield,
Blest Saviour, thy immortal shield ;
Put on thy armour from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,
The smiles of earth, the frowns of hell
The tempter once thou didst subdue,
O make me more than conqueror too.

Mrs. BAKER

Hymn XXIV. Hallelujah Metre.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 WAKE, our drowsy souls !
Shake off each slothful band !
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.

Propitious morn, Thy blissful rays
bright seraphs hail, In songs of praise !

At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark vault confin'd.

angelic host Around him bends,
nd, midst their shouts, The Lord ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord !

Heaven with hosanna rings ;
Whilst earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.

orthy art thou; Who once was slain,
rough endless years To live and reign.

Gird on, great King, thy sword,
Ascend thy conq'ring car,
Whilst justice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war.

Etiorious thou, Thy foes shalt tread,
id sin and death In triumph lead.

Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart.

hen dying souls For life shall sue,
um'rous as drops Of morning dew.

RIPON'S Collection.

Hymn XXV. Long Metre. [**]

The Christian Race.

A WAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone
wake and run the heavenly race,
id put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
If they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 The mighty God, whose powerful hand
Has matchless works of wonder done ;
And shall endure, whilst endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a rich supply ;
Whilst those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls will fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road. w

Hymn XXVI. Long Metre. [

Benefit of Ordinances.

A WAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retire.
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We bow before thee and adore ;
We view the glories of thy face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Whilst here our various wants we moan,
United prayers ascend on high ;
And faith expects a sure return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

ere, when our spirit faints and dies,
nd conscience smarts with inward stings ;
ie Sun of righteousness shall rise,
ith healing beams beneath his wings.
re would our ravish'd souls abide ;
if from hence we must depart,
neither life nor death divide
t God and Saviour from our heart.

WATTS, altered.

ymn XXVII. *Long Metre. [X]**The Word made Flesh.*

EFOR the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word ;
th God he was, the Word was God,
I by th' angelic host ador'd.
his great power were all things made,
him supported, all things stand ;
is the whole creation's Head,
d angels fly at his command.

sin was born, or Satan fell,
led the host of morning stars !
y generation who can tell ?
count the number of thy years ?

lo, he leaves these heavenly forms,
e Word descends and dwells in clay ;
at he may converse hold with worms,
s'd in such feeble flesh as they.

rtals with joy behold his face,
eternal Father's only Son ;
w full of truth, how full of grace !
en through his eyes the Godhead shone,
ch-angels leave their high abode,
earn new mysteries here and tell
ove of our descending God,
lories of Emanuel.

WATTS.

Hymn XXVIII. Common Metre.*Faith in the Promise of Salvation.*

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly them
And speak some lofty thing ;
The mighty works, or mighty name,
Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
Or found his power abroad ;
Sing the blest promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
To sinful, dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word,
With an unerring pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The gracious promise shines ;
Nor shall the hand of time eraze
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 Then why these doubts and sad complaints
If Christ and we are one,
The word extends to all the saints,
Who humbly love the Son.
- 6 By faith in this our souls have liv'd,
And part of heaven posseſ'd ;
We'll praise him then for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

WATT

Hymn XXIX. Particular Metre.*The Resurrection and Glory of Christ.*

BEHOOLD ! the bright morning appears
And Jesus revives from the grave !
His rising removes all our fears,
And proves him Almighty to save.

How strong were his tears and his cries !
 The worth of his blood how divine !
 How perfect his great sacrifice,
 Who rose though he suffer'd for sin !
 The man who was crowned with thorns,
 The man who on Calvary died,
 The man who bore scourging and scorn,
 Whom sinners agreed to deride ;
 How blessed forever is made,
 And life has rewarded his pain ;
 How glory has crowned his head :
 This is the true Lamb that was slain !
 Believing we share in his joy,
 By faith we partake of his rest ;
 With him we can cheerfully die,
 For with him we hope to be blest.
 His Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come !

HART.

Hymn XXX. Common Metre. [**]

Praise to the Lamb of God.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amidst the Father's throne !
 Prepare new honours for his name,
 And songs before unknown.
 The Elders worship at his feet,
 The Church adore around ;
 With vials full of odours sweet,
 With harps of sweeter sound.
 Those are the offer'd prayers of saints,
 And these the hymns they raise ;
 He is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now, to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood
Hast set the pris'ners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

6 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour. W.

Hymn XXXI. Short Metre.

The Nativity of Christ.

B EHOLD the grace appears !
The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

3 " Go, humble swains, said he,
To David's city fly ;
The promis'd Infant born to day
Doth in a manger lie.

4 With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your King."
And straight a flaming choir was seen ;
The shepherds heard them sing.

5 " Glory to God on high !
And heavenly peace on earth !
Good will to men, to angels joy
At the Redeemer's birth !"

6 In worship so divine,

Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

7 "Glory to God on high !
And heavenly peace on earth !
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

WATTS.

Hymn XXXII. Common Metre. [5]

The Ignorance of Man.

B EHOLD the new born infant griev'd,

B With hunger, thirst and pain !

It cries to have its wants reliev'd,

But knows not to complain.

Such childhood yet I must confess,

Though long in years mature ;

Unknowing whence I feel distrefs,

And where to seek its cure.

Author of good ! to thee I turn ;

Thy ever watchful eye

Alone, can all my wants discern ;

Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,

Thy love my footsteps guide ;

That love shall vainer loves expel,

That fear, all fears beside.

And since, by error's force subdu'd,

My oft misguided will

Precipit'rous shuns the latent good,

And grasps the specious ill ;

Let to my wish, but to my want,

Do thou thy gifts apply ;

Ask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,

What ill, though ask'd, deny.

C

MERRICK.

Hymn XXXIII. Long Metre. D

A grave and decent Department.

BEHOLD the sons and heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus' blood!
Are they not born to heavenly joys?
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport, for play,
To wear out time and waste the day?

3 Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, which fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richest vest?
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher,
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise,
To mansions promis'd in the skies. WARM

Hymn XXXIV. Common Metre. [For
The repenting Prodigal.

BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and will
Had wasted his estate!
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

2 "I die with hunger here, he cry'd,
I starve in foreign lands;

y Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

I go, and with a mournful tongue,
Fall down before his face ;
Ither, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his Father's love ;
he Father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
he rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.

Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
The Father gives command ;
refs him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound ;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, but now is found."

WATTS.

Hymn XXXV. Short Metre. [¶]

Adaption.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
a sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !

'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown ;
he Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

*For doth it yet appear
'ow great we shall be made ;*

But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure ;
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in our Father's love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon our heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne !
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

W.

Hymn XXXVI. Long Metre. [i]

The better Part.

B ESET with snares, and fill'd with pain,
In life's uncertain path we tread ;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage our roving treach'rous heart,
To choose the wife, the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.

3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,
But all our treasure with us bear.

4 If then our Saviour still be nigh,
Cheerful we live and joyful die ;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find a thousand worlds in thee.

v.

Hymn XXXVII. Long Metre. [※]

The Beatitudes.

BLEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
favours of grace to them are given,
id crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

BEST are the men of broken heart,
ho mourn for sin with inward smart ;
ie blood of Christ divinely flows,
healing balm for all their woes.

BE are the meek who stand afar,
m rage and passion, noise and war ;
d will secure their happy state,
d plead their cause against the great.

BE are the souls that thirst for grace,
nger and long for righteousness ;
ey shall be well supplied and fed,
th living streams and living bread.

BE are the men whose bowels move,
d melt with sympathy and love ;
m Christ the Lord, they shall obtain
e sympathy and love again.

BE are the pure, whose hearts are clean
m the defiling power of sin ;
th endless pleasure they shall see
God of spotless purity.

BE are the men of peaceful life,
io quench the coals of growing strife ;
ey shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
e sons of God, the God of peace.

BE are the sufferers, who partake
pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
ir souls shall triumph in the Lord,
r and joy are their reward.

Hymn XXXVIII. Common Metre. [

The Hope of the Resurrection.

BLEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky ;
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 What, though his uncontroll'd decree
Command our flesh to dust ?
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come ;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home. WATT

Hymn XXXIX. Common Metre.

Entombed recorded.

BLEST is the man whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.

- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warr
A stranger's woe to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 1 He spreads his kind supporting arms,
To every child of grief ;

His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow ;
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in his foe.

Peace, from the bosom of his God,
Peace shall to him be given ;
His soul shall rest secure on earth,
And find its native heaven.
To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy, from above
Descend on those, who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

Hymn XL. Particular Metre. [※]

The Gospel Jubilee.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow ;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Exalt the Son of God !
The sin-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption, by his blood,
Through every land proclaim ;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love.
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Hymn XLIII. Long Metre. []***The Presence of God mortifying us to the World.*

COME, blessed Lord, descend and dw^e
By faith and love within our breast
Then shall we know, and taste and feel
Such joys as cannot be express'd.

- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength
Make our enlarged souls posses,
And learn the height, and breadth, and len
Of thy unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Could we but pierce the veil, and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be
How despicable in our eyes !
- 4 Great all in all, eternal King !
Could we but view thy glorious face,
Then all our powers should join to sing
Thy boundless wisdom and thy grace.
- 5 Now to the God, whose power in heaven:
And earth, has works of wonder done,
Be everlasting honours given,
By all the church, through Christ his Son

WAT

Hymn XLIV. Common Metre..*Praise to God and the Lamb.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongue
But all their joys are one.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that did," they cry
"To be exalted thus ;"
- 3 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

esus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

Hymn XLV. Common Metre. [※]

The Joys of Heaven.

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

1 Sorrow and pain and every care,
 And discord there shall cease ;
 And perfect joy and love sincere
 Adorn the realms of peace.

2 The soul, from sin forever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more ;
 But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeming love adore.

3 There, on a throne, how dazzling bright
 Th' exalted Saviour shines,
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.

4 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tame our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn XLVI. Long Metre. [or □]***Weary Souls invited to Rest.*

COME, weary souls, with sin distress'd,
Come and accept the promis'd rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppres'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes to God ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes ;
Pardon and life and endless peace,
How rich the gift, how free the grace !

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And blest the kind inviting voice.

5 Great Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
May that sweet influence in our breast,
Prepare us for thy heavenly rest.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn XLVII. Short Metre. [■]*Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing,
 Who never knew our God ;
 But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
 This heavenly King is ours,
 Our Father and our Love ;
 He will send down his heavenly powers,
 To raise our souls above.
 There, we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thought of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry !
 We're marching through Emanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

Hymn XLVIII. Common Metre. [**]*Christ the King of Saints.*

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known ;
 The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.
 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
 With glories all divine ;
 And tell the wond'ring nations round,
 How bright these glories shine.
Infinite power and boundless love
In him unite their rays ;

D



You that his heavenly influence prove,
Can you forbear his praise ?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing..

5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
Lord, teach our songs to rise ;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period ! glorious day !
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise. *Mrs. Stree*

Hymn XLIX. Common Metre. [

The happy End of the Christian Course.

D EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord ;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown which cannot fade ;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all who hope and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design ;

nd to his heavenly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

od is my everlasting aid,
My portion and my friend ;
To him be highest glory paid,
Through ages without end.

WATTS, altered.

Hymn L. Long Metre. [b]

Christ the Physician of the Soul.

EEP are the wounds which sin has made ;
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
Vain, alas, is Nature's aid,
Her work exceeds her utmost power.
In, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part ;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
But can no sovereign balm be found ?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Are life and hope forever fly ?
Yes, there's a great Physician near ;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live !
See, in his heav'nly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give !
See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health and bliss abundant flow !
'Tis only that dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.
Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
Or here a sovereign cure is found ;
Cordial for the fainting heart,
Balm for every painful wound.

Mrs. STEPHEN.

Hymn LI. Long Metre. [※ or □]*The Sight of Christ in Heaven.*

DESCEND, ye hosts of angels bright,
And bear us on your guardian wings,
Through regions of celestial light,
Above the reach of earthly things.

- 2 Beyond this curtain of the sky,
Up where eternal ages roll !
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a beatific sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd with a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And heav'nly powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds bright glories on them all.
- 5 What joys unspeakable they feel !
Whilst to their golden harps they sing ;
And echo from each heav'nly hill,
The glorious triumphs of their King.
- 6 O may the happy day draw nigh,
When we shall rise to realms above ;
To join the music of the sky,
And celebrate redceming love.

WATTS, altered.

Hymn LII. Common Metre. [※ or □]*Ardent Love to Christ.*

DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?
Behold my heart and see ;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

not thy name melodious stil'
To my enraptur'd ear ?
oth not my pulse with pleasure bent,
My Saviour's voice to hear ?
ast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed ?
ast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead ?
ould not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known ?
ould not my heart pour out its blood,
In honour of thy name ?
ad challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame ?
hou know'st I love thee, O my Lord ;
But how I long to soar
bove the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more !

DODDRIDGE

Symn. LIII. Long Metre. [X or]
Christian Privileges and Obligations.

OST thou my worthless name record,
Free of thy holy city, Lord ?
m I a sinner, call'd to share
he precious privileges there ?
rt thou my King, my Father styl'd ?
nd I thy servant and thy child ?
hilst many of the human race
re aliens from thy Zion's grace ?
o, wretched millions draw their breath,
lands of ignorance and death !
it I enjoy my share of time,
ithin thy gospel's favour'd clime.

4 Shall I receive this grace in vain ?
 Shall I my great vocation stain ?
 Away, ye works in darkness wrought !
 Away, each sensual, wanton thought !

5 My soul, I charge thee to excel,
 In thinking right, and acting well ;
 Deep let thy searching powers engage,
 Unbias'd in the sacred page.

6 Heighten the force of good desire,
 To deeds of shining worth aspire ;
 More firm in fortitude, despise
 The world's seducing vanities.

7 Strong and more strong, thy passions rule,
 Advancing still in virtue's school ;
 Contending still, with noble strife,
 To imitate thy Saviour's life. Scorn:

Hymn LIV. Long Metre.

The only living and true GOD.

(Psalm 86.)

ETERNAL God, almighty Cause
 Of earth and sea and worlds unknow
 All things are subject to thy laws,
 All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
 Of all within itself possest ;
 Controll'd by none are thy commands ;
 Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3 To thee alone ourselves we owe,
 To thee alone our homage pay ;
 All other gods we disavow,
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
 Fountain of peace and joy and love !

Thy favour only makes us blest ;
Without thee, all would nothing prove.

Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give ;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

Spread thy great name through heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone ;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

BROWN.

Hymn LV. Common Metre. [b]

The Consolations of Age.

ETERNAL God, enthron'd on high,
Whom angel hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

O guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool ;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

My flying years, time urges on,
My strength must soon decay ;
My friends, my youth's companions gone,
Can I expect to stay ?

Can I exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart ?

Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or cordials shield my heart ?

But thou canst cheer my mortal hour,
On thee my hope depends ;
Support me by Almighty power,
While dust to dust descends,

6 Then let my soul, O gracious God,
Ascend to realms of day ;
And, in that sacred bleſt abode,
Its endleſs anthems pay.

7 Throughout the heaven's remotest bound
Thy matchleſs love proclaim ;
And join the choir of saints that found
Their great Redeemer's name.

B. WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION

Hymn LVI. *Long Metre.*[^{*}]*Preferring Goodness.*

ETERNAL God, I bleſs thy name,
The ſame thy pow'r, thy grace the ſame
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open and cloſe and crown the year.

2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amidſt ten thouſand deaths I stand ;
And ſee, when I ſurvey thy ways,
Ten thouſand monuments of praife.

3 Thus far thy arm has led me on,
Thus far I make thy mercy known ;
And whilſt I tread this diſert land,
New mercies shall new ſongs demand.

4 My grateful voice on Jordan's ſhore
Shall raise one ſacred pillar more ;
Then bear in thy bright courts above,
Inſcriptions of immortal love.

DODDRIDGE

Hymn LVII. *Common Metre.*

[

Fay and Gratitude.

ETERNAL Love ! how large the ſum
Of blessings from thy hand !
To banish ſorrow and be bleſt
Is thy ſupreme command.

oy is our duty, glory, health,
 The sunshine of the soul ;
 The best return that we can make
 To him who plans the whole. YOUNG.

Whatever, Lord, of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.

Let the blest hope that thou art mine
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

RIPON'S Collection

Hymn LVIII. Long Metre. [**]

God exalted above all Praise.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of the God,
 Extending far beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve inferior rounds.

The lowest step beneath thy seat
 Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;
 In vain the tall arch-angel tries
 To reach its height, with wond'ring eyes.

Thy dazzling glory whilst he sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of thrones and powers around,
Fall prostrate on the heav'nly ground.

Third, what shall earth and ashes do !
Would adore our Maker too ;

From lowest dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high.

5 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And men have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But the full glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

6 God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our hymns, our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise is silent on our tongues.

WATTS

Hymn L.

Long Metre.

[**]

Divine Goodness.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;
Whilst in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand supports and cheers the whole ;
By thee, the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive hymns of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

5 O, may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown, pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Liverpool Collector

Hymn LX. Long Metre. [※]*The Influences of the Divine Spirit.*

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess,
 And sing the wonders of thy grace !
 thy power conveys the blessings down
 from God the Father and his Son.
 enlighten'd by thy heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
 thy inward teachings make us know
 Our danger and our refuge too.
 thy gentle influence works within,
 And breaks the chains of reigning sin ;
 Both our imperious lusts subdue,
 And forms our wretched hearts anew.
 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
 It makes the broken heart rejoice ;
 thy words allay the stormy wind,
 And calm the surges of the mind.

WATTS.

Hymn LXI. Common Metre. [※]*Creating Wisdom.*

ETERNAL Wisdom ! thee we praise,
 Thee, all thy creatures sing ;
 With thy great name, rocks, hills and seas
 And heaven's high arches ring.
 thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
 How glorious to behold !
 ing'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
 here dost thou make the globes of light
 Their endless circles run ;
 ere, the pale planets rule the night,
 And day obeys the sun.

4 The roaring winds stand ready there,
Thy orders to obey :
With spreading wings, they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

5 The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe thy strong command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the fand.

6 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike our feeble sight,
Through skies and seas and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

7 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

WATTS

Hymn LXII. Long Metre. [

Coris exalted a Prince and a Saviour.

EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne ;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of thy grace ;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thy enemies obey ;
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by thy love.

4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive !
Thine Israel shall repent and live ;

And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which gives them life, who wrought thy death.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LXIII. Common Metre. [※ or b]

Walking by Faith.

FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight ;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.
sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home ;
of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word ;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restor'd.
brah'm obey'd the Lord's command,
From his own country driven ;
By faith he sought a promis'd land,
But found his rest in heaven.
thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye ;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

Altered from WATTS.

Hymn LXIV. Long Metre. [※ or b]

Preparation for religious Worship.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone ;
From flesh and sense I would be free,
To hold communion, Lord, with thee.

E

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine ;
When I can see thy glories shine ;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land !
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

Altered from Watts

Hymn LXV. Common Metre. [¶]

The Success of the Gospel.

FATHER, is not thy promise sure
To thy exalted Son ?
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run !

2 "Ask and receive the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest ends
Thy empire shall advance."

3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own ?
Whilst Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?

4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Beneath the arch of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception, given ?

5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd ;

arth with all its millions shout
fanna to the Lord.

RIPON'S Collection.

I LXVI. Common Metre. [※ or ▽]

The Lord's Prayer.

THER of all ! Eternal Mind !
Thou great and good alone !
children form'd and bless'd by thee,
proach thy sacred throne.
name in hallow'd strains be sung !
join the solemn praise ;
thy great name, with heart and tongue,
cheerful homage raise.
righteous, mild and equal reign,
every being own ;
in our minds, thy work divine,
et thy gracious throne.
ngels, round thy seat above,
thy blest commands fulfil ;
ay thy creatures, here below,
form thy heav'nly will.
hee, we day by day depend,
ur daily wants supply ;
feed with truth and virtue pure,
ur souls which never die.
nd thy grace to every fault,
nd let thy love forgive ;
h us divine forgiveness too,
or let resentment live,
re tempting snares beset the way,
mit us not to tread ;
the threat'ning evil near,
our unguarded head.

8 Thy sacred name we thus adore,
 And bow before thy throne ;
 For kingdom, power and glory, Lord,
 Belong to thee alone. Liverpool

Hymn LXVII. Common Metre.

The Universal Prayer.

FATHER of all ! whose cares extend
 To earth's remotest shore ;
 Through every age let praise ascend,
 And every clime adore.

2 Yet not to earth's contracted span,
 Thy goodness let me bound ;
 Or think thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

3 To thee, whose presence fills all space,
 The earth, the air, the skies ;
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise !

4 Father of all ! whose tender care
 Does every want supply ;
 To thee I pour the fervent prayer,
 And raise the filial eye.

5 What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away ;
 Who gratefully enjoys and lives,
 Does the best homage pay.

6 Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent ;
 At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

7 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the faults I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

8 Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,
 And deal destruction round the land,
 On each I judge thy foe.

9 If I am right, thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.

10 This day, be bread and peace my lot ;
 But, all beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
 Then let thy will be done.

Altered from POPE.

Hymn LXVIII. Common Metre. [* or b]

Prudence.

FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
 Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
 Let each advancing step still bring
 Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heav'n ey'd prudence be my guide,
 And when I go astray,
 Recal my feet from folly's path,
 To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in ev'ry various scene
 To keep my end in sight ;
 And whilst I tread life's mazy track,
 Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
 Abundantly impart ;
 And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
 And penetrate my heart.

5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
 Fountain of bliss and love ;

And all my darkness be dispers'd,
In endless light above.

SMART.

Hymn LXIX. Long Metre. []***Praise for Rain and fruitful Seasons.*

FAATHER of light ! we sing thy name,
Who made the sun to rule the day :
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceed
The copious showers of genial rain ;
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead,
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;
Yet thousands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily goodness fed,
Transgress thy law, abuse thy grace.

4 Not so, shall our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
But, what thy liberal hand imparts,
Receiye with praise, and ask in prayer.

5 So shall the sun more grateful shine,
And showers in welcome drops shall fall ;
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

6 Jesus ! our brighter Sun, arise,
In plenteous showers, thy Spirit send,
Earth then shall grow to Paradise ;
And in celestial Eden end.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn LXX. Long Metre. [*At the Ordination of a Minister.*

FAATHER of mercies ! in thy house
We pay our homage and our vow :

ilst with a grateful heart we share
se pledges of our Saviour's care.

Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
plendid triumph o'er his foes,
ter'd his gifts on men below,
wide his royal bounties flow.

ice sprang th' *Apostle's* honour'd name,
ed beyond heroic fame ;
ce dictates the *prophetic* sage,
hence the *evangelic* page.

ower forms to bless our eyes,
ors from hence and *Teachers* rise ;
o, though with feebler rays they shine,
mark a long extended line.

m Christ their varied gifts derive,
l, fed by him, their graces live ;
ilst guarded by his potent hand,
idst the rage of hell they stand.

shall the bright succession run,
ough all the courses of the sun ;
ilst unborn churches, by their care,
ll rise and flourish large and fair.

is, our Lord, their hearts shall know
spring whence all these blessings flow ;
tors and people shout his praise,
ough the long round of endless days.

DODDRIDGE.

Pmn LXXI. Common Metre. []**

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Scriptures.

MATHER of mercies ! in thy word,
What endless glory shines !
ver be thy name ador'd,
these celestial lines,

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find ;
 Treasures beyond what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast ;
 Sublimer fruits than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
 Our study and delight ;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light.

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou forever near ;
 Teach us to love thy sacred word,
 And view our Saviour there.

Mrs. STI

Hymn LXXII. Common Metre. [¶]*Love to our Neighbour.*

FAITHER of mercies ! send thy grace
 All powerful, from above,
 To form, in our obedient souls,
 The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathising breasts
 That generous pleasure know ;
 Kindly to share another's joy,
 And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of want
 In low distress are laid,

: our hearts their pains to feel,
 swift our hands to aid.

is look'd on wretched man,
 en seated in the skies ;
 t the glories of that world,
 elt compassion rise.

ngs of love the Saviour flew,
 raise us from the ground ;
 ied his rich and precious blood,
 ilm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

LXXIII. *Long Metre. [※ or ♫]**Humility.*

LLY builds high upon the sand ;
 ut lowly let my basis be ;
 s a rock, my hope shall stand,
 founded in humility.

it, when threat'ning ills obtrude,
 meek ey'd patience arm my soul ;
 et a prudent fortitude
 me my passions to control.

od, I long to know thee still,
 e and fear and trust thee more ;
 e submissive to thy will,
 whilst I feel thy grace, adore.

ith and love, obedient be,
 our, to thy just commands !
 dent soul still follows thee,
 rusts her interest in thy hands.

we and mercy all divine,
descending from the skies,
's and truth my heart incline,
forgive my enemies.

6 Thus may I act the Christian part,
The social, humane and divine ;
Whilst a wise zeal inspires my heart,
Then shall I know that heaven is mine.

SM

Hymn LXXIV. Common Metre. [¶]

Abraham's Blessing extended to the Gentiles.

GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood ;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us on the good.

2 With the same blessings, grace endows
The Gentile as the Jew !
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be sanctify'd to God ;
In that great covenant, confirm'd
By water and by blood.

4 Thus to the parents, and their seed,
Shall thy salvation come ;
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

W

Hymn LXXV. Long Metre.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known
And sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his nail

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our heart
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It guides us all our journey through,
And brings a better world to view.

May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye ;
To life's last hour my soul employ,
And fit me for the heav'nly joy.

BEDOME.

Hymn LXXVI. Common Metre. [※ or 5]

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heav'n we raise our eyes,
And leave our hearts behind.

Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

Their lifted hands salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

WATTS.

Hymn LXXVII. Long Metre. [※ or 5]

Redeeming Time.

GOD of eternity, from thine
Did infant time its being draw ;
Minutes and days and months and years
Revolve by thy unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows ;
Till lost in that unmeasur'd sea,
From which its being first arose.

3 The thoughtless sons of Adam's race
Upon the rapid stream are borne ;
To that unseen, eternal home,
From which no travellers return.

4 Yet whilst the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show ;
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach our hea
To know the price of every hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys,
Beyond its measure and its power.

Reformed Lit

Hymn LXXXVIII. Long Metre.*Gratitude for all Things.*

GOD of my life, my thanks to thee
Shall, like my debts, continual be
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end, nor intermission knows.

2 From thee, my comforts all arise,
My num'rous wants thy hand supplies
Nor can I need or wish for more
Than thou canst furnish from thy stor

3 If what I ask, my God denies,
It is because he's good and wise ;
And what for evils I mistake,
He can my greatest blessings make.

4 Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast,
Let all thy goodness be impress'd ;

me, each revolving day,
thy gifts my praise to pay.
Se I'll spend my latest breath ;
Ield it to the call of death,
that thou my flesh wilt raise,
breathe thy deathless praise.

BROWN, with Addition.

n LXXIX. Long Metre. [※]

Uncasing Praise.

D of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise ;
Ig shall wake with dawning light,
Arble to the silent night.

Inxious cares would break my rest,
Inef would tear my throbbing breast,
Ineful praises rais'd on high,
Ineck the murmur and the sigh.

Death o'er nature shall prevail,
The powers of language fail,
ough my feeble eyes shall break,
ian those thanks I cannot speak.

hen the final conflict's o'er,
it chain'd to flesh no more ;
hat glad accents shall I rise
the music of the skies !

hall I learn th' exalted strains,
echo through the heavenly plains ;
ulate, with joy unknown,
owing seraphs round thy throne.

heerful tribute will I give,
is a deathless soul can live ;
so vast, a theme so high,
is a whole eternity.

F

DODDRIDGE

Hymn LXXX. Common Metre. [**The Mysteries of Providence.*

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
G His counsels to perform ?
 He marks his footsteps on the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep, in unfathomable mines
 Of never failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

3 Let fearful saints fresh courage take ;
 The clouds they so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on their head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning Providence,
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

Cov

Hymn LXXXI. Common Metre. [*Divine Providence, and the Folly of self Dependence.*

GOD reigns ; events in order flow,
G Man's industry to guide ;
 But in a different channel go ;
 To humble human pride.

wift, not always in the race,
ll win the crowning prize ;
ways wealth and honour grace
: labours of the wise.

mortals do themselves beguile,
ien on themselves they rest ;
is their wisdom, vain their toil,
thee, O Lord, unblest.

urs, the furrows to prepare,
d sow the precious grain ;
hine to give the sun and air,
d to command the rain.

nd good before thee stand,
eir mission to perform ;
un shines bright at thy command ;
y hand directs the storm.

thy ways, we humbly own
y providential power ;
.sting to thy care alone,
e lot of every hour.

SCOTT.

n LXXXII. Long Metre. [※ or b]

The Fear of God.

REAT Author of all nature's frame,
Holy and reverend is thy name ;
, Lord of life and Lord of death,
lds rise and vanish at thy breath.

ons in thine all-seeing eye
less than nothing, vanity ;
nst thee, who shall lift his hand ?
re thy terrors who can stand ?

blest are they, O gracious Lord,
fear thy name, and hear thy word !
such thy dwelling is, on those,
ace its joy divine bestows.

4 Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends ;
Death shall convey them to thy seat,
Where all thy saints in glory meet.

5 O that my soul with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin.

6 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart ;
But act with unabating power,
Within me to my latest hour.

8c

Hymn LXXXIII. Long Metre.

The Divine Goodness imitated.

C REAT Author of the immortal mi
For noblest thoughts and views desig
Make me desirous to express
The image of thy holiness.

2 Whilst I thy boundless love admire,
Grant me to catch the sacred fire ;
Thus shall my heav'nly birth be known,
And as thy child, thou wilt me own.

3 Father, I see thy sun arise,
To cheer thy friends and enemies ;
And when from heaven thy rain descend
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

4 Enlarge my soul with love like thine,
My mortal powers by grace refine ;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And freely feed a hungry foe.

5 I hope for pardon through thy Son,
For all the crimes which I have done ;
Then may the grace that pardons me,
Constrain me to forgive like thee.

RIPON'S CHURCH

LXXXIV. *Hallelujah Metre. [※]**The House of Prayer.*

REAT Father of mankind,
 We bless that wond'rous grace,
 ich could for Gentiles find,
 hin thy courts, a place.

How kind the care
 Our God displays,
 For us to raise
 A house of prayer !

e we were strangers here,
 now approach the throne ;
 Jesu brings us near,
 makes our cause his own.

Strangers no more,
 To thee we come ;
 And find our home,
 And rest secure.

thee our souls we join,
 I love thy sacred name ;
 more our own, but thine,
 triumph in thy claim.

Our Father, King,
 Thy cov'nant grace
 Our souls embrace,
 Thy glories sing.

in thy house we feast
 dainties all divine ;
 whilst such food we taste,
 th joy our faces shine.

Incense shall rise
From flames of love,
And God approve
The sacrifice.

3 Thou Sun of Righteousness, whose light
O'erwhelms the highest angel's sight,
How shall I glance my eye at thee,
In all thy vast immensity !

4 Yet may I be allow'd to trace
The distant shadow of thy face ;
As in the pale reflecting moon
We see the image of the sun.

5 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wisdom are display'd ;
But O ! What glories all divine,
In my exalted Saviour shine !

6 May I enjoy like those above,
The gentle influence of his love ;
Enable me my course to run,
With the same vigour as the sun.

STERN

Hymn LXXXVIII. Com. Metre. [3]*The Spreading of the Gospel.*

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works by all beheld,
Thy power and glory shine.

2 But thy compassion, Lord, has sent
Thy gospel to mankind ;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasur'd in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound ?

4 O When shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word ;
And long in slav'ry held, become
The freemen of the Lord ?

Shall the savage wandering tribes,
ark bewilder'd race,
n at our Immanuel's feet,
I learn his saving grace ?

Sovereign mercy, and transform
ir cruelty to love ;
the tyger to a lamb,
vulture to a dove.

Lord, on each sincere attempt
pread the Gospel's rays ;
ild in every heathen land
mple to thy praise. RIPPON'S COL.

LXXXIX. Common Metre. [b]

Trust in God.

AT Source of boundless power and
tend my mournful cry ; [grace !
dark hour of deep distress,
hee alone I fly,
art my strength, my life, my stay ;
t my feeble trust ;
these distressing fears away,
l raise me from the dust.

ould I call thy grace to mind,
. trust thy glorious name ;
ih powerful, wise, and kind,
ver is the same.

refence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
en earthly comforts die ;
oice can bid my pains depart,
l raise my pleasures high.

et me rest, on thee depend,
God, my hope, my all ;
my everlasting friend,
shall never fall.

SMART.

Hymn XCIII. Particular Metre. [*Praise to our Redeemer.*

HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
 Thou didst free salvation bring ;
 By thy death thou didst release us
 From the tyrant's deadly sting.

2 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame !
 By thy merits we find favour,
 Life is given through thy name.

3 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins on thee were laid ;
 Great High Priest by God anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made !

4 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;
 Open'd is the gate of heaven,
 Peace is made with man and God.

5 Jesus hail ! enthron'd in glory,
 There forever to abide ;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.

6 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare ;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in heaven we appear.

7 Glory, honour, power and blessing,
 Thou art worthy to receive ;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.

8 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Lend your loudest, noblest lays ;
 Join to sing our Saviour's merits,
 And to celebrate his praise.

XCIV. *Common Metre. [※ or b]**Early Religion.*

HY is he, whose early years
receive instruction well ;
hates the sinner's path, and fears
road that leads to hell.

outh, devoted to the Lord,
leaving in his eyes ;
er when offer'd in the bud
o vain sacrifice.

isier work, if we begin.
fear the Lord betimes ;
sinners, who grow old in sin,
harden'd in their crimes.

s us from a thousand fears,
mind religion young ;
joy it crowns succeeding years,
l renders virtue strong.

e, almighty God, to thee,
hearts we now resign ;
please us to look back and see
it our whole lives were thine.

do thy work, we'll speak thy praise,
illst we have life and breath ;
we're prepar'd for longer days,
fit for early death.

WATTS.

HYMN XCV. *Long Metre. [※]**The Glory and Defence of the Church.*

HAPPY the Church ! thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace !

ly courts are his abode,
earthly palace of our God.

G

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
 A guard of heav'nly angels waits ;
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
 Built on the counsels of his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
 Against thy walls in vain they rage ;
 Like rising waves, with anger roar,
 That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
 Nor fear the power of earth or hell ;
 Since God defends this happy ground,
 Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our sun, God is our shield,
 Light and protection he will yield ;
 And we, beneath the genial rays,
 Will sing his love, and speak his praise.

W.

Hymn XCVI. Common Metre.

Christian Moderation.

HAPPY the man whose cautious fit
 Still keep the golden mean ;
 Whose life, by wisdom's rules well for'd,
 Declares a conscience clean.

2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
 Nor acts the boaster's part ;
 His modest tongue the language speaks
 Of his more humble heart.

3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
 For truth is in his breast ;
 With grief, he sees his neighbour's fault
 And thinks and hopes the best.

4 What blessings bounteous Heaven bests
 He takes with thankful heart ;
 With temp'rance he receives his food
 And gives the poor a part.

and party, his large soul
ins to be confin'd ;
d he loves, of every name,
rays for all mankind.

his zeal, the offspring fair
uth and peaceful love ;
ot's rage can never dwell
'e rests the heavenly dove.

NEEDHAM.

XCVII. *Common Metre. [※]**Love to God.*

'PY the mind where graces reign,
nd love inspires the breast !
he brightest of the train,
strengthens all the rest.

dge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
ill in vain our fear ;
born sins will fight and reign,
e be absent there.

that makes our cheerful feet
ift obedience move ;
n's bitter cup is sweet,
mix'd with heavenly love.

we drop this mortal clay,
leave this dark abode,
gs of love we'll soar away,
e our Father, God.

the grace that lives and sings,
a faith and hope shall cease ;
shall strike our joyful strings,
ms of endless peace.

WATTS, varied.

Hymn XCIII. Common Metre.*The Blessedness of departed Saints.*

HARK ! from on high a solemn voice
Let all attentive hear !
'Twill make each pious heart rejoice,
And vanquish every fear.

- 2 " Thrice blessed are the pious dead,
Who in the Lord shall die ;
Their weary flesh, as on a bed,
Safe in the grave shall lie.
- 3 " Their holy souls at length releas'd,
To heaven shall take their flight ;
There to enjoy eternal rest,
And infinite delight.
- 4 " They drop each load as they ascend,
And quit this world of woe ;
Their labours with their lives shall end ;
'Their rest, no period know.
- 5 " Their conflicts with their busy foes
For evermore shall cease ;
None shall their happiness oppose,
Nor interrupt their peace.
- 6 " But bright rewards shall recompense
Their faithful service here ;
And perfect love shall banish thence
Each gloomy doubt and fear."

Liverpool Collection

Hymn XCIX. Common Metre.*A Funeral Thought.*

HARK ! from the tombs, a mournful cry :
My ears attend the cry :
" Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers !

The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?

Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more ?

Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

WATTS.

Hymn C. Short Metre. [※ or ♫]

The Voice of Wisdom.

HARK ! it is Wisdom's voice
That spreads itself around ;
Come hither, all ye sons of earth,
And listen to the sound.

2 What, though she speaks rebukes,
That pierce the soul with smart ?

Yet love through all her chaff'nings runs,
By pain to mend the heart.

3 "Ye who have wander'd long
In sin's destructive ways,
Return, return, at my reproof,
And seize the offer'd grace.

4 "I know your souls are weak,
And all your efforts vain,
To overcome your mighty foes,
And break their iron chain.

5 "But, I will freely send
My Spirit from above,

To arm you with superior strength,
And melt your hearts to love.

6 "Come, whilst my offers last,
Ye sinners, and be wise ;
He lives who hears this friendly call,
But he that slighteth it, dies."

DODDRIDGE

Hymn CI. Common Metre.

The Saviour's Commission.

HARK, the glad sound ! The Saviour promis'd long ; [com
Let every heart prepare him room,
And every voice a song.

2 On him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and power, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental sight ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

4 He comes, the broken heart to heal,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst ;
The iron fetters yield.

6 His silver trumpet loud proclaims
The Lord's accepted year ;
Our debts are all remitted now ;
Our heritage is clear.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CII. Common Metre. [※]

The Christian Warrior animated.

HARK ! 'tis our heavenly Leader's voice,
 From the bright realms above !
 Amidst the war's tumultuous rage,
 A voice of power and love.

' Maintain the fight, my faithful band,
 Nor fear the mortal blow ;
 He that in such a warfare dies,
 Shall speedy victory know.

I have my days of combat known,
 And in the dust was laid ;
 But now I sit upon my throne,
 And glory crowns my head.

This throne, this glory shall be yours,
 My hands the crown shall give ;
 And you the blest reward shall share,
 Whilst God himself shall live."

Lord, 'tis enough, our souls are fir'd
 With courage and with love ;
 Gain are th' assaults of earth and hell,
 Our hopes are fix'd above.

I'll trace the footsteps thou hast trod,
 To triumph and renown ;
 Or shun thy combat and thy cross,
 May we but wear thy crown.

Altered from Doddridge.

Hymn CIII. Common Metre.*Walking in darkness, and trusting in God.*

HEAR, gracious God, my humble mo
To thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the tedious night be gone ?
And when the dawn arise ?

2 My God ! O could I make the claim,
My Father and my Friend !
And call thee mine, by every name
On which thy saints depend !

3 By every name of power and love,
I would thy grace entreat ;
Nor should my humble hope remove,
Nor leave thy sacred seat.

4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word is all my stay ;
Here will I rest till light returns,
Thy presence makes my day.

5 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart ;
Thy love can make my sorrow cease,
And all the gloom depart.

6 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays ;
And change these deep complaining sighs
To songs of sacred praise.

Mrs. STE

Hymn CIV. Common Metre.*The Angels' Song at the Birth of Christ.*

HIGH let us swell our tuneful note
And join th' angelic song ;
For such a theme does less to them,
Than to the saints belong.

2 Good will is shown to sinful men,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! the promis'd Saviour comes,
With messages from heaven.

3 Mercy and truth, in sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Justice and peace in concert join,
Now such a child is born.

4 Glory to God ! in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

5 When shall we reach those happy realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns !
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains !

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CV. Common Metre.

[**]

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

HO SANNA ! to the Prince of life,
Who cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the gloomy shades of death,
And rose to endless day.

2 Death is no more the King of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the monster's sting away,
And crush'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies !
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
A Priest upon his throne ;
And to supply his place on earth,
He sent his Spirit down.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach that blest abode ;
Let heaven and earth with praise resound
To the immortal God.

Altered from WAT.

Hymn CVI. Common Metre.

Preservation at Sea and in foreign Countries.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is our guide,
Our help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care ;
Through burning climes we pass unhurt,
And breathe infected air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil ;
Makes every region please ;
The hoary frozen hills it warms,
And smooths the boisterous seas.

4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.

5 Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulps in gulps
O'ercame the pilot's art.

6 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My hope reposed on thee.

7 The storm was laid, the winds rear'd,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

t of dangers and of death,
goodness I'll adore ;
le thee for thy mercies past,
humbly hope for more.

(supposed) ADDISON.

in CVII. Short Metre. []**

Blessings of the Gospel.

W beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
ring salvation on their tongues,
words of peace reveal !

charming is their voice !

glad the tidings are !
Behold thy Saviour king,
reigns and triumphs here !

happy are our ears,
hear this joyful sound,
kings and prophets waited for,
sought, but never found !

blessed are our eyes,
see this heavenly light !
ts and kings desir'd it long,
dy'd without the sight.

watchmen join their voice,
tuneful notes employ ;
em breaks forth in songs,
desarts learn the joy.

Lord makes bare his arm,
ough all the earth abroad ;
ery nation now behold
Saviour and their God.

WATTS.

Hymn CVIII. Short Metre.*Fatherly Discipline received with Meekness.*

HOW gracious and how wise
Is our chastising God !
How rich the blossoms and the fruit
Of his correcting rod.

2 He takes it in his hand,
With pity in his heart ;
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus, we 'bow,
And own thy sov'reign sway ;
We turn our erring footsteps back
To thy forsaken way.

4 Thy promis'd love we seek,
And strengthen all the bands,
Which closer still engage our hearts
To honour thy commands.

5 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine ;
And bleſs the pains, which make our
Still more completely thine.

E

Hymn CIX. Common Metre*The Song of Moses and the Lamb.*

HOW great thy works, almighty !
Who shall not fear thy name ?
How just and true are all thy ways,
Thou Son of God, the Lamb !

2 More hast thou done than Moses :
Our prophet, priest and king ;
From sin thou hast redeem'd our ~~sc~~
And from death's poisonous sting.

the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd ;
t, in thy blood, our souls are cleans'd,
And guilt no more is found.

hen through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed ;
t thou hast giv'n thy flesh to eat,
And call'd it living bread.

ses beheld the promis'd land,
Let never reach'd the place ;
thou shalt bring thy followers home,
To see thy Father's face.

lofty praise, O King of saints,
hall every nation sing ;
hee shall Jew and Gentile race
heir humble offerings bring.

parting wall shall intervene ;
ut, with united soul,
r voice shall join in songs of praise,
Whilst endless ages roll.

Altered from WATTS.

Poem CX. Common Metre. []**

The Safety of the Church.

•OW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand !
i, the glory of the earth,
nd beauty of the land !

varks of mighty grace defend
he city where we dwell ;
walls, of strong salvation made,
esy th' assaults of hell.

up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling ;

Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmixed joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
Ye, who have known Jehovah's name
And tasted of his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

Hymn CXI. Common Metre

The Blessings of Abram.

HOW large the promise, how divine
To Abrah'm and his seed !
“I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.”

2 The words of thy extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given ;
He takes young children in his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God ! How faithful are his ways
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

Hymn CXII. Common Metre

The Resurrection.

HOW long shall death the tyrant
And triumph o'er the just ?

Whilst the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust !

2 Let faith arise and climb the hills,
The Saviour to descry ;
To view his distant chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

3 Lo, faith beholds the scatter'd shades !
The dawn of heaven appears !
And the bright morning gently spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

4 Faith sees the Lord of glory come,
His flaming guards around !
The skies divide to make him room,
His trumpet shakes the ground.

5 She hears the voice, " ye dead, arise ! "
She sees the graves obey !
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

6 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Surmount the yielding air ;
In shining garments meet their King,
And bow before him there.

7 O ! may we then among them stand,
Cloth'd in celestial white ;
The meanest place at his right hand
Gives infinite delight.

WATTS.

Hymn CXIII. Common Metre. [x or b]

Pardonning Mercy.

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my erring thoughts depart,
Forgetful of thy word !

2 Yet sov'reign mercy cries "return,"
Lord, at thy call, I come ;
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive ?
And all my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love ?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious ! how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine !

5 Thy pard'ning love, forever free,
With rapture I adore ;
Lord, I devote myself to thee,
And long to love thee more.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CXIV. Long Metre.*The Gospel Feast.*

HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord !
Thy table furnish'd from above ;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board ;
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast !
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh ;
Yet, at the gospel call, we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,

Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

What shall we pay our heavenly Friend,
Who left the sky, his blest abode,
And did to this low earth descend,
To bring us wanderers back to God ?

Our everlasting love is due
To him, who pity'd sinners lost !
And paid our ransom, when he knew
His precious life must be the cost.

WATTS.

Hymn CXV. Common Metre. [※]

Rich Treasure in earthen Vessels.

HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings !
Thy favours how divine !

The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine !

Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare ;
Low mean ! when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share.

Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,

And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

Slowly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives ;

Quickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet still the gospel lives.

Such wonders power divine effects ;
Such trophies God can raise ;

From crumbling dust erects
His monuments of praise.

Salisbury Collection

Hymn CXVI. Common Metre. [D]

The Futility and Folly of Man.

HOW short and hasty is our life !
 How vast our souls' affairs !
 Yet foolish mortals vainly strive
 To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
 Without a moment's stay ;
 Just like a story or a song,
 We pass our lives away.

3 God sits on high invites us home,
 But we march heedless on ;
 And ever hastening to the tomb,
 Stoop downwards as we run.

4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high ;
 That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

WATT

Hymn CXVII. Common Metre. [**o]

God's Justice and Power. Job ix. 2, 10.

HOW should the sons of Adam's race
 Be just before their God !
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,
 I'll make no vain pretence ;
 Not one of all mynum'rous faults
 Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise,
 What vain presumers dare
 Against their Maker's power to rise,
 And impious war declare !

mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the pillars of the earth,
And all the nations mourn.

Through the wide air, the mighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones thrown ;
Whilst *Etna* pours with horrid shocks,
Her melted entrails down.

He bids the sun forbear to rise,
The obedient sun forbears ;
His hand with darkness spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

He walks upon the stormy sea,
And rides upon the wind ;
No flesh can trace his wond'rous way,
Nor his dark footsteps find.

Yet, mighty God, thy sov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race,
When wrath comes rushing down.

WATTS, varied.

MN CXVIII. Com. Metre. [※ or b]

The Gospel Feast.

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors ;
Where everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !

Whilst all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast ;
Each of us say, with thankful tongues,
“ Lord why was I a guest ? ”

Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter whilst there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come ? ”

4 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
 Which gently drew us in ;
 Or we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.

5 Pity the nations, O our Lord,
 Compel the Jews to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring thy people home.

6 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May, with one voice, and heart and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

WAT

Hymn CXIX. Particular Metre.

The Beauties of the Spring.

HOW sweetly along the gay mead
 The daisies and cow-slips are seen !
 The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the beautiful green !

2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flow
 All rise to the praise of my God.

3 Shall man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove ?
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
 Forbid it, devotion and love.

4 The Lord who such wonders can raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My soul shall rejoice in my God.

Hymn CXX. Long Metre. [※ or b]*Justice.*

If high or low our station be,
 Of noble or ignoble name ;
 By uncorrupt integrity,
 Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly claim.
 The upright man no want shall fear ;
 Thy providence shall be his trust ;
 Thou wilt provide his portion here,
 Thou friend and guardian of the just.
 May we, with most sincere delight,
 To all, the test of duty pay ;
 Tender of every social right,
 Obedient to thy righteous sway.
 Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
 In that blest world, where virtue shares
 A fit reward ; though not of debt,
 But what thy boundless grace prepares.

Reformed Liturgy.

Hymn CXXI. Short Metre. [b]*Compassion and Forgiveness.*

1 I HEAR the voice of woe !
 I hear a brother's sigh !
 Then let my heart with pity flow,
 With tears of love, mine eye.
2 I hear the thirsty cry !
 The hungry beg for bread !
 Then let my spring its stream supply,
 My hand its bounty shed.
3 The debtor humbly sues,
 Who would, but cannot pay ;
 And shall I lenity refuse,
 Who need it every day ?

4 Shall not my wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying "I repent,
"Nor will offend again?"

5 If not, how shall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God, and how present the prayer
For thy forgiving grace?

6 They who forgive, shall find
Remission, in that day,
When all the merciful and kind
Thy pity shall repay.

7 But all who here below
Mercy refuse to grant,
Shall judgment without mercy know,
When mercy most they want.

ENFIELD

Hymn CXXII. Common Metre. [*Not ashamed of the Gospel.*

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face ;

the New Jerusalem
int my soul a place.

WATTS.

CXXIII. *Short Metre.* [※ or b]*The Love of Truth.*

STURE shrinks from light,
dreads the curious eye ;
istian truths the test invite,
bid us search and try.
ek inquiring mind,
help us to maintain ;
owing knowledge we may find,
growing virtue gain.
understanding bless'd,
ed to be free,
h on man we dare not rest,
et to none but thee.
us the light we need,
ninds with knowledge fill ;
xious error guard our creed,
prejudice, our will.
ruth thou shalt impart,
we with firmness own ;
ng each evasive art,
fearing thee alone.

DODDRIDGE.

CXXIV. *Common Metre.* [※]*A Song of Praise.*

MIGENT Father, how divine,
w bright thy glories are !
nature's ample round they shine,
oodness to declare.

2 But, in the nobler work of grace,
What winning mercy smiles !
In my divine Redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles.

3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,
To thee, my thanks shall rise ;
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.

4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath ;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.

5 But, O how blest my song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay ;
And all thy glories meet mine eyes,
In one eternal day !

6 Not seraphs, who resound thy name
Through the ethereal plains,
Shall glow with a diviner flame,
Or raise sublimer strains.

Sov

Hymn CXXV. Common Metre.

An Evening Hymn.

INDULGENT God, whose bounteous
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let my grateful praise and prayer
Arise before thy throne.

2 What mercies has this day bestow'd !
How largely hast thou bless'd !
My cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes
From pain and sickness free ;

I let my waking thoughts arise,
o meditate on thee.

is bleſſ each future day and night,
ill life's vain ſcene is o'er ;
I then to realms of endleſſ light,
I let my ſpirit roar.

Liverpool Collection.

MN CXXVI. Common Metre. [b]

Looking to Him whom we have pierced.

INFINITE grief ! amazing woe !

Behold our bleeding Lord !
I and the Jews conſpir'd his death,
and us'd the Roman fword.

the sharp pangs of pain and grief,
that our Redeemer bore !
Then scourging whips and pointed thorns
His ſacred body tore !

Scourging whips and pointed thorns
In vain do we accufe !
Vain we blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

Our sins, alas, our cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were ;
Each of our crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.

Like, mighty grace, our flinty souls,
Till melting waters flow ;
And deep contrition drown our eyes,
In undiſembled woe.

WATTS.

: flowing tears cannot ſuffice,
To make repentance ſure ;
In let our hearts be purify'd,
Christ the Lord is pure.

(ADDED.)

J

Hymn CXXVII. Short Metre.*Baptism by Immersion.*

IN such a grave as this,
The meek Redeemer lay,
When he our souls to seek and save,
Learn'd humbly to obey.

2 See how the spotless Lamb
Descends into the stream,
And teaches us to imitate
What him so well became.

3 Let sinners wash away
Their sins of crimson dye ;
Bury'd with him, their vilest sins
Shall in oblivion lie.

4 Rise, and ascend with him,
A heavenly life to lead ;
Who came to ransom guilty men
From regions of the dead.

5 Lord, see the sinner's tears !
Hear his repenting cry !
Speak and his contrite heart shall live
Speak, and his sins shall die.

6 Speak, with that mighty voice,
Which shall hereafter spread
Its summons through the earth and sea
To raise the sleeping dead.

SIE

Hymn CXXVIII. Common Metre.*God our Portion. Psalm iv. 6, 7.*

IN vain the erring world inquires
For true substantial good ;
Whilst earth confines their low desire
They live on airy food.

Illusive dreams of happiness

Their eager thoughts employ ;
They wake, convinc'd their boasted bliss
Was visionary joy.

Not all the good which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind ;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

Be gone, ye gilded vanities !
I seek some solid good !
To real bliss my wishes rise,
The favour of my God.

To thee, my God, my soul aspires ;
Dispel these shades of night ;
Enlarge and fill these vast desires
With infinite delight.

Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray ;
One glimpse of thee will glad my heart,
And turn my night to day.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CXXIX. Common Metre. [※ or b]

The Covenant of Grace.

IN vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind ;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

But God can every want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace ;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath
The riches of his grace.

3 Pardon he speaks to contrite souls,
 This is the joyful sound,
 “ Your sins shall sink beneath the sea,
 And shall no more be found.

4 “ And lest pollution should o’erspread
 Your inward powers again,
 My spirit shall bedew your souls,
 Like purifying rain.

5 “ Your stony hearts I’ll take away,
 That will not be refin’d ;
 And put within you tender hearts,
 To my blest will inclin’d.

6 “ On them my Spirit shall engrave
 The precepts of my law ;
 And by the gentle cords of love
 Your willing souls shall draw.”

7 Lord, we receive thy pard’ning grace,
 We yield to thy commands ;
 Thou art our God, and we are thine,
 In everlasting bands.

WATTS, with Variation and Add.

Hymn CXXX. Long Metre. [

Crieff the Way to God.

1 N vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God ;
 Her weak directions leave the mind.
 Bewilder’d in a doubtful road.

2 Jesus, no other name but thine,
 Is giv’n by everlasting love,
 To lead our souls to joys divine ;
 No other name will God approve.

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
 On these, my fainting spirit lives ;

er comforts cheer my heart
all the power of nature gives.
nom but thee, shall mortals go,
id the true and living way,
eads us through this world of woe
e bright realms of endless day.
et my constant feet abide,
om the heavenly way depart !
y good Spirit be my guide,
my steps, and rule my heart.
e, my great almighty Friend,
ety dwells, and peace divine ;
ee alone my hopes depend,
fe, eternal life is thine.

Mrs. STEELE.

in CXXXI. *Long Metre. [※]*

The Blessing of the Gospel.

arious forms, to saints of old,
od did his mind and will unfold ;
hrist, commission'd from above,
now reveal'd his grace and love.
ad the volume of thy word,
book of life, that true record ;
right inheritance of heaven
his sure conveyance given.
ndest thoughts are here exprest ;
o make us wise and blest ;
octrines are divinely true,
reproof and comfort too.
nder thanks to God above,
s rich grace and boundless love ;
l mankind receive his word,
every nation bless the Lord.

Hymn CXXXII. Common Metre, [*Praise for Creation and Providence.*

ISING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food :
He form'd the creatures by his word,
And then pronounce'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known ;
The clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures, as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

WATTS

Hymn CXXXIII. Common Metre, [*Christ precious in Life and Death.*

JESUS, I love thy glorious name ;
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That heaven and earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My treasure and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The richest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath ;
Then speechless give my soul to thee,
The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CXXXIV. Long Metre.. [※ or ♩]*The Memorial of our absent Lord.*

JESUS is gone above the sky,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eye.
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
How weak our faith and hope might prove ;
And, to refresh our mind, he gave
This kind memorial of his love.

3 The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood ;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;

Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place ;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live forever near his face.

WATTS

Hymn CXXXV. Common Metre. [**]

Reliciting Christ in his Saints.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties, how complete !
How shail I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can my poverty bestow
When all the world is thine.

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace ;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd ;
And, in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
I in thy poor would see ;
Lord, I would rather beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

DODDRIDGE

Hymn CXXXVI. Common Metre. [※]*R. I. mption.*

ESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
 Whom heavenly powers obey,
 he bosom of his Father left,
 And enter'd human clay.

to our sinful world he came,
 The messenger of grace ;
 nd on the cursed tree expir'd,
 A victim in our place.

transgressors of the deepest stain,
 In him salvation find ;
 is blood removes the foulest guilt ;
 His Spirit heals the mind.

ur Jesus saves from sin and death,
 His promises are sure ;
 nd on this rock our souls may rest,
 Immovably secure.

let these tidings be receiv'd
 With universal joy ;
 and let the high angelic praise
 Our tuneful powers employ.

Glory to God, who gave his Son,
 To bear our shame and pain ;
 hence peace on earth, and grace to man,
 Through all succession reign.

GIBBONS.

Hymn CXXXVII. Long Metre. [※]*The Union of Christ and his Church.*

ESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring ;
 Accept the well deserv'd renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of homage be
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
 Like the blest hour, when from above
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
 Let not our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

4 May every minute, as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

WATKINS

Hymn CXXXVIII. Common Metre. [**]

The compassionate Call of Christ. Matt. xxiii. 57,

JESUS, the friend of sinners, calls,
 With pity in his eyes ;
 And warns them of the dang'rous foes
 That all around them rise.

2 " Fly to the refuge of my arms,
 " And dwell secure from fear ;
 " No enemy shall pluck you hence,
 " No weapon wound you here."

3 With anxious heart, the parent bird
 Thus calls her offspring round ;
 When furious vultures beat the air,
 And slaughter stains the ground.

4 The tremb'ling brood, by nature taught,
 Fly to the known retreat ;
 Beneath her downy wings are safe,
 And find the shelter sweet,

5 Shall men, alas ! more thoughtless men,
 Refuse to lend an ear ?

is only refuge madly shun,
nd rather die than hear ?
let us take the offer'd grace,
est we his wrath inflame ;
blest are they who put their trust
in his almighty name.

Altered from DODDRIDGE.

n CXXXIX. Common Metre. [※ or □]

Christ the Head of his Church.

SUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
That calls such worms thy own ;
us among thy saints a place,
nd brings us near thy throne.
en join'd to thee, our vital head,
ur virtues grow and thrive ;
n thee divided, each is dead,
hough it may seem alive.
saints on earth, and these above
ll join in sweet accord ;
body one, in mutual love,
nd thou our common Lord.
nay our humble faith receive
hy Spirit with delight ;
n time and death in vain shall strive
The bond to disunite.

DODDRIDGE.

o m n CXL. Hallelujah Metre. [※]

The Offices and Names of Christ.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom and of power,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore ;

H Y M N S.

All are too mean To speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's Glory forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our souls would bless thy name ;
By thee, the joyful news
Of our salvation came.

The joyful news Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, And peace with Heaven.

3 Jesus our great High-Priest
Hath shed his blood, and died ;
Our guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.

His precious blood Did once atone,
And now he pleads Before the throne.

4 Our great almighty Lord,
Our Saviour and our King ;
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing.

Thine is the power, Behold we sit,
Thy willing captives, At thy feet.

5 We hear our Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
Our wandering souls among
Ten thousands of his sheep.

He feeds his flock, He knows their names
His bosom bears The tender lambs.

6 Should the proud host of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and malice on,
We shall be safe, For Christ display
Superior power, And guardian grace.

in CXLI. *Common Metre.* [※ or b]*Divine Counse!s.*

Keep silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod !
 soul stands trembling, whilst she sings
 The honours of her God.

He, death and hell, and worlds unknown
 Hang on his firm decree ;
 sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.

Bore his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men ;
 th every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.

providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine ;
 ch opening leaf, and every stroke
 Fulfils some kind design.

He exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown ;
 nd then the following page he turns,
 And treads the monarch down.

No creature asks the reason why,
 Nor God the reason gives ;
 No favourite angel dares to pry
 Between the folded leaves.

If God, I would not wish to see
 My fate with curious eyes ;
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace,
 May I but find my name,

H Y M N S.

Recorded, in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

WATTS

Hymn CXLII. Common Metre. [E]

The Scriptures.

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee, my Lord ;
For not a ray of hope appears
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage ;
There I behold my Saviour's face
In every sacred page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
Then blest is he who wisely tries
To make that pearl his own.

4 Here living water gently flows,
To wash me from my sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grow
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where sense and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 May thy wise counsels, O my God
These roving feet command ;
Lest I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

CXLIII. *Common Metre. [※ or ▽]**In a Thunder Storm.*

coward guilt, with pallid fear,
 o shelt'ring caverns fly,
 tly dread the vengeful fate
 h thunders through the sky :
 ed by that hand, whose law
 threat'ning storms obey,
 virtue smiles secure,
 the blaze of day.

hick cloud's tremendous gloom,
 ightning's horrid glare,
 the same all-gracious Power
 h breathes the vernal air.

h nature's ever varying scene,
 ifferent ways pursu'd,
 : eternal end of Heav'n
 iversal good.

ke beneficent effect,
 laming ether glows,
 n it tunes the linnet's voice,
 blushes in the rose.

through creation's vast expanse,
 ast dread thunders roll,
 : the concord of the spheres,
 shake the guilty soul :

'd, may we the final storm
 erring worlds survey,
 llers in the tranquil morn
 'erlasting day.

Mrs. CARTER.

Hymn CXLIV. Common Me*The Gospel Invitation.*

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls
Who feed upon the wind ;
And vainly strive with earthly toy
To fill th' immortal mind !

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul reviving feast ;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living strear
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging
With streams that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 O Lord, the treasures of thy love
Are deep, unfathom'd mines ;
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
We humbly seek that rich supply
That drives our wants away.

HYMN CXLV. *Long Metre. [※ or b]**True Charity.*

ET men of high conceit and zeal
 Their fervours and their faith proclaim ;
 Charity be wanting still,
 rest is but a sounding name.

gent and meek she suffers long,
 Slowly her resentments rise ;
 n she forgets the greatest wrong,
 Soon the angry passion dies.

envies none their better state,
 makes her neighbour's bliss her own ;
 vaunts herself with mind elate,
 still a modest air puts on.

neighbour's infamy and ill
 her no entertainment give ;
 's pleas'd to see him prosper still,
 d still in good repute to live.

is is the grace that reigns on high,
 d will forever brightly burn,
 en hope shall in enjoyment die,
 d faith to intuition turn.

SMART

HYMN CXLVI. *Long Metre. [※]**The Conquest of Michael over the Dragon.*

ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
 The wars of heaven, when Michael stood,
 pointed by the eternal King,
 fight the battles of our God.
 gainst the dragon and his host,
 ie armies of the Lord prevail ;
 vain they rage, in vain they boast,
 ir courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell ;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ hath assum'd his reigning power ;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the dragon down ;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heavens, let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky ;
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your Deliverer's name on high.

W.A.

Hymn CXLVII. Common Metre. [*

Frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.

LE others boast how strong they be
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grafs, our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grafs away.

3 Our flesh contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long !

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
Our God who made us first ;

ation to th' almighty Name
hat rear'd us from the dust.

ilst we have breath, or use our tongues,
ur Maker we'll adore ;
Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
t they would breathe no more.

WATTS.

¶ CXLVIII. *Short Metre. [※ or b]**Catholicism.*

ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
ile and Jew, and bond and free
e one in Christ their head.

nong the saints on earth,
t mutual love be found ;
of the same inheritance,
ith mutual blessings crown'd.

t envy, child of hell,
banish'd far away ;
e should in strictest friendship dwell,
ho the same Lord obey.

us will the church below
semble that above ;
re streams of pleasure always flow,
d every heart is love.

BEDOME.

¶ CXLIX. *Common Metre. [※ or b]**Charity greater than Faith or Hope.*

ET Pharisees of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare,
air religion is a dream,
re be wanting there.



2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste ;
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.

3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue ;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.

4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time ;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good ;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And save us by his blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In the blest realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints forever love.

WATKIN

*Hymn CL. Common Metre. [**
Sincerity.]*

LET those who bear the christian name
Their promises fulfil ;
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear ;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips, their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise :

ey know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.
ey hate the appearance of a lie,
n all the shapes it wears ;
d God has promis'd, when they die,
ternal life is theirs.

from afar the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down ;
bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Life and posseſſ their crown.

WATTS.

Hymn CLI. Common Metre. [※ or b]

The Bread of Life. John vi. 49, 54.

Let us adore th' Eternal Word,
Tis he our souls hath fed ;
ou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

e manna came from lower skies ;
But Jesus from above,
here the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

e ancient fathers dy'd at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread ;
t these provisions which we taste
Can raife us from the dead.

It be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
d often spreads his table fresh,
lest we should faint again.

r souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies ;
t shall our graces sink to death,
or Jesus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come ;
And by his mighty power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

WA

Hymn CLII. Common Metre.

On the Death of a Child.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies !
Man is a tender transient flower,
That in the blooming dies.

2 Death spreads, like winter, frozen arms
And beauty smiles no more ;
Where now are fled those rising charms
Which pleas'd our eyes before ?

3 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.

4 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo ! stern winter flies !
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flowery tribes arise.

5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When, what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom, to fade no more.

6 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears,
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that never die.

Mrs. St

Hymn CLIII. Long Metre.

[b]

Life and Death.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
LThe time t' insure the great reward ;
 And whilst the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour which God has giv'n,
 'o 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,
 At all the dead forgotten lie ;
 Their mem'ry and their sense are gone,
 Like unknowing and unknown.

Their hatred and their love are lost ;
 Their envy buried in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that's done
 beneath the circuit of the sun.

No acts of pardon can be past
 In the cold grave to which we haste :
 Or no repentance can be found,
 Or faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
Then, what my thoughts design to do,
 My soul, with all thy might pursue ;
 Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
 Obey, and be forever blest.

WATTS.

Hymn CLIV. Common Metre. [X or b]*Conviction of Sin, and Relief by the Gospel.*

TORD, how secure my conscience was,
TAnd felt no inward dread !
was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead !

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright ;
 But since the precept came,
 With a convincing power and light,
 I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
 Till, terrify'd, I saw
 How perfect, holy, just and pure
 Is thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
 My sins reviv'd again ;
 I had provok'd a holy God,
 And all my hopes are vain.

5 My God, what power shall I invoke
 With my last lab'ring breath,
 To rid me of this wretched yoke,
 These bonds of sin and death.

6 In Jesus I behold thy face,
 Thy mercy there I see ;
 Through him I trust thy boundless grace,
 To set the pris'ner free.

WATTS, with Variation and Addition.

Hymn CLV. Common Metre. [¶]

Recovery from Sickness.

L ORD, in thy service I would spend
 The remnant of my days ;
 Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
 But to renew thy praise ?

2 Thy own almighty power and love
 Did this weak frame sustain,
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,
 And nature sunk with pain.

3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
 Didst chase the fears of hell ;

nd teach my pale and quiv'ring lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

to thy hands, my Saviour God,
I did my soul resign,
firm dependance on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

rom the dark borders of the grave,
At thy command, I come ;
or would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

There thou shalt settle my abode,
There would I choose to be ;
or in thy presence, death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CLVI. Long Metre. [x or b]

Storm and Thunder.

ORD of the earth, and sea, and skies,
All nature owns thy sov'reign power ;
At thy command the tempests rise,
At thy command the thunders roar.

We hear with trembling and affright
The voice of heaven, tremendous sound !
Ten lightnings pierce the shades of night,
And spread their horrors all around.

What mortal could sustain the stroke,
Would wrath divine in dreadful storms,
Which our repeated crimes provoke,
Ascend to crush rebellious worms ?

These dreadful glories of thy name
With terror would o'erwhelm our souls ;

L.

But mercy dawns with kinder beam,
And guilt and rising fear controls.

5 O let thy mercy, on my heart,
With cheering, healing radiance shine ;
Bid every anxious fear depart,
And gently whisper " thou art mine."

6 Then, safe beneath thy guardian care,
In hope serene my soul shall rest ;
Nor storms nor dangers reach me there,
In thee, my God, my refuge, blest.

Mrs. Stes

Hymn CLVII. Long Metre. [**]

The Eternal Sabbath.

L ORD of the Sabbath, hear our vow
On this thy day, in this thy house :
And let our songs and worship rise
Like grateful incense to the skies.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that, our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms, no raging foes,
To interrupt the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
To veil the bright eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of death and sin.

ould we quit this weary road,
Step in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

CLVIII. *Common Metre. [x]**Divine Goodness.*

RD, thou art good, all nature shows
Thee full and free and kind ;
Bounty through creation flows,
Can it be confus'd.

Hole in every part proclaims
Infinite good will !
Is in stars, it flows in streams,
Bursts from every hill.

The wide extended main,
Heavens which spread more wide ;
Is in gentle showers of rain,
Rolls in every tide.

With it been diffus'd and free,
Through ages past and gone ;
Never can exhausted be,
Still keeps flowing on.

Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Beds joy through all its parts ;
May thy goodness draw our eyes,
And captivate our hearts.

Admiration let it raise,
Kind affections move ;
Hymn our tongues in hymns of praise,
Fill our hearts with love.

Hymn CLIX. Short Metre.*The Promise to Believers and their Children.*

LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes delighted trace ;
Thy love in long succession shewn
To Sion's chosen race.

2 Our chiidren thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine ;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee, let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore ;
Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And blefs the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.

5 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plentious is thy grace !
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

6 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shail own their father's God,
To lateit times thy blessing share,
And found thy praise abroad.

Salisbury Colled

Hymn CLX. Common Metre.*Creation and Providence.*

LORD, when my raptur'd thought
Creation's beauties o'er,

re joins to teach thy praise,
id my soul adore.

r I turn my gazing eyes,
adiant footsteps shine ;
sand pleasing wonders rise,
peak the hand divine.

ig tribes of countless forms
th and sea and air ;
nest flies, the smallest worms,
hty power declare.

to life at thy command,
rait their daily food
r paternal, bounteous hand,
stless spring of good !

ids, array'd in beauteous green,
wholesome herbage crown'd ;
ls with corn, a richer scene,
l thy full bounties round.

tful tree, the blooming flower,
ied charms appear ;
ried charms display thy power,
oodness all declare.

's productive quick'ning beams
rowing verdure spread ;
ng rains and cooling streams
ntle influence aid.

on and stars his absent light
t with borrow'd rays ;
k the sable veil of night,
peak their Maker's praise.

Mrs. STRUYK

Hymn CLXI. Long Metre.*Faith in the Redeemer's Sacrifice.*

LORD, when my thoughts delighte
Amidst the wonders of thy love,
Glad hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fear depart.

2 But whilst thy sufferings I survey,
And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
These dear memorials of thy pain
Present anew the dreadful scene.

3 I hear thy groans, with deep surprize
And view thy wounds with weeping ;
Each bleeding wound, each dying groan
With anguish fill'd, and pains unknow-

4 For mortal crimes, a sacrifice,
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies ;
What love, what mercy, how divine !
And can I call the Saviour mine ?

5 Repenting sorrow fills my heart,
But mingling joy allays the smart ;
O may my future life declare
The sorrow and the joy sincere.

6 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise ;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love

Mrs.

Hymn CLXII. Long Metre.*The Gospel Jubilee.*

LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound
And spread the joyful tidings

et every soul with transport hear,
and hail the Lord's accepted year.
The debtors, whom he gives to know,
that you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
our gracious Lord forgives them all.
Slaves, who have borne the heavy chain,
of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
to liberty assert your claim,
and plead the great Redccmer's name.
The rich inheritance of heaven,
our joy, your crown, are freely giv'n ;
fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.
Her blest inhabitants no more
bondage and poverty deplore ;
no debt but love immensely great,
Whose joy still rises with the debt.
Happy souls, who know the sound !
God's light shall all their steps surround,
and shew that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXIII. *Hallelujah Metre. [**]**The Triumph of Christ, and the Power of His Gospel.*

OUD to the Prince of heaven
Your cheerful voices raise !
o him your vows be given,
And fill his courts with praise.
h conscious worth, All clad in arms,
right ia charms, He fallsies forth.

2 Gird on thy conquering sword,
 Ascend thy shining car,
 And march, Almighty Lord,
 To wage thy holy war.

Before his wheels, In glad surprize
 Ye vallies rise, And sink ye hill.

3 Fair truth and gentle love,
 With righteousness and peace,
 In thy retinue move,
 Thy conquering power to grace.

Thou in their cause Shalt prosperou
 And far and wide Dispense thy la

4 Before thy mighty sword
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of thy word,
 That word which conquers all.

The world shall know, Great King c
 What wond'rous things Thine arm c

5 Here to my willing soul
 Bend thy triumphant way ;
 Here every foe control,
 And all thy power display.

Beneath thy sword, Blest Jesu, see
 I bow to thee, My Prince and
 DODDRIDGE

Hymn CLXIV. Long Met.

Folly cured by Affliction.

LOW at thy gracious feet I benc
 My God, my everlasting frien
 Permit the claim ; O let thine ear
 My humble suit indulgent hear.

2 Lord, thou hast bid me seek thy face,
And ask of thee, thy promis'd grace ;
O may thy favour, bliſs divine !
With fuller, clearer radiance shine.

3 But, O my heart, reflect with shame ;
Can I prefer so bold a claim ?
Conscious how often I have stray'd,
By empty vanities betray'd.

4 How oft, ungrateful to my God,
Have trifles call'd my thoughts abroad !
Till heavenly pity saw me roam,
And bade affliction bring me home.

5 And when the snares of earth were broke,
By kind affliction's needful stroke,
Have not I own'd, with humble praise,
That just and right are all his ways ?

6 Yes, gracious God, before thy throne,
My vilenefs and thy love I own ;
O let that love, with beams divine,
Forgiving, healing, round me shine.

7 Whene'er, ungrateful to my God,
This heedleſs heart requires the rod,
Thy arm supporting, I implore ;
The hand that chastens, can restore.

8 O may the kind conviction prove
A fruit of thy paternal love ;
Wean me from earth, from sin refine,
And make my heart entirely thine.

Hymn CLXV. Common Metre. [**]

The New Jerusalem.

LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are past away,
And the old rolling skies !

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing ;
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 “ The God of glory, down to men
Removes his blest abode ;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God.

5 “ His tender hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye ;
And pains and groans and griefs and fears,
And death itself shall die.”

6 How bright the vision ! but how long
Shall this glad hour delay !
Fly swifter round, ye wings of time,
And bring the welcome day.

WATTS

Hymn CL XVI. Common Metre. [** or b]

A living and a dead Faith.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven
And make their empty boast

rd joys and sins forgiven,
st they are slaves to lust.

e our fancies' airy flights,
th be cold and dead ;
it a living power unites
hrist the living Head.

h that changes all the heart ;
aith that works by love ;
Is all sinful joys depart,
lifts the thoughts above.

h that conquers earth and hell
celestial power ;
he grace that shall prevail
decisive hour.

ust obey our Father's will,
ell as trust his grace ;
ning God is jealous still,
is own holiness.

rom the curse he sets us free,
akes our natures clean ;
ld he send his Son to be
minister of sin.

it fills our hearts with love,
seals our peace with God ;
eerful steps our feet shall move
g the heavenly road.

WATTS, varied.

CLXVII. Long Metre. [* or †]

The Example of Christ.

ear Redeemer, and my Lord,
ed my duty in thy word ;

But in thy life thy law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy piety and zeal,
Thy deference to thy Father's will ;
Thy love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Celd mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer ;
The desart thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

WATTS

Hymn CLXVIII. *Long Metre. [* or †]*

Retirement and Meditation.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst ten thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus degrade my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy lov'reign word can draw me thence ;
I w.uld obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;

In secret silence of the mind,
By heaven, and where my God, I find.

WATTS.

HYMN CLXIX. Common Metre. [※ or □]

The Everlasting Covenant.

MY God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever sure ;
And in its boundless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

That though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ?
Higher joys than nature gives,
My nobler views aspire.

Once thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become ;
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home ;
Welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when thy providence is dark,
I wait thy light above.

By cov'nant in my dying hour
Shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And when I wake, shall still employ
My everlasting song.

DODDRIDGE, varied.

HYMN CLXX. Common Metre. [※]

Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.

MY God, what silken cords are thine !
How soft, and yet how strong !
Whil
t power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

M

2 When crush'd beneath the heavy yoke
 Of Satan and of sin,
 Thy hand our iron bondage broke,
 Our grateful hearts to win.

3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 Thy mercy takes away ;
 Thy promise, when the war begins,
 Secures the crowning day.

4 Comfort through all this vale of tears
 In rich profusion flows ;
 The glory of unnumber'd years
 Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
 Till round thy throne we meet ;
 And, captives in the chains of love,
 Fall at our conq'ror's feet.

DODDRIDGE

Hymn CLXXI. Long Metre. [*

Imploring divine Influences.

MY God, whene'er my longing heart
 Its grateful tribute would implore,
 In vain my tongue with feeble aim
 Attempts the glories of thy name.

2 In vain my boldest thoughts arise ;
 I sink to earth, and lose the skies ;
 Yet I may still thy grace implore,
 And low in dust thy name adore.

3 O let thy grace my heart inspire,
 And raise each languid, weak desire ;
 Thy grace, which condescends to meet
 The sinner prostrate at thy feet.

With humble fear let love unite,
And mix devotion with delight ;
Then shall thy name be all my joy,
Thy praise my constant, blest employ.
Thy name inspires the harps above,
With harmony and praise and love ;
That grace which tunes th' immortal strings,
Looks kindly down on mortal things.
Let thy grace guide every song,
And fill my heart, and tune my tongue ;
Then shall the strains harmonious flow,
And heavenly joy begin below.

Mrs. STEELE.

HYMN CLXXII. *Short Metre. [※ or ♫]**God our Creator and Benefactor.*

VY Maker and my King !
To thee my all I owe ;
My sov'reign bounty is the spring
From whence my blessings flow.
Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
O God, thy benefits demand
More praise than I can give.
Lord, what can I impart
When all is thine before ?
My love demands a thankful heart ;
The gift, alas, how poor !



5 Shall I withhold thy due ?
 And shall my passions rove ?
 Lord, form this wretched heart anew
 And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine.

Mrs.

Hymn CLXXIII. Common Metre

Repentance and Hope.

MY Saviour, when my thought
 The wonders of thy grace,
 Low at thy feet ashamed I fall,
 And hide my guilty face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid ?
 Ah, vile ungrateful heart !
 By earth's unworthy cares betray'd,
 From Jesus to depart !

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
 True pleasure, peace and rest :
 When absent from my Lord, I live
 Unsatisfy'd, unblest.

4 But he, for his own mercy's sake,
 My wandering soul restores ;
 He bids the mourning heart partake
 The pardon it implores.

5 O whilst I breathe to thee, my Lord
 The penitential sigh,
 Confirm the kind, the pard'ning we
 With pity in thine eye.

shall the mourner, at thy feet,
oice to seek thy face,
grateful own how kind, how sweet
hy forgiving grace.

Mrs. STEELE.

III CLXXIV. *Short Metre. [v]**Confession and Pardon.*

Y sorrows, like a flood
Impatient of restraint,
hy bosom, O my God,
ir out a long complaint.

w often have I stood
ebel to the skies !
O the patience of my God,
y thunder silent lies.

w by a powerful glance,
r Saviour, from thy face,
rebel heart no more withstands,
t yields to sovereign grace,
e the Prince of Life
play his wounded veins ;
he fountain open'd wide,
wash away my stains.

God is reconcil'd,
tears his pity move ;
lls me his adopted child,
object of his love.

w let me not receive
ain this heavenly grace ;
t it be a fruitful feed,
uring holiness.

Wards, abbreviated and altered.

3 Eden, with all its beauteous groves,
 And fruits of richest taste,
 To one for social bliss design'd
 Was but a lonely waste.

4 But when his lovely bride appear'd
 In native graces dreft,
 The latent spark burst into flame,
 And love inspir'd his breast.

5 What wise provision hast thou made,
 Great Parent of mankind,
 That all thine offspring may enjoy
 The bliss for them design'd !

6 Then will we join our hearts and hands
 In bonds of virtuous love ;
 And whilst we live in peace below,
 Prepare for bliss above.

Hymn LXVIII. Common Metre.

Submission to Providence.

NEAKED as from the earth we came,
 And rose to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And call our own, in vain,
 Are but short favours borrow'd now,
 To be repaid again.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them to the grave ;
 He gives, and, blest be his name,
 He takes but what he gave.

LPeace, all our angry passions, then !
 Let each impatient sigh

Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And every murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

WATTS.

Hymn CLXXIX. Common Metre. [b]

Vain Prosperity, or Forgetfulness of God.

NO, I shall envy them no more,
Who grow profanely great ;
Though they increase their golden store,
And shine in robes of state.

They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod ;
In vain they search the creature through
Whilst they forget their God.

Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own ;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To cut your glory down.

Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies ;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright you shine ;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

WATT

Hymn CLXXX. Common Me*The Holiness and Happiness of Heaven*

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear ha
Nor sense, nor reason know
What joys the Father hath prepar
For those that love the Son.

- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
The beams cf glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lip, nor envious eye
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Not the malicious or profane,
The covetous or proud,
Nor thieves nor slanderers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- 5 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
None shall receive admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.
- 6 If we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And pardon'd through his name
If the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame :
- 7 We ask a persevering power,
To keep thy just commands ;
We would defile our hearts no more
No more pollute our hands.

H Y M N S.

Hymn CLXXXI. Long Metre.

Christians the Sons of God.

NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their b
oth real dignity can claim,
those who bear the Christian name.

To them the privilege is given,
To be the sons and heirs of heaven ;
sons of the God, who reigns on high,
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.

To them a happy, chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace ;
To them his counsels he imparts,
And writes his law within their hearts.

When through temptation they rebel,
With chast'ning rod he makes them feel ;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
Sothes the pain and heals the smart.

He daily wants his hands supply,
His steps he guards with watchful eye ;
Him from earth to heaven above,
Crownes them with eternal love.

I the honour, Lord, to be
Of this numerous family ?
Be thy gracious gift below,
All my God my Father too.

May my conduct ever prove
Sincere piety and love ;
That all my brethren clearly trace
My Father's image in my face.

Hymn CLXXXII. Long Metre. [Star]*Divine Compassion to Sinners.*

NO T to condemn the sons of men,
 D^r Christ the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He lov'd the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Let sinners hear the Saviour's word,
 Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 "Come, all ye weary, fainting souls,
 Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And lead you to my heavenly home.

5 "Ye shall find rest, that learn of me;
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.

6 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light."

7 Jesus, we come at thy command,
 With faith and hope and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To rule and guide us at thy will.

WATT

1 CLXXXIII. *Common Metre. [**]**Sinai and Sion.*

OT to the terrors of the Lord,
 'The tempest, fire and smoke ;
 O the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke ;
 We are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God ;
 The milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.

Lord th' innumerable host
 Angels cloth'd in light !
 Lord the spirits of the just,
 whose faith is turn'd to sight !
 Lord the blest assembly there,
 whose names are writ in heaven !
 God, the Judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiven.

Saints on earth, and all the dead
 At one communion make ;
 Join in Christ their living Head,
 And of his grace partake.

Such society as this
 Why weary soul would rest ;
 man that dwells where Jesus is,
 Must be forever blest.

WATTS.

1 CLXXXIV. *Common Metre. [D]**On the Death of a Minister.*

Now let our drooping hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry ;

N

Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?

2 What though the gloomy tyrant death
Doth God's own house invade ?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbet'd with the dead ?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young ;
The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
And mute th' instructive tongue :

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His hand still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
" My church shall safe abide ;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are laid in dust.

DODDRIDGE

Hymn CLXXXV. Common Metre. [I]

The Intercession of Christ.

NOW let our humble faith behold
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathetic love.

2 Exalted to his Father's throne,
With matchless honours crown'd ;
All Lord of all th' angelic host,
Who wait the throne around.

he names of all the saints he bears,
Engraven on his heart ;
Nor shall the meanest saint complain
That he hath lost his part.

Those characters shall firm remain
Our everlasting trust,
When gems and monuments and crowns
Are moulder'd into dust.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN CLXXXVI. *Common Metre. [※].**God's Love to his Church.*

THOW shall my inward joys arise
And burst into a song :
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.
God, on his thirsty Sion hill,
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower salvation down.

Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints ?
Is he a God ? and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints ?

In a kind mother e'er forget
The object of her care ?
Among a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no share ?

Yet (saith the Lord) should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
on still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
 I have engrav'd her name ;
 My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
 And buiid her broken frame."

WAT

Hymn CLXXXVII. Long Metre.

The Glory and Grace of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
 Awake, my soul ; awake, my ton.
 Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace ;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his noblest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
 And thy rich glories from afar,
 Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in thy Son a glory shines,
 Drawn out in far superior lines ;
 The lustre of redeeming grace
 Outshines the beams of nature's face.

5 Grace ! "Tis a pure celestial theme,
 Our thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6 O may we reach that glorious place,
 Where we shall see him face to face ;
 Where all his saints from death restor'd
 Shall be forever with the Lord.

WAT

y^mn CLXXXVIII. *Long Metre.* [**]

Glory to Christ our Priest and King.

NOW to the Lord who makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love ;
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
 Twas he who cleans'd us from our sins,
 And wash'd us in his precious blood ;
 'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our eternal King,
 Be universal power confes'd,
 And every tongue his glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes !
 And every eye shall see him move !
 Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
 Then he displays his pard'ning love.
 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 Whilist we rejoice to see the day ;
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariot long delay.

WATTS.

y^mn CLXXXIX. *Long Metre.* [**]

Salvation by Grace.

NOW to the power of God supreme
 Be everlasting honours given ;
 He saves from sin, we bless his name,
 And calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.
 Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abundant grace,

He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue sinners doom'd to die ;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels know
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy ;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light
And took possession of the joy.

W

Hymn CXC. Common Metre.

Divine Goodness in Afflictions.

NOW to thy heav'nly Father's pra
My heart thy tribute bring ;
That goodness which prolongs my day
With grateful pleasure sing.

2 Whene'er he send's afflicting pains,
His mercy holds the rod ;
His powerful word the heart sustains,
And speaks a faithful God.

3 A faithful God is ever nigh,
When humble grief implores ;
His ear attends each plaintive sigh,
He pities and restores.

4 My grateful soul would humbly bring
Her tribute to thy throne ;

Accept the wish, my God, my King,
To make thy goodness known.

O be the life thy hand restores,
Devoted to thy praise !

To thee I consecrate my powers,
To thee, my future days.

Thy soul-enliv'ning grace impart,
A warmer love inspire ;

And be the breathings of my heart
Dependence and desire.

Mrs. STEELE.

MN CXCI. Common Metre. [※ or ▽]

Winter.

Now winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round :
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
With verdure lately crown'd !

The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart ;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad !

Re long the sun with genial ray
Shall cheer the mourning earth ;
And blooming flowers, and verdure gay,
Renew their annual birth.

, if my soul's bright Sun impart
His all-enliv'ning smile,

The vital ray shall cheer my heart,
Till then a frozen soil.

- 6 Then faith and hope and love shall rise,
Renew'd to lively bloom,
And breathe accepted' to the skies,
Their humble, sweet perfume.
- 7 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

Mrs. STELLA

Hymn CXII. Common Metre. [

Charity.

O CHARITY ! thou heavenly grace !
All tender, soft and kind !
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd !

- 2 The man of charity extends
To all, his liberal hand ;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends,
His pity may command.
- 3 He aids the poor in their distress ;
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bleis,
And lessen all their pain.
- 4 The sick, the pris'ner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find,
He loves to give relief.
- 5 "Tis love that makes religion sweet,
'Tis love that makes us rise,

With willing mind and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue ;
Thus shall we be with glory crown'd,
And love as angels do.

Psalms.

Hymn CXCIII. Long Metre. [※ or ♂]

Longing for Heaven.

O COULD I soar to worlds above,
That blessed state of peace and love !
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angel's wings to joys on high !

But ah ! still longer must I stay,
Ere darksome night is chang'd to day ;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Expos'd to trials, pains and care.

Well, let these troubles still abound,
Let thorns and briars fill the ground ;
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,
Till I arrive at heaven my home.

My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest ;
To him I cheerful give my all,
Go where he leads, and wait his call.

When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then shall tempt my stay ;
With rapture I shall wake, and rise
To join my friends above the skies.

Psalms.

3 Still may we find our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind ;
Still seek their safety, health and eas
Their virtue and eternal peace.

4 With pity may our breast o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in woe
And bear a sympathising part
With all who are of heavy heart.

5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of th
Thus may we his disciples prove
Who came to manifest thy love.

Salisbury C

Hymn CXCVII. Common Me

T E D E U M.

A general Hymn of Praise.

O GOD, we praise thee, and c
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth ador'd.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry.

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.

4 Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with ligh
With all the martyrs' noble host
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
that thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

by honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
never ceasing joy ; O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

PATRICK.

Hymn CXCVIII. Long Metre. [*]

The Glory and Saf.ty of the Church.

HAPPY Church, celestial bride,
Thy husband will with thee reside ;
th matchless' glory thou shalt shine
obes of honour all divine.

ver and gold her happy dress,
ith, meekness, love and righteousness ;
ly without, and pure within,
e from the guilt of reigning sin.

laws and doctrines just and right,
priests the ministers of light ;
order from the courts above,
all her service done in love.

discipline is from the word,
head and ruler is the Lord ;
sons and daughters all agree,
I live in peace and charity.

journey is the holy way
which leads to everlasting day ;
I her eternal sure reward
town of glory with the Lord.

Praise.



Hymn CXCIX. Common Metre.*The Ways of Wisdom.*

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice ;
And who, celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their mines of gold.

3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches with splendid honours join'd,
Her left hand full displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Para.

Hymn CC. Common Metre.*Filial Submission.*

O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command
Whose love forbids my fears ?

Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears !
 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee ;
 Who never hast a gift withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold, from me.

COWPER.

would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise ;
 Let every anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.

My love can cheer the darkest gloom,
 And bid me wait, serene,
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.

My Father ! O permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the blis those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

MRS. STEELE.

Hymn CCI. Common Metre. [‡]

A Morning or Evening Hymn.

In thee each morning, O my God,
 My waking thoughts attend ;
 Whom are founded all my hopes,
 In whom my wishes end.

My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
 Thy boundless love surveys ;
 And, fir'd with grateful zeal, prepares
 Her sacrifice of praise.

Then evening slumbers press my eyes,
 With thy protection blest,

In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit in thy hands secure,
Fears no approaching ill ;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world
Thy wond'rous acts proclaim ;
Whilst all with me shall praises sing,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night I'll still
The growing work pursue ;
And thee alone wilt praise, to whom
Eternal praise is due,

Liverpool Collec

Hymn CCII. Common Metre.

Resignation, or Good out of Evil.

O RESIGNATION ! heav'nly pow'
Our warmest thoughts engage ;
Thou art the safest guide of youth,
The sole support of age.

2 Teach us the hand of love divine
In *evils* to discern ;
'Tis the first lesson which we need,
The latest which we learn.

3 Is resignation's lesson hard ?
On trial we shall find,
It makes us give up nothing more
Than anguish of the mind.

4 Resign, and all the pain of life
That moment we remove ;

heavy load of grief and care
rests on ONE above.

ids us lay our burthen down
in his almighty hand ;
orts our feeble frame, and makes
ir weary feet to stand.

t though we're swallow'd in the deep,
nd billows round us roar ?

Jonah thou wilt safely keep,
nd guide us to the thore.

will is welcome, let it wear
most tremendous form ;
igh tempests rise, we know that thou
n't save us by the storm.

YOUNG, altered.

CCIII. Common Metre. [b]

Desire of Communion with God.

THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God !
read my wants before his face,
d pour my woes abroad.

Tell him how my sins arise ;
hat sorrows I sustain ;
strength decays, and comfort dies,
d leaves my heart in pain.

nows what arguments I'd take
wrestle with my God ;
ead for his own mercy's sake,
d plead my Saviour's blood.

O 2

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He knows the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls me to his throne of grace,
To spread my sorrows there.

WATTS

Hymn CClV, Long Metre.

On the Dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down ;
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.

2 Thou only can'st assuage our grief,
And give our sorrowing hearts relief ;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.

3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save.

4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In every heart his image lies ;
Thy pitying aid, O God impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

5 But, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay ;
Support him through the gloomy way.

round him may thy angels stand,
aiting the signal of thy hand ;
bid his happy spirit rife,
id bear him to their native skies.

RIPON's Collection.

nn CCV. *Common Metre. [※ or b]**'Be Christian's Resolution, founded on Jacob's Vow.*

Gen. xxviii. 20.

) THOU, by whose all-bounteous hand
Thy people still are fed ;
ho through life's weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,
thee our humble vow we raise ;
To thee address our prayer ;
id in thy kind and faithful hand,
Deposit all our care.

thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide ;
thou wilt daily food supply,
And raiment wilt provide ;
thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till all our wanderings cease ;
id at our Father's safe abode
Our souls arrive in peace ;
thee, as to our cov'nant God,
Ourselves we will resign ;
id count that all on earth we have,
And e'en our life is thine.

DODDAINGE.

Hymn CCVI. Common Metre.*The contrite Heart.*

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye !

- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace,
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said—Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 O let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears and gloomy night
 How desolate my way !
- 5 O shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine ;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
- 6 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy ;
 Be this my comfort here below,
 And my eternal joy.

Mrs. STEELE

Hymn CCVII. Long Metre. [**or*The Importance of Time.*

O TIME, how few thy value weigh ;
 How few will estimate a day !

months and years are rolling on,
oul neglected and undone.

inful cares or empty joys
life its precious hours destroys ;
lt death stands watching at our side,
x to stop the living tide.

s it for this, ye mortal race,
ur Maker gave you here a place ?
s it for this, his thought design'd
e frame of your immortal mind ?

x nobler cares, for joys sublime,
e fashion'd all the sons of time ;
lgrims on earth, but soon to be
he heirs of immortality.

his season of your being know,
s giv'n to you, your seeds to sow ;
Wisdom and folly's differing grain
n future worlds is bliss and pain.

Then let me every day review,
idle or busy search it through ;
And whilst probation's minutes last,
Let every day amend the past.

SCOTT

ympn CCVIII. *Common Metre.* [※ or*Prudence.*

O "TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart !
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree
To act a useful part.

When envy, strife and wars begin
In little angry souls,

My advocate before the throne,
And my fore-runner there.

5 Here fix my roving heart ;
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

DODDS:

Hymn CCXI. Hallelujah Metre.

Cbrijt seen of Angels.

O YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
And make the Saviour known ;
On earth ye knew His wond'rous grace
His radiant face In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heav'n-born Child
In human flesh array'd ;
How innocent and mild,
When in the manger laid !
And praise to God, And peace on earth,
For such a birth, Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderness
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in every dress,
In every combat foil'd ;
Ye join'd to crown The victor's head,
When Satan fled Before his frown.

4 Ye kept a silent guard
Around his sleeping head,
Till the bright morn appear'd
Which wak'd him from the dead.
Then roll'd the stone And all ador'd
Your rising Lord, With joy uns-

all array'd in light,
 ning Conq'ror rode,
 'd his rapt'rous flight,
 the throne of God ;
 d around Your ardent wings,
 l your strings, Of noblest sound.
 urbling notes pursue,
 ider anthems raise ;
 mortals found with you
 wn Redeemer's praise.
 , my soul, With equal flame,
 proclaim, Whilst ages roll.

DODDRIDGE, altered.

CCXII. *Long Metre. [※ or ▽]**Patience.*

TIENCE ! O what a grace divine !
 nt from the God of peace and love ;
 ans upon its Father's hand,
 ugh the wilds of life we rove.
 ence we serenely bear
 ubles of our mortal state ;
 uit contented our discharge,
 nk our glory comes too late.
 we in full sensation feel,
 ight, the wounds our God ordains ;
 ile amidst our heaviest woes,
 umph in our sharpest pains.
 is grace to aid us on,
 n with fortitude the breast ;
 's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
 h the port of endless rest.

P

5 Faith into vision shall be brought ;
 Hope shall in full enjoyment die ;
 And patience in poision end
 In the bright world of bliss on high.

RIPON'S Collection

Hymn CCXIII. Common Metre. [**]

The Peace and Consolation of a Christian.

PEACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,
 And every tear be dry ;
 The Christian ne'er can be forlorn,
 Who views his Saviour nigh.

2 "Let not your sorrows rise," he says,
 "Nor be your souls afraid :
 Trust in your God's almighty name,
 And trust your Saviour's aid.

3 "Fair mansions in my Father's house
 For all his children wait ;
 And I your elder brother go
 To open wide the gate.

4 "And if I thither go before,
 A dwelling to prepare ;
 I surely will return, again
 That I may fix you there.

5 "United in eternal love,
 My people shall remain,
 And with rejoicing heart shall share
 The glories of my reign."

6 Thy gracious words, O Lord, we hear,
 And cordial joys they bring ;
 Frail nature may extort a groan,
 But death has lost its sting.

Damm

PYMN CCXIV. *Common Metre.* [b]

Submission toafflictive Providence.

PACE, my complaining, doubting heart;
Ye busy cares, be still;
Adore the just, the sov'reign Lord,
Nor murmur at his will.

Unerring wisdom guides his hand;
Nor dares my guilty fear,
Amidst the sharpest pains I feel,
Pronounce his hand severe.

To soften every painful stroke,
Indulgent mercy bends;
And unrepining when I plead,
His gracious ear attends.

Let me reflect with humble awe,
Whene'er my heart complains;
Compar'd with what my sins deserve,
How easy are my pains!

Great sov'reign Lord, I own thy hand,
Thou just and wise and kind;
Be every anxious thought suppress'd,
And all my soul resign'd.

From evil, thou wilt good produce,
And light from darkness raise;
Thus thou wilt change my grief to joy,
And turn my tears to praise.

Mrs. STEELE, with Addition.

PYMN CCXV. *Common Metre.* [b]

The Trials of Virtue.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
Life's opening scene survey'd;

I view'd its ills of various kinds
Afflicted and afraid.

2 But chief my fear the dangers mov'd
That virtue's path inclose ;
My heart the wise pursuit approv'd ;
But oh, what toils oppose !

3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread !
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

4 O how shall I with heart prepar'd
Those terrors learn to meet ?
How from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienc'd feet ?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude ;
My Maker's will has plac'd me here ;
A Maker wise and good.

6 He to my every trial knows
Its just restraint to give ;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

7 Then why thus heavy, O my soul ?
Say, why distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill ?

8 Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round
Still in thy God confide ;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

MURK

Hymn CCXVI. *Sevens Metre.* [**]

Praise in Prosperity and Adversity.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our songs employ.
 'or the blessings of the field,
 'or the stores the gardens yiel'd,
 'or the vine's exalted juice,
 'or the generous olive's use ;
 'locks that whiten all the plain,
 'ellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
 'ouds that drop their fattening dews,
 uns that temperate warmth diffuse ;
 ll that spring with bounteous hand
 catters o'er the smiling land :
 ll that liberal autumn pours
 om her rich o'erflowing stores ;
 hese to thee, our God, we owe,
 ource, whence all our blessings flow ;
 nd for these our souls shall raise
 rateful vows and solemn praise.
 et should rising whirlwinds tear
 om its stem, the opening ear ;
 ould the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 rop its green untimely fruit ;
 ould the vine put forth no more,
 or the olive yield her store ;
 though the sickening flocks should fall,
 nd the herds desert the stall ;
 et to thee our souls shall raise
 ateful vows and solemn praise ;

And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Mrs. BARBAULD.

Hymn CCXVII. Long Metre. [1]

The Old and New Creation.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright ;
His presence fills the world above,
Th' eternal Source of light and love.

2 This rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veil'd ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread ;
The world array'd in charms unknown,
With all its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind obscur'd within
The shades of ignorance and sin ;
And darts from heav'n a vital ray,
That changes darkness into day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine
On this benighted heart of mine ;
And let thy glories stand reveal'd
As in the Saviour's face beheld.

6 My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display ;
Whilst all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

Douglas.

Psalms CCXVIII. *Short Metre. [**]**The Grace of God in Christ.*

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

But mercy fill'd the throne
Of the eternal sky,
When Christ was sent with pardon down,
To rebels doom'd to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

Lord, we obey thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast wrought,
And love and praise thy name.

WATTS.

Morn CCXIX. *Common Metre. [** or b]**For a New Year.*

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;

1 How swift the weeks complete their round
 How short the months appear !

2 So fast, eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life hath done
 God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year ;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
 Its great concern to see,
 That I may act the christian part,
 And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise ;
 Or this shall bear my waiting soul
 To joy beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE

Hymn CCXX. *Common Metre.**Saviour.*

SALVATION ! O melodious sound
 To wretched dying men !
 Salvation, that from God proceeds,
 And leads to God again !

2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
 From darkness, fire and chains ;
 Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
 Where love with glory reigns !

3 But O, may a degenerate soul,
 Sinful and weak as mine,

1 Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine ?

2 The lustre of so bright a scene
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

3 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise ;
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my tears to praise.

4 My Saviour God, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim ;
And call on all th' angelic harps,
To sound thy glorious name.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXXI. Common Metre. [※ or b]

Christ's Regard to little Children.

1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms !
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And takes them in his arms !

2 " Permit them to approach, (he cries)
Nor scorn their humble name ;
It was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
And yield them up to thee ;
Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine ;
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;

And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust ;
That thought shall heal our bleeding hea
When weeping o'er their dust.

DODDRIDGE

Hymn CCXXII. Short Metre,

Christ the Wisdom of God.

SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard ?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard ?

2 I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son ;
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.

3 Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal every star.

5 When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep ;
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.

6 Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well ;

I saw the mansion where
ns of men should dwell.

sy thoughts at first
ir salvation ran ;
pear'd, or Adam's dust
fashion'd to a man.

:ome, receive my grace,
ldren, and be wise ;
e man that keeps my ways ;
an that shuns them, dies.

WATTS.

CCXXIII. *Common Metre. [※]**The Nativity of Christ.*

HERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
d send your fears away ;
m the region of the skies,
on's born to day.

on of God, whom angels fear,
down to dwell with you ;
e makes his entrance here,
t as monarchs do.

d nor purple swaddling bands,
yal shining things ;
r for his cradle stands,
olds the King of kings.

shepherds, where the infant lies,
e his humble throne ;
rs of joy in all your eyes,
shepherds, kiss the Son."

ebiel sang, and straight around
avenly armies throng ;

They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :

- 6 "Glory to God, who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth ;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord, shall the angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When they forget to praise.
- 8 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Who pitied us forlorn ;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
. For there's a Saviour born.

WATTS

Hymn CCXXIV. Long Metre. [

Faith in God in a Time of Distress.—Habakkuk iii. 17.

SHOULD famine o'er the mourning fie
Extend her desolating reign ;
Nor spring her blooming beauties yield,
Nor autumn swell the ripening grain :

- 2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
Around their famish'd master die ;
And hope itself expiring weep,
Whilst life deplores its last supply :
- 3 Amidst the dark the deathful scene,
If I can say the Lord is mine,
The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives,
My nobler life he will sustain ;

Immortal vigour gives,
ll my hope or trust be vain.
fence, Lord, can cheer my heart ;
every earthly comfort die ;
e can bid my pain depart,
se my sacred pleasures high.
e hear thy blissful voice,
g life and joys divine,
ren desart shall rejoice ;
.dise if thou be mine.

Mrs. STEELE.

CCXXV. Common Metre. [*]

Rise the supreme Beauty. Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

ULD nature's charms to please the eye
weet assemblage join,
re's charms would droop and die,
, compar'd with thine.
ere her fairest beams display'd,
vain her blooming store ;
ghtness languishes to shade ;
beauty is no more.

how far from mortal sight
Lord of glory dwells !
f interposing night
adiant face conceals.

I my longing spirit rise
rong immortal wing ;
ich thy palace in the skies,
aviour and my King !
housands worship at thy feet
here, (divine employ !)

Q

The triumphs of thy love repeat
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place ;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face ?

Mrs. STEEL.

Hymn CCXXVI. Long Metre. [¶]

Faith in God's Names.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
The eternal, all-sufficient Lord ;
He through the world most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

3 Awake, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abr'ham, God of peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.

4 Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he hath sought his God in vain.

5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear ?
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same.

6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;

lly through the desert tread,
will guard where God shall lead.

DODDRIDGE.

CXXVII. *Com. Metre.* [※ or b]*The Brazen Serpent.*

the Hebrew prophet raise
brazen serpent high ;
nded felt immediate ease ;
ck forbore to die.

ipward in th' expiring hour,
ive," the prophet cries ;
ft performs a nobler cure,
faith lifts up her eyes.

the cross the Saviour hung ;
n the heavens he reigns ;
mers, by the serpent stung,
nd forget their pains.

God's own Son is lifted up,
ng world revives ;
beholds the blessed hope ;
piring Gentile lives.

WATTS.

CCXXVIII. *Long Metre.* [b]*On the Death of a Child.*

les the lovely blooming flower,
l, smiling solace of an hour !
our transient comforts fly,
asure only blooms to die !
in trouble we are born,
rejoice, but sure to mourn ;



Ah, wretched effort ! sad relief !
To plead necessity of grief !

3 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart ?
To ease the heavy load of care
Which nature must, but dreads to bear ?

4 Can reason's dictates be obey'd ?
Too weak, alas ! her strongest aid ;
O let religion then be nigh,
Her consolations never die.

5 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control ;
Whilst she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

6 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

7 The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys, unknown to sense, invite,
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms, to fade no more

Mrs. STEE

*Hymn CCXXIX. Long Metre. [**

Holiness.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;

When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

WATTS.

Hymn CCXXX. Common Metre. [※]

The Hope of Heaven.

SOON shall this earthly frame dissolv'd
In death and ruin lie ;
But better mansions wait the just,
Prepar'd above the sky.

An house eternal built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once the prison-walls are broke
In which 'tis now confin'd.

Such are the hopes that cheer the just,
These hopes their God hath given ;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heaven.

What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

Scotch Paraphrase.

Hymn CCXXXI. Common Metre. [No. 1]*Human Misery, and divine Consolation.*

THE days how few, how short the year
Of man's so rapid race !
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place.

- 2 They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us, with a sigh,
That to be born, seems little more
Than to begin to die.
- 3 Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and numerous ties ;
But every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.
- 4 When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end ;
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.
- 5 If we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God,
Have we not cause to fear the stroke
Of his avenging rod ?
- 6 If we resign, our patience makes
His rod a gentle wand ;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand.

YOUNG.

Hymn CCXXXII. Long Metre. [No. 2]*Divine Providence towards Man and Beast.*

THE earth and all the heavenly frame
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;

gives the sun his genial power,
and sends the soft refreshing shower.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
it yields her various fruits to men;
men, who from thy bounteous hand
receive the gifts of every land.

Or to the human race alone
thy paternal goodness shown;
the tribes of earth, of sea and air,
joy thy universal care.

Even a sparrow yields its breath
God permits the stroke of death;
hears the ravens when they call,
the father and the friend of all.

Thy care, great God, sustains them all;
Men urg'd by hunger's powerful call,
expectant of the known supply,
thee they lift the asking eye.

Thee, in ceaseless strains my tongue
will raise the morn and evening song;
As long as breath inspires my frame,
the wonders of thy love proclaim.

Liverpool Collection.

CCXXXIII. Long Metre. [※ or ♫]

Sinai and Sion.

THE God who once to Israel spoke
From Sinai's top in fire and smoke
Enters strains of gospel grace
Teaches us now to seek his face.

Wears no terrors on his brow,
Speaks in love from Sion now;



It is the voice of Jesus' blood
 That calls us wand'rers back to God.

3 God's servant, Moses, quak'd and fear'd,
 When Sinai's thundering law he heard;
 But gospel grace with accents mild
 Speaks to the sinner as a child.

4 Hark! how from Calvary it sounds,
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds;
 "Pardon and grace I freely give,
 Then, sinner, look to me and live."

5 What other arguments can move
 The heart that flights a Saviour's love;
 O may that heavenly power be felt,
 And cause the stony heart to melt.

6 Else how shall we thy presence bear,
 When as our Judge thou shalt appear;
 When flighted love to wrath shall turn,
 And the whole earth like Sinai burn.

NEWTON.

Hymn CCXXXIV. Common Metre. [§]

From the Gospel Text.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board;
 Not paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given;
 And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise the foul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd
 In sin's dark mazes, come;

se from the hedges and highways,
and grace will find you room.

Thousands of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
Thousands more, still on the way,
round the board appear.

His house and heart so large,
that thousands more may come ;
could the wide assembling world
Pervail the spacious room.

things are ready ; enter in,
nor weak excuses frame ;
ne, take your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name,

DODDRIDGE.

in CCXXXV. Short Metre. [* or **†**]

The Law and Gospel.

THE law by Moses came,
But peace and truth and love
are brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above,

Amidst the house of God,
Their different works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood ;
But Christ a faithful Son.

Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
In all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.

The man who durst despise
the law that Moses brought ;

Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

5 But sorrier vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

Watts

Hymn CCXXXVI. Com. Metre. [or]***The New Covenant.*

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good."

He said ; and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this new cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal th' engagement to the Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Thy light and strength and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine ;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers be thine.

4 Thus will I join my soul to God
In everlasting bands ;
And take the blessings he bestows
With thankful heart and hands.

Watts and Doddridge

Hymn CCXXXVII. Long Metre. []***The Reward of faithful Servants. Daniel xii. 3.*

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;

aih views the blissful prospect nigh,
nd God's own word reveals the way.

'here shall the servants of the Lord
Vith never fading lustre shine ;
urprising honour ! large reward,
onferr'd on man by love divine !

low happy then the truly wife,
Who learn and keep the sacred road !
low happy they whom Heav'n employs,
'o turn rebellious men to God !

'o win them from the fatal way,
Vhere erring folly thoughtless roves ;
nd that blett righteousness display,
Vhich Jesus wrought, and God approves !

'he shining firmament shall fade,
nd sparkling stars resign their light ;
ut these shall know no change nor shade,
orever fair, forever bright.

o fancy'd joy beyond the sky,
o fair delusion is reveal'd ;
'is God that speaks, who cannot lie,
nd all his word must be fulfill'd.

nd shall not these cold hearts of ours
e kindled at the glorious view ;
ome, Lord, awake our active powers,
ur feeble, dying strength renew.

n wings of faith and strong desire
may our spirits daily rise ;
nd reach at last the shining choir,
the bright mansions of the skies.

Mrs. STEPHENSON

Hymn CCXXXVIII. C. M. [¶]*Death and Heaven.*

THERE is a house not made by hand
Eternal and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;
Then, oh my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But whilst the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

W.

Hymn CCXXXIX. Com. Metre*The Humiliation of Christ. Isaiah, liii.*

THE Saviour comes ! no outward
Bespeaks his presence nigh ;
No earthly beauties in him shine,
To draw the carnal eye.

Fair as a blooming, tender flower
 Amidst the desert grows ;
 So slighted and despis'd by man,
 The heavenly Saviour rose.

They held him as condemn'd by Heaven,
 An outcast from his God ;
 While for their sins he groan'd and bled
 Beneath his Father's rod.

With sinners in the dust he lay,
 The rich a grave supplied ;
 Unspotted was his blameless life,
 Unstain'd by sin he dy'd.

His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
 The purchase of his pain ;
 And every sinner by him sav'd
 Shall bless Messiah's reign.

He died to bear the guilt of men,
 That sin might be forgiven ;
 He lives to bless them, and defend,
 And plead their cause in heaven.

Scotch Paraphrase.

Hymn CCXL. Common Metre. [※ or 5]

The Resurrection of the Martyrs. Rev. vii.

“ **T**HIESE glorious minds how bright they
 Whence all their white array ? [shine !
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day ?
 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white,
 In Jesus' dying blood.

R

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his saints reside ;
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast ;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise ;
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

WATT

Hymn CCXL. Long Metre. [

The Voice of Nature.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky ;
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found :
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

ADDISON.

Hymn CCXLII. Long Metre. [x or b]*Remembrance of Christ.*

THIS do in mem'ry of your friend." Such was the Saviour's last request, Who all the pangs of death endur'd, That we might live forever blest. Yes, we'll record thy matchless love. Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends ! Thy dying love the noblest praise Of long eternity transcends. 'Tis pleasure, more than earth can give, Thy goodness through these vales to see ; Thy table food celestial yields, And happy they who sit with thee. But oh ! what vast transporting joys Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire, When join'd with the celestial train, Our grateful souls thy love admire ! When these vile bodies, all refin'd, perfect and glorious as thy own,

Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near thy throne.

Hymn CCXLIII. Common Metre. [¶]

The Tinney of a good Conscience.

THOUGH frightful snares beset me now
And threat'ning billows roll ;
Though scandal and reproach abound,
To vex my weary soul ;

- 2 A conscience pure can testify
My heart to be sincere ;
Presumption and hypocrisy
All hateful still appear.
- 3 My feet have kept the path divine,
Though sinners did entice,
Nor do I yet from thence decline,
To tread the paths of vice.
- 4 God's word I treasure up, and prize
Beyond all earthly good ;
Compar'd with this, I may despise
My necessary food.
- 5 Censurous men who dwell at ease,
May proudly on me tread ;
My Saviour, whom I seek to please,
My righteous cause will plead.
- 6 His righteousness I shall behold,
When light springs from above ;
And, try'd, I shall come forth as gold,
To praise his wondrous love.

Watt

Hymn CCXLIV. Long Metre. [¶]

Christ the Image of the Invisible God.

THOU, Lord, by mortal eyes unse
And by thy offspring here, us

manifest thyself to men,
set thy image in thy Son.

he bright sun's meridian blaze
whelms and pains our feeble sight,
cheers us with his softer rays
in shining with reflected light ;

1 thy Son thy power divine,
wisdom, justice, truth and love
1 mild and pleasing lustre shine,
ected from thy throne above.

ugh harden'd Jews denied his claim,
turn'd away their scornful face ;
ose who trusted in his name,
ld in him thy truth and grace.

ou, at whose almighty word
ight at first from darkness shone,
us to know our glorious Lord,
see the Father in the Son.

ft we, thine image there display'd,
love and admiration view,
us in likeness to our head,
we may bear thy image too.

MASON, altered.

CCXLV. Common Metre. [b]

God our Refuge in Trouble.

YOU refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
ee, when waves of trouble roll,
fainting hope relies.

e I tell each rising grief,
hou alone canst heal ;

Thy promises can bring relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But when these gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine ;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?
Thou art my only trust ;
And still my soul would rise to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
And shall I seek in vain ?
And can the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when I complain ?

6 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There shall my soul retreat ;
With humble hope attend thee still,
And wait beneath thy feet.

Mrs. STEPH.

Hymn CCXLVI. Long Metre. D.

Self-Examination.

THOU vain intruding world depart !
No more allure or vex my heart ;
Let every vanity be gone ;
I would be peaceful and alone.

2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find ;
The secret springs of thought explore,
And call my words and actions o'er.

3 Reflect how soon my life will end,
And think on what my hopes depend ;
What aim my busy thoughts pursue ;
What work is done, and what to do.

Eternity is just at hand ;
 And shall I waite the ebbing sand,
 And careles view departing day,
 And throw my fleeting time away ?

Be this my chief, my only care,
 My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
 An interest in the Saviour's blood,
 A pardon seal'd, and peace with God.

Search, gracious God, my iamost heart,
 And light, and hope, and joy impart,
 From guilt and error set me free,
 And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCXLVII. Long Metre. [※ or b]

Seeking Christ the Shepherd.

THOU whom my soul admires above
 All earthly joys and earthly love,
 Tell me, my Shepherd, let me know
 Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?
 Where is the shadow of that rock,
 Which from the sun defends thy flock ?
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.

The footsteps of thy flock I see ;
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be !
 A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
 Bought by thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
 His sacred flesh he makes my food,
 And bids me drink his precious blood ;
Here to this feast my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

WATT

Hymn CCXLVIII. Long Metre. [Star]*The Vanity of Forms without Virtue.*

TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee.
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Can fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler off'rning yields,
Than *Sheba's* groves or *Sharon's* fields;
- 4 Than floods of oil, or costly wine,
Rolling by thousands to thy shrine ;
Or than if to thine altar led,
A first-born son the victim bled.
- 5 " Be just and kind and humble too,
In all you say, in all you do ;
To men your charity impart,
And love your God with all your heart."
- 6 This truth by ancient prophets given,
Was by thy Son confirm'd from heaven ;
And, deep engrav'd, this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand.

*Reformed Liturgy.***Hymn CCXLIX. Long Metre. [Star]***Love to God and Man.*

THUS saith the first, the great command
" Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With sacred fervour and delight.

"Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem ;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

This is the sense that Moses spoke ;
This did the prophets preach and prove ;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

But oh, how base our passions are !
How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

WATTS.

Hymn CCL. Long Metre. [x or l]

God dwelling with the humble.

THUS faith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne ;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.

"But I descend to worlds below ;
On earth I have a mansion too ;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

"The humble soul my words revive ;
bid the mourning sinner live ;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

"When I contend against their sin,
make them know how vile they've been ;
But should my wrath forever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath the stroke ?"

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair and die ;
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve
 The methods of thy chast'ning love.

WAT

Hymn CCLI. Common Metre. []**

Characters of Christ. Isa. xliii. 1-4.

1 **T**HUS faith the Lord, who built
 And bade the planets roll ; [he] Who peopled all the climes of earth,
 And form'd the human soul ;

2 “Behold my servant, see him rise,
 Exalted in my might ;
 Him have I chosen, and in him
 I place supreme delight.

3 “On him in rich effusion pour'd,
 My Spirit shall descend ;
 My truth and judgment he shall show
 To earth's remotest end.

4 “Gentle and still shall be his voice ;
 No threats from him proceed ;
 The smoking flax he shall not quench,
 Nor break the bruised reed.

5 “The feeble spark to flame he'll raise ;
 The weak will not despise ;
 Judgment shall he bring forth to truth,
 And make the fallen rise.

6 “The progress of his zeal and power
 Shall never know decline,
 Till foreign lands and distant isles
 Receive the law divine.”

Scotch P

CCLII. *Common Metre.* [※ or b]*Children devoted to God.*

S faith the mercy of the Lord,
 'll be a God to thee ;
 is thy num'rous race, and they
 be a seed for me."

m believ'd the promis'd grace,
 gave his sons to God ;
 ter seals the covenant now,
 ch then was seal'd with blood.

sydia's house was sanctify'd,
 en she receiv'd the word ;
 he believing jailor gave
 household to the Lord.

lo thy saints, O faithful God,
 ie ancient truth embrace ;
 e their infant offspring bring,
 humbly claim the grace.

WATTS

CCLIII. *Long Metre.* [※ or b]*Christ's Commission to preach the Gospel.*

IUS spake the Saviour, when he sent
 His ministers to preach his word ;
 through the world obedient went,
 read the gospel of their Lord.

forth, ye heralds, in my name,
 e whole earth my grace receive ;
 gospel jubilee proclaim,
 all them to repent and live.

joyful news to all impart,
 ich them where salvation lies ;
 the broken bleeding heart,
 e the tear from weeping eyes.

4 " Be wise as serpents where you go,
 But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
 And let your heav'n-taught conduct shew
 That you're commission'd from above.

5 " Freely from me ye have receiv'd ;
 Freely in love to others give ;
 Thus shall your doctrines be believ'd,
 And by your labours, sinners live.

6 " All power is trusted in my hands,
 I will protect you and defend ;
 Whilst thus you follow my commands,
 I'm with you till the world shall end."

7 Happy those servants of the Lord,
 Who thus their Master's will obey !
 How rich, how full is their reward,
 Reserv'd until the final day !

PYMN CCLIV. Common Metre. !

Divine Goodness to Man.

THY wisdom, power and goodness, Lo
 In all thy works appear ;
 But man thy bounties shall record,
 For thy distinguish'd care.

2 From thee, the breath of life we drew,
 That breath thy power maintains ;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 Our brittle frame sustains.

3 Yet nobler gifts demand our praise,
 Of reason's light possest'd ;
 By revelation's, brighter rays
 Still more divinely blest.

4 Thy providence our constant guard,
 When threatening woes impend,

either threat'ning dangers ward,
or timely succours lend.
us thy providence has shone
With its propitious rays ;
t our lips and lives make known
by goodness and thy praise.
bounteous Lord, thy grace impart ;
teach us to improve
gifts with ever grateful heart,
nd crown them with thy love.

Mrs. STREETE.

in CCLV. *Short Metre. [※ or b]**The Voice of Wisdom.*

IS wisdom's earnest cry,
Wisdom, the voice of God,
young and old, the low and high,
he speaks his will abroad.
ithin the human breast
er strong monitorions plead,
thunders her divine protest
gainst th' unrighteous deed.
ithin the holy place,
ie calls with open arms ;
ow long, ye fools, will you embrace
My's deceiving charms ?
The race of men I love ;
mercy I chastise ;
rely faithful, I reprove ;
ear, mortals, and be wise.
My doors are open wide ;
y table spread within ;
e then, ye simple, turn aside,
d leave the paths of sin.

S

Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

- 3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.
- 4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
- 5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wond'rous love display'd ;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 6 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope and joy to every heart.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn C. X. Long Metre. [*

The Heavenly Conqueror.

TO Jesus, our victorious Lord,
The praises of our lives belong ;
Forever be his name ador'd,
The subject of each thankful song.

- 2 Enslav'd by sin, beset by foes,
Undone and perishing, we lay ;
His pity melted o'er our woes,
To save the trembling, dying prey.
- 3 He fought, he conquer'd, though he fell,
Whilst with his last expiring breath

He triumph'd o'er the powers of hell,
And, by his dying, vanquish'd death.
Now on his Father's throne he reigns,
And all the tuneful choir above
Resound, in high immortal strains,
The praises of victorious love.

Though still surviving foes arise,
Temptations, sins, and doubts appear,
And pain our hearts, and fill our eyes,
With many a groan, and many a tear ;
Still shall we fight, and still prevail,
In our almighty Leader's name ;
His strength, whene'er our spirits fail,
Shall all our active powers inflame.
Immortal honours wait above,
To crown the dying Conq'ror's brow ;
And endless peace, and joy, and love,
For the short war sustain'd below.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLX. Long Metre. [b]

The Lord's Supper.

TWAS on that dark and doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arofe
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran ;
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !
“ *This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food.* ”

'Then took the cup, and bleſt the wine,
 " 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

- 4 " In mem'ry of your dying Lord,
 Do this (he said) till time shall end ;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed friend."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death, we sing thy name ;
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

WATT

Hymn CCLXI. Com. Metre. [For

The New Birth.

VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built ;
 The carnal mind is all unclean,
 And all its actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouth,
 Without a murmur'ring word ;
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now ;
 When, to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.

4 Not all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that Moses gave ;
 Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
 The guilty race can save.

5 God's Spirit, like a heavenly wind,
 Blows on the sens of flesh ;

Changes the heart, renews the mind,
And forms the man afresh.

Our quick'ned souls awake, and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
To heavenly things we turn our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

The sins and follies of our mind
Are crucify'd and dead ;
By holy love our souls are join'd
To Christ our living Head.

Altered from WATTS.

Hymn CCLXII. Long Metre. [b]

The Grave destroyed.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relicks room
To slumber in thy silent dust.

No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
Whilst angels watch its soft repose.

So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Past through the grave and blest the bed ;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O grave, his sovereign word !
Restore thy trust ; the glorious form
Will then arise to meet the Lord.

WATTS.

Hymn CCLXVI. Common Metre.*Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part I.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view; I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Er'e yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing scenes of vice
Where thousands go astray.

*Addison***Hymn CCLXVII. Common Metre.***Gratitude for divine Mercies. Part II.*

WHEN pale with sickness, oft hale
With health renew'd my face
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

bounteous hand with worldly good
as made my cup run o'er ;
in a kind and faithful friend
aft doubled all my store.

thousand thousand precious gifts
y daily thanks employ ;
is the least a cheerful heart,
hat tastes thofe gifts with joy.

ough ev'ry period of my life,
hy goodness I'll pursue ;
after death, in distant worlds,
ne glorious theme renew.

en nature fails, and day and night
ide the time no more,
ever grateful heart, O Lord,
y mercy shall adore.

ough all eternity to thee
joyful song I'll raise ;
O, eternity's too short
o utter all thy praise.

ADDITION.

n CCLXVIII. Common Metre. [※]

The Spring.

HEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray ;
fragrance breathes in every gale,
ow sweet the vernal day !

k, how the feather'd warblers sing.
is nature's cheerful voice ;
music hails the lovely spring,
d woods and fields rejoice.

3 How kind the influence of the skies !
 The showers, with blessings fraught,
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
 And fix the roving thought.

4 Then let my wond'ring heart confess,
 With gratitude and love,
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
 The garden, field and grove.

5 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
 Beyond expression kind,
 Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
 To bless the craving mind.

6 O God of nature and of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart !
 Then shall my meditation trace
 Spring, blooming in my heart !

7 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song,
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.

Mrs. STEELE

Hymn CCLXIX. Common Metre. [I]*Strength from God.*

WHENCE do our mournful tho'ts arise
 And where's our courage fled ?
 Has restless sin and hopeless fear
 Struck all our comforts dead ?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty hand
 That form'd the earth and sea ?
 Or can the all-creating arm
 Grow weary, or decay ?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
 In our Jehovah dwell ;

gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
All mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease ;
They who wait upon the Lord
shall find their strength increase.
The saint shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

WATTS.

In CCLXX. Common Metre. [*]

Victory over Death, through Christ.

WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array,
Equal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.
How shall I meet this potent foe,
Whose frown my soul alarms ?
Dark horror sits upon his brow !
And victory waits his arms !
I see my glorious Leader nigh !
If Lord, my Saviour lives ;
Then him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.
Yes, be thou my sure defence,
My guard for ever near ;
Thy faith shall triumph over sense,
And never yield to fear.
Nay I meet the final hour
With fortitude divine ;
Trin'd by thine almighty power,
The conquest must be mine.

T

6 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust ;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust ;

7 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in thine immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

8 O let me join their raptur'd lays ;
And, with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power and praise
In everlasting song.

Mrs STEELE

Hymn CCLXXI. Long Metre.

Christ the Life of the Soul.

1 WHEN doubts and fears prevailing :
And fainting hope almost expired :
Jesus, to thee, I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my strong desires.

2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on thine everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal hope is sure ;
His word a firm foundation gives ;
Here let me build and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;
Immoveable the promise stands ;
Not all the powers of earth and hell
Can c'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, then, my soul, thy trust repose
If Jesus is forever mine,

at death itself, the last of foes,
all break a union so divine. MRS. STEELE.

m CCLXXII. Common Metre. [v]

Thirsting after God. Isaiah xli. 17.

VHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme,
The weary piigrim longs to taste
The cool refreshing stream ;
ould, sudden to his hopeless eye,
A crystal spring appear,
ow would the enliv'ning, sweet supply
His drooping spirit cheer !

longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes,
me foul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heav'nly comfort flows.

us sweet the consolations are
The promises impart ;
re flowing streams of life appear,
To ease the panting heart.

when I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent strong desire,
id still, through all this desart road,
To taste thy grace, aspire ;

en, let my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice ;
y plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies,

MRS. STEELE.

m CCLXXIII. Com. Metre. [* or *

The Discipline of God's Providence.

THEN I review the crooked ways,
Through which my feet have

I find incessant cause to bless
And love my guardian God.

2 Through all the labyrinth of life,
My folly he pursu'd ;
My wand'ring heart to quick return,
How tenderly he woo'd !

3 I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless ;
Oft I lamented an event
Which turn'd to my success.

4 When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain ;
He kindly cur'd with wholesome draughts
Of unaffected pain.

5 Sometimes he brought me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Made terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

6 To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
As spangles o'er us shine ;
One day he gave, and made the next
My soul's delight resign.

7 From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose ;
And gave me in the will divine,
An absolute repose.

YOUNG.

Hymn CCLXXIV. Long Metre. [1]

Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the King of glory die'd
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my priv

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 But in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?

Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
 His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

ymn CCLXXV. Com. Metre. [※or b]

Trust in God's Word.

WHEN sin and sorrow, fear and pain
 My trembling heart dismay,
 My feeble strength, alas, how vain,
 It sinks and dies away.

My spirit asks a firmer prop ;
 I lean upon the Lord ;
 My God, the pillar of my hope
 Is thy unchanging word.

On this are built the brightest joys
 Celestial beings know ;
And 'tis the same almighty voice
Supports the saints below.

Tis this upholds the rolling spheres,
And heav'n's immortal frame :

Then let my soul suppress her fears,
My basis is the same.

5 Thy sacred word, thy solemn oath
Forever must remain ;
I trust in everlasting truth,
Nor shall my trust be vain.

Mrs. ST

Hymn CCLXXVI. Com. Metre. [

Repentance and Pardon. Isaiah Iv.

WHEN sinners quit their wicked
Their evil thoughts forego,
The God to whom their steps return
Returning grace will show.

2 He pardons with o'erflowing love ;
For, hear the voice divine ;
“ My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine.

3 “ But far as heaven's resplendent orbs
Beyond this earth extend ;
So far my thoughts, so far my ways
Your thoughts and ways transcend.

4 “ Like as the showers from heaven distil
Nor thither rise again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes sustain ;

5 “ So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall ;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to my call.

6 “ Where briars grew in barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring ;
And nature through her utmost scope
Eternal praises sing.”

Scotch

1 CCLXXVII. *Long Metre. [xorb]*

The Influence of the Divine Spirit.

THEN the blest Comforter is nigh,
 'Tis he sustains my sinking heart ;
 would my hopes forever die,
 every cheering ray depart.

some kind promise glads my soul,
 not his kind and welcome voice
 empest of my fears control,
 did my drooping heart rejoice ?

ie'er to call the Saviour mine,
 ardent wish my heart aspires,
 be less than power divine
 h animates these strong desires ?

less than thy almighty word
 life my heart from earth and dust,
 id me welcome to my Lord,
 e, my treasure and my trust ?

when my lively hope can say
 my God and taste his grace,
 is it not thy blissful ray
 gives the vision of thy face ?

y good Spirit in my heart
 r dwell, O God of love ;
 ght and heav'nly peace impart ;
 arnest of the joys above.

Mrs. STEPHEN.

CCLXXVIII. *Common Metre. [x]*

The Pleasure of Religion.

HEN true religion gains a place,
 And lives within the mind,
 ual life subdued by grace,
 l the soul refin'd ;

2 The desert blooms in living green,
Where thorns and briars grew ;
The barren waste is fruitful seen,
And all the prospect new.

3 The storms of rugged winter cease,
The frozen powers revive ;
Spring blooms without, within is peace ;
All nature seems alive.

4 O happy christian, richly bless'd !
What floods of pleasure roll !
By God and man he stands confess'd
In dignity of soul.

5 Substantial, pure, his every joy ;
His Maker is his friend ;
The noblest busines his employ,
And happiness his end !

6 Ye sensual, worldly, proud and vain,
Your airy good pursue ;
Let me religion's pleasure gain,
I'll leave the world to you.

PROUD

Hymn CCLXXIX. Com. Metre. []***The last Triplet.*

WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air
And tempests rend the skies ;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise ;

2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song ;
My harp all trembling in my hand,
And all inspir'd my tongue.

3 I'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders roll,
And shake the fallen sky,

Your sounding voice from pole to pole.

In angry murmurs try.

Let the earth totter on her base,
And clouds the heaven deform ;
Blow all ye winds from every place,
And rush the final storm.

Come quickly, blessed hope, appear,
Bid thy swift chariot fly ;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

Around thy wheels in the glad throng
I'd bear a joyful part ;
All hallelujah on my tongue ;
All rapture in my heart."

M. BYLES.

ymn CCLXXX. Long Metre. [Orb]

To Christ the Eternal Life.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
The sov'reign good to fill the mind ?
Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
The spring whence living waters flow.
Say, will the *Stoic's* flinty heart
Melt, and this cordial balm impart ?
Could *Plato* find these blissful streams
Among his raptures and his dreams ?

In vain I ask ! for nature's power
Extends but to this mortal hour ;
'Twas but a poor relief she gave
Against the terrors of the grave.

Jesus, our kinsman and our Lord,
By angels and by men ador'd,
hou art our life, our souls in thee
miss a full felicity.

Good will henceforth from heaven to me
Begin and never cease!"

PATRICK, or TAT

Hymn CCLXXXIII. Long Metre. [**]

Peace of Conscience.

WHILST some in folly's pleasure ro
And seek the joys which hurt
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last :
2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That Friend who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.
3 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
4 Though God afflicts, I'll not repine ;
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
5 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sov'reign love directs the rod ?
6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

ENFIELD'S Collection

CCLXXXIV. *Common Metre. [**]**Devotion.*

HILST thee I seek, protecting Power !

Be my vain wishes still'd ;
nay this consecrated hour
th better hopes be fill'd.

Give the power of thought bestow'd,
thee my thoughts would soar ;
mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
it mercy I adore.

In event of life, how clear
the ruling hand I see !
blessing to my soul more dear,
ause conferr'd by thee.

try joy that crowns my days,
very pain I bear,
heart shall find delight in praise,
seek relief in prayer.

gladness wings my favour'd hour,
love my thoughts shall fill :
I'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
soul shall meet thy will.

fted eye without a tear,
a gathering storm shall see ;
edfast heart shall know no fear ;
it heart will rest on thee !

Miss H. M. WILLIAMS.

U



Hymn CCLXXXV. Long Metre. [No.**R E A N I M A T I O N .****A HYMN for the HUMANE SOCIETY.**

WHO, from the shades of gloomy night,
When the last tear of hope is shed,
Can bid the soul return to light,
And break the slumber of the dead?

- 2 No human skill that heart can warm,
Which the cold blast of nature froze ;
Recal to life the perish'd form ;
The secret of the grave disclose.
- 3 But thou, our saving God, we know,
Canst arm the mortal hand with power
To bid the stagnant pulses flow,
The animating heat restore.
- 4 Thy will, ere nature's tutor'd hand
Could with young life these limbs unfold
Did the imprison'd brain expand,
And all its countless fibres told.
- 5 As from the dust, thy forming breath
Could the unconscious being raise ;
So can the silent voice of death
Wake at thy call in songs of praise.
- 6 Since twice to die is ours alone,
And twice the birth of life to see ;
O let us, suppliant at thy throne,
Devote our second life to thee.

Mrs. Mont.

ymn CCLXXXVI. *Long Metre. [x]**Faith Triumphant.*

WHOM shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
 'Tis God who justifies their souls :
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
 'Tis Christ who suffer'd in their stead ;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
BBehold him rising from the dead !
He lives ! he lives ! and reigns above,
 Forever interceding there ;
Who shall divide us from his love ?
 Or what shall tempt us to despair ?
Shall persecution or distrefs,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He who hath lov'd us, bears us through,
 And makes us more than conq'rors too.
Faith has an overcoming power,
 It triumphs in the dying hour :
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

WATTS.

ymn CCLXXXVII. *Com. Metre. [x or b]**Death and the Resurrection.*

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Our bodies to the tomb?
There Jesus' sacred body lay,
And left a long perfume.

3 The graves of all his saints he bleſſ'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

4 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

5 Then shall the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our friends arise;
Awake, ye nations, from the ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

WATKINS

Hymn CCLXXXVIII. Com. Met. [**]

Looking at Things unseen.

WHY should the world's alluring to
Detain our hearts and eyes;
Regards of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies!

2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brighter day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day! alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
Whilst clouds of sorrow, care and pain
O'er shade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,

To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades.

5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray ;
In ever blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim ;
With one reviving ray of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCLXXXIX. Long Metre. [**]

Marriage.

WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King ;
For he alone can minds unite,
And bless with conjugal delight.

2 This wedded pair, O Lord, inspire
With heav'ly love, that sacred fire ;
From this blest moment may they prove
The bliss divine of marriage love.

3 O may they both increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind ;
Happy together may they be,
And both united, Lord, to thee.

4 To you, blest pair, your God hath given
To taste the love which reigns in heaven ;
His gift with all your powers improve,
And cultivate that virtuous love.

5 So may you live as truly one ;
 And when your work on earth is done,
 Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share
 The joys of love forever there !

PROUD

Hymn CCXC. Common Metre. [*orb]

The Penitent Thief.

WITH deep contrition, grief and shame,
 The thief his crimes confess'd,
 Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
 And thus his prayer address'd :

2 " When to thy kingdom thou shalt come,
 O Lord, remember me."
 " This day with me in paradise
 Thy happy soul shall be."

3 Thus spake the Saviour to a wretch
 Who languish'd at his side ;
 Whil'st on the fatal tree he hung,
 And bled, and groan'd, and dy'd.

4 Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
 Thou Lord of all below ;
 Though then unjustly thou wast brought
 To misery and woe ;

5 Yet quickly from that dreadful scene
 In triumph thou didst rise,
 Buried through the prison of the grave,
 And gain'd thy native skies !

6 Exalted to thy Father's throne,
 Pardon and life to give ;
 The penitent thou still dost hear,
 And bid the sinner live.

Altered from STURGEON.

Hymn CCXCI. Common Metre. [※ or b]*The First and Second Adam.*

WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts
 A fallen world survey !
 See the wide ruin sin has made
 In one unhappy day.

2 Adam, in God's own image form'd,
 See from his God estrang'd !
 And all the joys of paradise
 For guilt and horror chang'd !

3 This fatal heritage bequeath'd
 To all his helpless race !
 Through this dark maze of sin and woe,
 Thus to the grave we pass.

4 But, O my soul, with rapture hear
 The second Adam's name ;
 And the celestial gifts he brings
 To all his seed, proclaim.

5 What, though in mortal life they mourn ?
 What, though by death they fall ?
 Jesus, in one triumphant day,
 Transforms and crowns them all !

6 Praise to his rich transcending grace,
 Ev'n by our fall we rise !
 And gain for earthly Eden lost
 A heavenly paradise !

MASON, altered.

Hymn CCXCII. Common Metre.*Compassion of Christ.*

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above ;
 His heart is full of tenderness,
 Of pity and of love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he endur'd the same.

3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood ;
When Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every Christian bears.

5 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

WATT!

*Hymn CCXCIII. Common Metre. [**]**Resistance and Hope.*

WITH restless agitations toss,
And low immers'd in woes,
When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
Regain their lost repose ?

2 O thou, the wretched's sure retreat,
These torturing cares control ;
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive my fainting soul.

Did ever thy paternal ear
 The humble plea disdain ?
 Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
 Or supplicate in vain ?
 Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
 In penitential tears,
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
 And dissipates our fears.
 New life from thy refreshing grace
 Our sinking hearts receive ;
 For 'tis thy darling attribute
 To pity and forgive.
 From that blest source, propitious hope
 Appears serenely bright,
 And sheds its soft diffusive beam
 O'er sorrow's dismal night.
 My griefs confess its vital power,
 And bless the friendly ray,
 Which ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day.

Mrs. CARTER.

Hymn CCXCIV. Long Metre. [※ or b]*Jesus Christ, the same Yesterday, to Day, and Forever.*

WITH wonder, Lord, our souls proclaim
 Th' immortal honours of thy name ;
 Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
 We make his countless glories known.
 Ere Adam's clay with life was warm'd,
 Or Gabriel's nobler spirit form'd ;
 Before creation was begun,
 Before all ages, was the SON.

1 Through all succeeding ages, he
 The same hath been, and still shall be ;
 Immortal honours crown his head,
 Though earth and skies wax old and fade.

4 The same his power his flock to guard ;
 The same his bounty to reward ;
 The same his faithfulness and love
 To saints on earth, and saints above.

5 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
 Jesus shall raise his people high ;
 And place them near his Father's throne,
 In glory lasting as his own.

DODDRIDGE.

Hymn CCXCV. Common Metre. [※orb]*The Christian's Farewell.*

1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light ;
 Farewell, thou ever changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd ;
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode ;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall see my God.

4 The Father of eternal light.
 Shall there his beams display ;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into my eyes ;
 Nor the meridian sun decline,
 Amidst those brighter skies.

There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite ;
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

ymn CCXCVI. *Com. Metre. [※ or b]**Divine Goodness.*

YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise ;
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

All nature owns his guardian care ;
 In him we live and move ;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.

He gave his well beloved Son,
 To save our souls from sin ;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
 And proves it all divine.

To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
 And here our hope relies ;
 A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee ;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love
 What honours shall we raise !
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.

Mrs. STEELE

Hymn CCXCVII. Long Metre. [i]

Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.

YE humble souls, complain no more ;
 Let faith survey your future store ;
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest !

2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
 And pours the penitential tear,
 Hope points to your dejected eyes
 A bright reversion in the skies.

3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
 In vain they boast their little stores ;
 Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

4 A kingdom of immense delight,
 Where health and peace and joy unite ;
 A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
 Though earthly kingdoms fade away.

5 There shall your eyes with rapture view
 The glorious Friend who dy'd for you ;
 Who dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
 To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

6 Jesus, to thee I breathe my prayer ;
 Confirm to me my int'rest there ;
 Whatever be my lot below,
 This, this my soul desires to know.

Let me hear thy voice divine
 Pronounce the glorious blessing mine ;
 Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
 My largest wishes ask no more.

Mrs. STEELE.

Hymn CCXCVIII. Common Metre. [※]

The Invitation. Isaiah iv.

"**Y**E thirsty souls, approach the spring
 Where living waters flow ;
 Free to that sacred fountain, all
 Without a price may go.

"How long to streams of false delight
 Will ye in crouds repair ?

How long your strength and substance waste
 On trifles light as air ?

"**M**y stores afford those rich supplies
 That health and pleasure give ;
Decline your ear, and come to me ;
 The soul that hears shall live.

"With you a cov'nant I will make,
 That ever shall endure ;

Che hope which gladden'd David's heart
 My mercy hath made sure.

"Behold he comes, your Leader comes,
 With might and honour crown'd ;

Awitness who shall spread my name
 To earth's remotest bound.

"See, nations hasten to his call
 From every distant shore ;

Ilands unknown shall bow to him,
 And Israel's God adore."

Scotch Paraphrases.

W

Hymn CCXCIX. Common Metre. [1]*The Gospel Feast..*

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast !
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come :
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room !

3 In Jesus' condescending heart
Both love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 Come, then, and with his people taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In extasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come ;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

Mrs. STELL.

Hymn CCC. Common Metre. [x or b]*True and False Zeal.*

ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies ;
Whilst that which often bears the name,
Is self but in disguise.

true zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear ;
the false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace ;
but self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.

But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cry'd,
“ Come, see what I can do.”

Self may its own reward obtain,
And be applauded here ;
but zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

Newton.

ASCIPTIONS and BENEDICTIONS

*Founded on TEXTS of SCRIPTURE; to be sung
at the End of Psalms and Hymns, in various
Metres.*

I.

Common Metre.—Single.

Phil. iv. 7.

MAY peace which from the Lord proceeds,
Which Christ alone imparts,
Which human knowledge far exceeds,
Preserve and keep our hearts.

II.

Psalm xxviii. 9.

Lord, bless thy people, who to thee
Do all their safety owe;
Feed thou thy flock, and raise them up
When they are fallen low.

Unknown.

III.

Revelations v. 13.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him who sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

Tate.

IV.

Another.

To him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore;

And to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be glory evermore.

Scotch Paraphrases.

V.

Common Metre.—Double.

Phil. ii. 10, 11.

Let ev'ry creature bow the head
To God's exalted Son ;
Since God hath rais'd him from the dead,
And plac'd him on his throne.

Let ev'ry mortal tongue confess
That Jesus is the Lord ;
Thus, when the Saviour's name we bless,
The Father is ador'd.

VI.

Hebrews xiii. 20, 21.

Now may the God of peace and love,
Who from the shades of death
Restor'd the Shepherd of the sheep
To draw immortal breath,
Enrich our souls with every grace,
That we may do his will ;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfil.

RIPON'S COLLECTION.

VII.

Revelations i. 5, 6.

To him who wash'd us from our sins
In his own precious blood ;

And made us kings and priests before
His Father and his God ;
To him who dy'd and rose again,
Be glory ever given ;
And may his wide dominion spread
Throughout the earth and heaven.

VIII.

Revelations v. 9, 10.

Worthy art thou who once wast slain,
To open every seal,
And from the book of God's decrees
His counsels to reveal.

Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood ;
From sin hast set us free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

Partly from WATTS.

Long Metre.—Single.

I.

Matthew xxi. 9.

HOSENNA* to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brought salvation down to earth.

WATTS

[*] The word Hosanna signifies, "Save, we beseech thee," an ascription of honour to Christ our Saviour.

II.

1 Timothy i. 17.

Now to the great eternal King,
Th' immortal God, we mortals sing ;
God only wise we glorify,
Invisible to mortal eye.

S. D.

III.

1 Timothy vi. 15, 16.

To him who dwells in heavenly light,
Beyond the reach of human sight,
The King supreme, the Lord of heaven,
Be endless praise and honour given.

IV.

2 Thessalonians ii. 16, 17.

May God the Father and his Son,
From whom all love and grace proceed,
Comfort our hearts, and establish us
In every virtuous word and deed.

V.

Long Metre. Six Lines.

Jude, ver. 24, 25.

To him whose wisdom, love and power
Preserves us in temptation's hour,
Who will present our souls complete
Before the glory of his seat ;
To God our Saviour, only wise,
let songs of praise and honour rise.

All Sevens Metre.

2 Corinthians xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favour
Rest upon us from above.

NEWTON.

Short Metre.

I.

Romans xvi. 25, 27.

TO God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

II.

2 Corinthians xiii. 14.

The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion too
Be with us from above.

III.

Matthew xxi. 9. John i. 14.

Hosanna to the WORD,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

Hallelujah Metre.

I.

John iv. 19—Gal. iii. 13—Col. i. 12.

TO him who lov'd us first,
Before the world began,
To him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man :
To him who forms
Our souls for heaven,
Be endless praise
And glory given.

WATTS.

II.

Matt. xxi. 9—Acts v. 13—Phil. ii. 12.

Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood ;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God :
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And every tongue
Pronounce him blest.

WATTS.

III.

Heb. i. 6—Rev. v. 11, 12

With angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell above,
We join to praise the Son,
And sing his wond'rous love.

Worthy the Lamb,
Who once was slain,
O'er h^{oly} lig^{ions} Earth
To Christ's Regarⁿ,

IV.

1 Cor. xv. 47—Col. i. 18—Acts v. 31.

To Christ the Lord from heaven,
 The first-born from the dead ;
 The Prince of life, be glory given,
 And wide his kingdom spread ;
 Through earth's extent
 His honours raise ;
 And all consent
 His name to praise.

SINCE the death of my Brother, the late JOHN CLARKE, I think I am at liberty to say, that of the variations and additions in this Collection of Psalms and Hymns, were either made or suggested by that the alteration of the 149th Psalm was altogether own ; and that the whole work passed under his eye and correcting hand before it went to the press. this, and for many other acts of Christian friendship memory will ever be precious to me.

J.

MAY 31, 1798.

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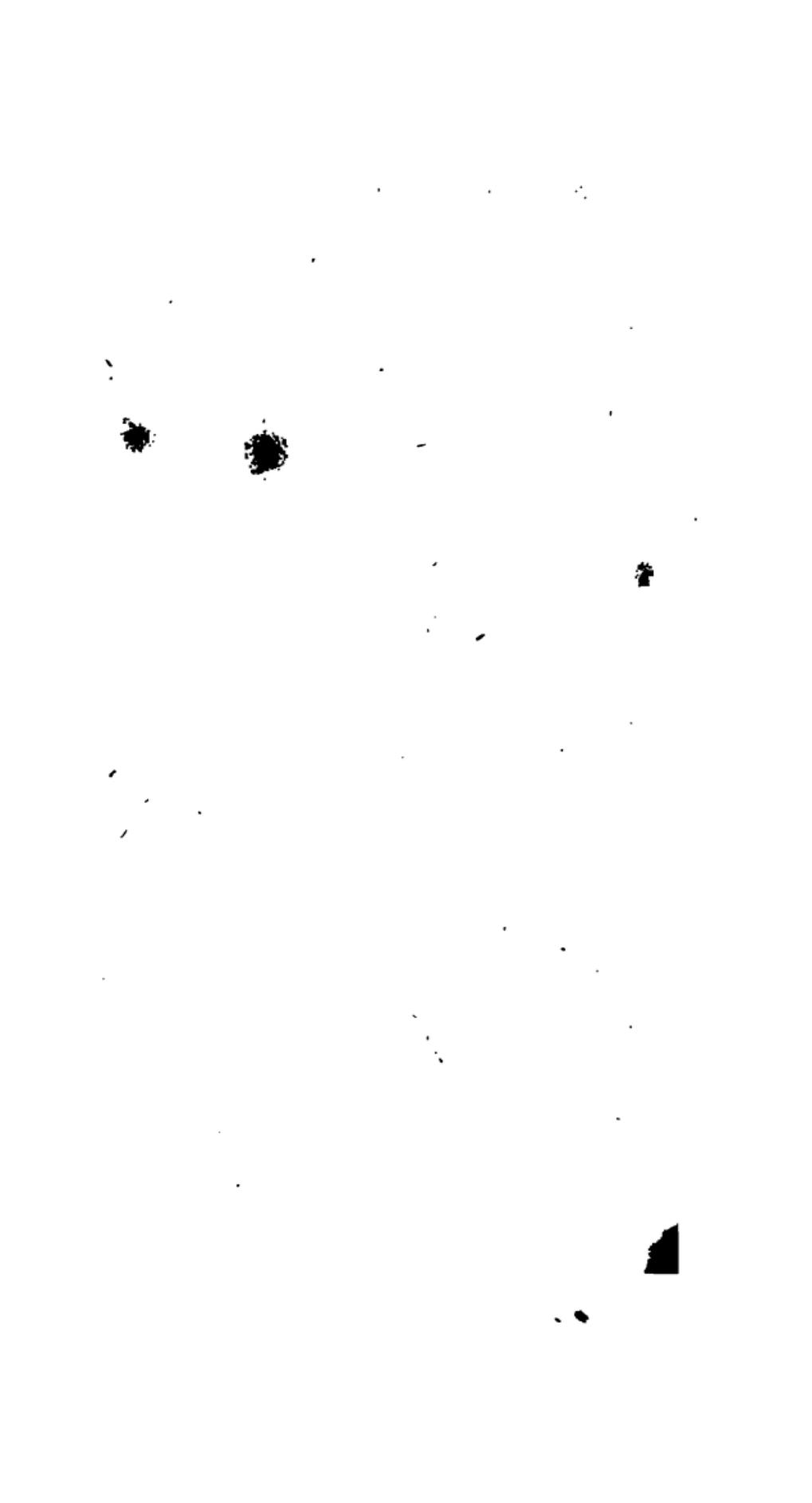
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N. B. The Hymns are placed in the alphabetical order of their initial letters.





HYMNS

FOR THE

LORD'S SUPPER,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY THADDEUS MASON HARRIS, D. D.

BOSTON:

**PRINTED BY SEWELL PHELPS,
No. 5, Court Street.**

1820.



I. Lord's Supper - Hymns.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1830, in the forty fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Thaddeus Mason Harris, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*:

"Hymns for the Lord's Supper, Original and Selected. By Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical, and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

For the use of the Church in Dorchester, few hymns for the Lord's Supper were printed in 1801. The need of more copies, and the hope that it might be acceptable in other churches, induced me to make a selection, which I have endeavoured to render better adapted to the ordinance than that was. It is, so, enriched with some originals, which have been obligingly furnished me by friends, whose indifference, however, prevents my annexing their names to their respective hymns. My grateful acknowledgments are particularly due to Mrs. MORTON, Rev. Mr. PIERPONT, of Boston, and Rev. Mr. GILMAN, of Charleston, South Carolina; and also, for four beautiful hymns, to an unknown contributor, under the

fictitious name of G. CARSEER. Where I had the liberty of naming the author, and in instances where I have taken the hymns from printed books, I have given credit in the index. With several of the selected hymns some liberty has been taken in altering the expression or new modeling the verse.

Dorchester, July 7, 1820.

—
“Vos ideo, quoties positas accedere mensas
Contigerit, sacrasque dapes, libamina jussa,
Funeris his nostri mæstum referetis honorem,
Et nunquam istius abolescit gloria facti.”

VIPD.

2

3

HYMNS

FOR THE
LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN I. L. M.

- 1 This feast was Jesus' high behest,
This cup of thanks his last request ;
Ye who can feel his worth attend,
Eat, drink, in memory of your friend.**
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song ;
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassalage his kind.**
- 3 And shall not He your praises win,
Who breaks the slavish bonds of sin ;—
The great Deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives even of death !**

4 Shall He, who, mortal men to save,
 Became the tenant of the grave,
 Unthanked, uncelebrated, rise,
 Pass unremembered to the skies?

5 Christians, unite with loud acclaim,
 To sing the Saviour's welcome name;
 On earth extol his wonderous love,
 And hope to praise it more above.

HYMN II. L. M.

Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

MATT. II. 1-11

1 WHEN, on the midnight of the East,
 At the dead moment of repose,
 Like hope on misery's darkened breast,
 The planet of salvation rose;

2 The shepherd, leaning o'er his flock,
 Started with broad and upward gaze;
 Kneel'd,—while the Star of Bethlehem b
 On music wakened into praise.

3 The Arabian sage, to hail our King,
 With Persia's star-led magi comes ;
 And all, with reverent homage, bring
 Their gifts of gold and odorous gums.

4 If heathen sages from afar
 Followed, when darkness round them spread,
 The kindling glories of that star,
 And worshipped where its radiance led ;

5 Shall *we*, for whom that star was hung
 In the dark vault of frowning heaven ;—
 Shall *we*, for whom that strain was sung,
 That song of peace and sin forgiven ;—

6 Shall *we*, for whom the Saviour bled,
 Careless his banquet's blessings see,—
 Nor heed the parting word that said
 “Do this in memory of me”—?



HYMN III. P. M.

1 And hast thou, Lord, to sinners given
 Pardon, and peace, and hope, and heaven !
 To man's offending race restored
 The blessing of the absolving word !

While to thy table we are led,
 And pour the wine, and break the bread,
 With which the Son of God was fed—
 With which the Son of God was fed !

2 Ne'er may the earth's vain wishes raise
 Lips hallowed by thy prayer and praise ;
 No more the thought of sin surprize
 Hearts of the accepted sacrifice ;
 Hearts claimed by thee, whose willing woes
 Gave the contending world repose,
 Dark, ere the Sun of Glory rose—
 Dark, ere the Sun of Glory rose !

3 Dark, ere the rays of mercy shone ;
 Dark, ere the Gospel's light was known ;
 Dark, ere in sin and misery's hour
 The Lord of life, of light, and power,
 The heaven-descended Saviour, gave
 Immortal victory o'er the grave,
 And died a sinning world to save—
 And died a sinning world to save !

HYMN IV. L. M.

"**BREAK** ye the bread, and pour the wine,
As ye have seen your Master do :
This body and this blood of mine
Is broken thus, and shed for you."

Yes, mighty God ! while life remains
We will remember him who bled ;
Whom Death, in his cold, palsyng chains,
A captive and a victim led.

We will remember him, by whom
Those strong and icy chains were riven ;
Who scattered round his opening tomb
Their broken links,—and rose to heaven.

And while with gratitude we dwell
On all his tears of love and wo,
Let death's chill tide before us swell !
Let its still waters darkly flow !

We'll give our bodies to the stream :
'Twill bear us—(for the dead shall rise,
Or faith is vain, and hope a dream,)—
To happier shores and brighter skies.

HYMN V. C. M.

*"And when they had sung an hymn, they went out
into the Mount of Olives."*

MATT. xxvi. 30.

- 1 THE winds are hush'd :—the peaceful moon
 Looks down on Zion's hill :
The city sleeps : 'tis night's calm noon ;
 And all the streets are still.
- 2 Save when, along the shaded walks,
 We hear the watchman's call,
Or the guard's footprint, as he stalks
 In moonlight on the wall.
- 3 How soft, how holy is this light !
 And hark ! a mournful song,
As gentle as these dews of night,
 Floats on the air along.
- 4 Affection's wish, devotion's prayer
 Are in that holy strain :
'Tis resignation,—not despair ;
 'Tis triumph,—though 'tis pain.

Jesus and his faithful few,
 That pour that hymn of love :
 God ! may we the song renew,
 Around thy board above.

HYMN VI. C. M.

it may be, O let this cup
 Pass by me"—pray'd the Son.
 it, if I'm doom'd to drink it up,
 Father !—Thy will be done."

drank it. Bleeding on the tree,
 He faintly cried, " I thirst."
 In rose his heart, O God, to thee,
 A fervent prayer,—and burst.

At broken heart, that ebbing tide,
 That spirit so resign'd,
 The emblems of the Crucified
 Have now recall'd to mind.

Others as our Saviour bled,
 So we, at duty's call,
 Others in his steps should tread,
 And sacrifice our all.

5 Shall we from scenes of trial shrink,
 Now our Example lives ?
 Or shall we all with patience drink
 The cup our Father gives ?

HYMN VII. P. M.

1 O'er Kedron's stream, and Salem's height
 And Olivet's brown steep,
 Rolls the majestic queen of night,
 And showers from heaven her silver light,
 And sees the world asleep.

2 All but the children of distress,
 Of sorrow, grief, and care ;
 Whom sleep, though pray'd for, will not b^l
 These leave the couch of restlessness,
 To breathe the cool, calm air.

3 For those who shun the glare of day,
 There's a composing power
 That meets them on their lonely way,
 In the still air,—the sober ray
 Of this religious hour.

*'Tis a religious hour : for he,
 Who many a grief shall bear,
 In his own body on the tree,
 Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
 In agony and prayer.*

*O, holy Father ! when the light
 Of earthly joy grows dim,
 May hope in Christ grow strong and bright,
 In all who celebrate this rite,
 In memory of him.*

HYMN VIII. P. M.

*THERE's something sweet in scenes of gloom
 To hearts, of joy bereft:
 When hope has wither'd in its bloom ;
 When friends are going to the tomb ;
 Or in the tomb are left.*

*'Tis night ; a lovely night :—and lo !
 Like men in vision seen,
 The Saviour and his brethren go,
 Silent, and sorrowful, and slow,
 Led by heaven's lamp serene,—*

3 From Salem's height, o'er Kedron's stream,
 To Olivet's dark steep ;
 There, o'er past joys—so like a dream,
 O'er future woes, that present seem,
 In solitude to weep.

4 Heaven on their earthly hopes has frown'd :
 Their dream of thrones has fled :
 The table that his love has crown'd
 They ne'er again shall sit around,
 With Jesus at their head.

5 Blast not, O God, this hope of ours,
 The hope of sins forgiven :
 Then, when our friends the grave devours,
 When all the world around us lowers,
 We'll look from earth to heaven.



HYMN IX. C. M.

“For my flesh is meat indeed;”—

1 HAD Jesus left his scatter'd fold
 The legacy of pride,
 Golconda's gems, and Ophir's gold,
 When he, their Shepherd, died ;

2 Few could have hoarded many a gem,
 Of those who shared them first :
And O, how many, even of them,
 Had, in that gift, been curst !

3 Had such a legacy been cast
 Upon the stream of time ;
Would it have come through ages past,—
 Ages of night and crime ?

4 And *had* it reached us all, should we
 In such a boon be blest ?
O no :—a part might misers be,
 And prodigals the rest.

5 But *all* may now a treasure hoard
 That ne'er engenders strife :
For we may all, around this board,
 Partake the bread of life.

HYMN X. C. M.

"—my blood is drink indeed."

- 1 WHEN Asia's mighty conqueror died,
His followers shared his realm.
Yet, O how soon did ruin's tide
Them and their thrones o'erwhelm!
- 2 Had every monarch from his throne
By Jesus' arm been hurl'd ;
Had he, the conqueror, held alone
The sceptre of the world ;—
- 3 Had his apostles shared the globe ;
Had all the orient gems
That deck the royal Persian's robe
Blaz'd on their diadems :—
- 4 Thron'd on the Egyptian's pyramid,
Old Time had seen their power
All crumble, as the Grecian's did,
And wither like a flower.
- 5 This Jesus knew : and, ere the thorns
Around his head were prest,
The banquet which this board adorns
He spread for *all*, and blest.

**6 Then gave he gems of hope to shine
Around this goblet's brim :
Then dropp'd a pearl into this wine,—
THE MEMORY OF HIM.**

HYMN XI. L. M.

**1 Our Father ! we approach thy board
As children, that would be forgiven ;
Rememb'ring him, thy Son, who pour'd
His blood, to seal our hope of heaven.**

**2 O God, our Saviour ! while we thus
Remember him who made us free,
Who agonized and died for us,
Our grateful hearts would rise to thee.**

**3 In him, whose bursting heart the cloud
Of sorrow chilled, and wretchedness ;
In him, whose fainting head was bowed
In his unspeakable distress ;**

**4 O listen to our fervent prayer ;
That he who hung on Calvary's hill,
And gave thee back his spirit there,
May live in our affections still.**

HYMN XII. L. M.

- 1 His hour had come !—and darkness roll'd
 Across the ocean's heaving waves :
Earth shook ;—the dead came forth, and told
 The secrets of their shuddering graves.
- 2 His hour had come ! and forth there strode
 Ten thousand cloud-borne cherubim,
Who hung beneath their bright abode,
 On countless wings to welcome him.
- 3 Archangels rode the winds :—and through
 Yon vault, that swells to endless day,
And rolls in everlasting blue,
 They bore his spotless soul away.
- 4 The wreathed thorns no longer press
 His reverend head : but, rob'd in light,
And thron'd in power, he sits to bless
 The observers of this sacred rite.

HYMN XIII. C. M.

ART thou unhappy?—in thy grief
 Recall the sorrows Jesus bore :
And are thy joys but few and brief?
 Remember him, and weep no more.

The blooms of friendship death will blight :
 But, when the gathering clouds combine,
 Let faith their summits gild with light,
 And check the tear that dares repine.

When flatteries soothe, and hopes allure,
 And pleasures woo with Siren tone,
 Like him unmov'd the test endure,
 And bow thy heart to God alone.

When foes assail, or friends betray,
 Of hatred,—of revenge beware :
 With kindness all their wrongs repay :
 “Father, forgive them :” be thy prayer.

Remember Jesus : how he bore
 Affliction's weight, temptation's power :
 Remember Jesus' life : and more :—
 Remember Jesus' dying hour.

HYMN XIV. S. M.

God glorified in the death of his Son.

- 1 "On the dreadful moments roll
When my foes attain the power ;
Deep distress o'erwhelms my soul,
Father, save me from this hour !
- 2 "Save me, for the cross appears ;
I must suffer, I must die.
God, behold my flowing tears,
Hear my supplicating cry !
- 3 "Save me—But I plead in vain,
For thy Son is doomed to death ;
Mid contempt, reproach, and pain,
I resign to thee my breath.
- 4 "Thou art just, and I obey ;
Father, glorify thy name."—
Thus to God did Jesus pray ;
Then a voice in thunder came :
- 5 "God has glory in his Son,
When his precious blood is shed ;
Glory in the conquest won,
When he rises from the dead."

HYMN XV. L. M.

The earthquake at the death of Jesus.

Iv God, the mighty work is done;
ceive the spirit of thy Son !”
ud from the cross the Saviour cries,
en humbly bows his head and dies.

e temple shudders at the sound ;
ith horror quakes the conscious ground ;
e shock awakes the sleeping dead ;
e sun in terror hides his head.

Id nature sympathizing feels,
hile earth’s eternal basis reels,
id rocks are rent, and mountains nod,
ound the expiring Son of God.



HYMN XVI. L. M.

Iv majesty, O God, appears
In those stupendous orbs of light,
hich, rolling in harmonious sphères,
ldorn the day or crown the night.

2 But in thy Son our eyes behold
 A work that all these works excels,
 More luminous than stars of gold,
 A work in which perfection dwells.

3 For round his head with vivid rays
 The gems of moral glory shine,
 His countenance sublime displays
 Devotion's lineaments divine.

4 E'en on the cross, though all his nerves
 Are pierced with keen affliction's sting,
 The dignity he still preserves
 Of judge, and conqueror, and king.



HYMN XVII. C. M.

Love to Christ.

1 THY mercies, O eternal Sire,
 In Christ, thy Son, impart,
 The object of my fond desire,
 The friend, who fills my heart !

2 I love him, for to do thy will
 Is his delightful food,
 To honour thee, thy work fulfil,
 And bless mankind with good.

3 Whene'er he speaks, my raptured ear
 To his instruction turns ;
 And while his gracious words I hear,
 My heart within me burns.

4 But when my dear Redeemer dies,
 And his last pangs I see,
 My soul with warm affection cries,
 My Saviour bleeds for me !

HYMN XVIII. S. M.

1 Yes, to that last command,
 We will obedient prove,
 Around his table we will stand,
 In memory of his love.

2 His precious blood he shed
 For our unworthy race ;
 While uttering in the Almighty's stead
 His messages of grace.

3 Oh, if our senseless pride
 His dying words neglect,
 'Tis we who pierce his sacred side,
 And all his love reject.

4 Then let us ever keep
 This consecrated feast,
 Till memory shall have sunk to sleep,
 Or life itself have ceased !

HYMN XIX. L. M.

1 We sing thy mercy, God of love,
 That sent the Saviour from above,
 To free our race from sin and wo,
 And spread thy peace and truth below.

2 We thank thee for the words he brought ;
 We thank thee that he lived and taught
 Frail and imperfect man to be,
 In humble mode, resembling thee.

3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,
 That kept those sacred pages fair
 Through every age, whose lines record
 The deeds and precepts of our Lord.

**4 We thank thee for this solemn rite,
By us repeated in thy sight ;
O feed our souls with bread divine,
And cheer us with the heavenly wine !**

HYMN XX. C. M.

**1 O God, accept the sacred hour,
Which we to thee have given ;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.**

**2 Still let us hold, till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son ;
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.**

**3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free ;
And humbly learn, like him, to give
Our powers, our wills to thee.**

**4 And oft along life's dangerous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou on this thy holy day
For us this scene renew.**

HYMN XXI. L. M.

The dying love of Christ.

- 1 AMAZING love ! that stooped so low,
 To view with pity's melting eye
Sinners, whose just desert was wo.
 'Amazing love ! did Jesus die ?'
- 2 He died !—to raise to life and joy
 The vile, the guilty, the undone.
O, let his praise our lips employ,
 Till hours no more their circles run.
- 3 He died !—Ye seraphs, let your voice
 His last, his dying groan prolong.
He rose !—Let earth, let heaven, rejoice,
 And praise him in eternal song.

HYMN XXII. P. M.

- 1 GREAT God ! the covenant now is sealed ;
 The arduous work of love is done.
Thy mercy fully stands revealed,
 For thou hast given to us thy Son.

What gift can ever be denied
 To those for whom the Saviour died ?

2 Assist us, Lord, to keep his cross
 Forever present to our heart ;
Like him to count all things but loss
 That from thy service would us part ;
 In virtue's course to persevere,
 And only love what he held dear.

3 Like Jesus, may we bear resigned
 The ills of life, the wrongs of foes ;
And, hoping we may mercy find,
 Forgive the authors of our woes.
 And tread on thorns our goal to gain,
 And never murmur or complain.

4 Like Jesus, may we even in death
 Enraptured say, " Our Father, Friend ;"
Confide in thee, and yield our breath,
 Filled with assurance to ascend
 To mansions of celestial joy,
 And pleasures which shall never cloy.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

**1 How glorious is this holy place
 Where bread of life is given !
 This surely is the house of God ;
 This is the gate of heaven !**

**2 Jesus, the master of the feast,
 Vouchsafes his presence here ;
 The cup of blessing passes round,
 The pious guests to cheer.**

**3 Vain thoughts and vile desires no more
 Shall these pure joys molest ;
 Nor clouds of doubt and fear come o'er
 The sunshine of the breast.**

**4 Here may our grateful hearts be filled
 With hope and joy and love ;
 And here may we begin the songs
 That we shall sing above.**

HYMN XXIV. L. M.

Jesus teaching.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place !
- 2 From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 “ Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come all ye weary ones and rest ! ”
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
- 4 Decay then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride, decay !—
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

HYMN XXV. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine ;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We take, we taste the heavenly bread,
We drink the sacred cup ;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall be strong to run the race
And climb the upper skies ;
Thou wilt provide our souls with grace,
For thou hast large supplies.
- 4 Then we'll indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast ;
And show we love our Saviour's name
More than the food we taste.

HYMN XXVI. C. M.

1 BEHOLD, O Lord, thy servants all,
With gratitude sincere,
Accept thy kind and gracious call,
And at thy feast appear.

2 O may each honoured, happy guest
A worthy member prove ;
And, in the wedding garment drest,
Share thy redeeming love !

3 And nourished here with sacred food,
Refreshed and strengthened too,
With vigour, and with zeal renewed,
The heavenly course pursue.

4 And hear, O Father, this our prayer ;
To us may it be given,
With our exalted Lord, to share
The banquet spread in heaven.

HYMN XXVII. S. M.

1 How pleasant the repast
 These elements afford !
 And in partaking them we hold
 Communion with our Lord.

2 O may the bread and wine
 Maintain our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And interest in his death !

3 Our heavenly Father calls
 Christ and his members one ;
 We are the children of his love,
 And he the first born son.

4 We are but several parts
 Of the same broken bread :
 One body hath its several limbs,
 But Jesus is the head.

5 Let all our powers be joined,
 His glorious name to raise ;
 Pleasure and love fill every mind
 And tune each voice to praise.

HYMN XXVIII. S. M.

**1 Jesus, the friend of man,
Invites us round his board ;
The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.**

**2 Here we survey that love
Which spoke in every breath,
Which crowned each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.**

**3 Here, with our highest powers,
O let his name be sung ;
Let gratitude fill every heart,
And flow from every tongue.**

**4 Let praise be our employ
While life and breath remain ;
And, when we soar to worlds of joy,
We'll raise a nobler strain.**

HYMN XXIX. C. M.

The love of God in the Gospel.

- 1 **LORD,** we adore thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In thy beloved son.
- 2 **Come,** all ye pining, hungry poor,
The Saviour's bounty taste ;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.
- 3 **Here shall your numerous wants receive**
A free, a full supply ;
He has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.
- 4 **Lord,** bring unwilling souls to thee
By thy resistless power ;
Thy boundless grace let rebels see,
And at thy feet adore !

HYMN XXX. S. M.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

- 1 **LORD**, let thy kingdom come !
Let thy good spirit find
A calm abode, a peaceful home,
A temple, in our mind.
- 2 In us reveal thy laws,
And teach us all thy will,
That we, devoted to thy cause,
Thy pleasure may fulfil.
- 3 Rule constantly within :
Thy gracious power make known :
Destroy the last remains of sin,
And claim us for thine own.
- 4 Let peace, and joy, and love,
Be fully, freely, given ;
And may our every grace improve,
Till we are fit for heaven.

HYMN XXXI. C. M.

The invitation accepted.

1 LORD, we thy invitation hear,
 And come with willing feet :
 Pleased at thy table to appear,
 Our Saviour there to meet.

2 We share the pledges of thy love,
 And taste the rich repast ;
 How kind the endearing tokens prove ;
 Long may their pleasures last !

3 Salvation's flowing cup we take,
 And thankful tribute pay :
 O may the cheering draught we make
 Health to our souls convey !

4 The nourishment thy feasts afford
 Shall the full stature give
 Of perfect men in Christ our Lord,
 That we with him may live.

HYMN XXXII. L. M.

Which things the angels desire to look into."

1 PET. I. 12.

God, to whom the angels raise
Their gladdened notes of lofty praise,
Through their ranks devotion flies,
Forms their heaven above the skies:

Mortals would like them rejoice
With cheerful and united voice;
I strive, with rapture, to prolong
Grateful and the pious song.

On our frail and sinful race
That thou bestowed distinguished grace,—
One, whose extensive, wonderous plan
We in vain attempt to scan.

Be, in the banquet's bread and wine,
Share the pledge of love divine,
I think of him who died that we,
Seemed from death, might live with thee.

HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

“The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.”

REV. XXII. 17.

- 1 O HEARKEN to the Spirit's call,
 The Bride repeats it, and says, Come !
It kindly now invites you all,
 And welcomes every wanderer home.
- 2 Shall love unlock its richest store,
 And with such gifts a table crown,
And will you linger at the door,
 When ask'd, when bidden to sit down ?
- 3 The liberal Master of the feast
 Himself the gracious call repeats ;
He loves to see the flock increas'd,
 And each new comer kindly greets.
- 4 The Church, the bride, with open arms,
 Woos and beseeches in her turn ;
With hope allures, with fear alarms,
 And bids you your best good discern.

5 O heed the warning and the call,
And follow the inviting voice ;
Saints gladly will receive you all,
And angels o'er you will rejoice.

HYMN XXXIV. C. M.*The Gospel Feast.*

1 The King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board.
Not all the boasted joys of earth
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men
Are here most freely given ;
And strengthening aid for all who seek,
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Thousands of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And thousands more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

**4 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That thousands more may come ;
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'erfill the spacious room.**

**5 All things are ready : enter in,
Nor weak excuses frame.
Come, take your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.**



HYMN XXXV. L. M.

Remembrance of Christ.

**1 "THIS do in memory of your friend :"
Such was the Saviour's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endured
That we might live forever blest.**

**2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends !
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.**

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3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.

4 But oh, what vast transporting joys
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, joined with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire !

5 When these vile bodies, all refined,
Perfect, and glorious as thy own,
Unwearied, shall our minds obey,
And join in worship near thy throne !



HYMN XXXVI. S. M.

1 This supper to partake
Was Jesus' last request,
And here may each attendant be
A welcome, thankful guest.

2 Here we show forth his love,
Which spoke in every breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumphed in his death.

Here let our powers unite
 His honoured name to raise ;
 Let grateful joy fill every mind,
 And tune each voice to praise.

For while the banquet here
 Each guest with freedom shares,
 He, for us, in the heavenly world,
 A nobler feast prepares.



HYMN XXXVII. L. M.

Christ's second coming.

MATT. XXVI. 26—30. REV. XXII. 20.

- 1 **Thus we commemorate the day**
On which our dearest Lord was slain ;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appears on earth again.
- 2 **Come, great Redeemer, open wide**
The curtains of the parting sky ;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly !

3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
 Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign
 As far as earth extends its coasts!

4 Come, Lord,—where Judah's altar blazed,
 Let Judah's sons their God adore:
 Come, Lord,—and where thy cross was raised,
 Let the pale crescent gleam no more.

5 Come, Lord, and plant thy standard there,
 There fix thine everlasting throne;
 Give thy broad banners to the air,
 And make the nations all thy own.



HYMN XXXVIII. L. M.

1 "*'Tis finished!*"—So the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head and died.
 'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.

2 *'Tis finished!*—All that heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfilled, as was designed,

3 'Tis finished!—Aaron now no more
 Must stain his robes with purple gore.
 The sacred veil is rent in twain,
 And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished!—Man is reconciled
 To God, and powers of darkness spoiled.
 Peace, love and happiness again
 Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 'Tis finished!—Let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round.
 'Tis finished!—Let the echo fly
 Through heaven and hell, through earth and
 sky!



HYMN XXXIX. L. M.

Praise for the blessings given through Jesus.

1 To God, of every good the spring,
 The tribute of your praises bring,
 For grace and truth through Jesus given,
 Mercy, and peace, and hope of heaven.

2 Grateful the joyous news proclaim,
 Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
 Salvation !—shout the glorious sound,
 Proclaim it to the world around.

3 Tell every fearful, trembling soul
 That gospel grace will make him whole :
 Invite the weary poor to come ;
 At Jesus' feast there still is room.

4 Jesus !—that name shall calm their fears,
 Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears,
 Shall ease the anxious, throbbing breast,
 And give the weary mourner rest.

5 Jesus—our Prophet, Saviour, King,—
 For Jesus, grateful praise we bring
 To thee, from whom his blessings flowed,
 To thee, our Father and our God.



HYMN XL. L. M.

1 'TWAS on that dark and doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betrayed him to his foes :

2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake:
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wonderous words of grace he spake!

3 "This is my body, break for sin;
 Receive and eat the living food;"—
 Then took the cup and bless'd the wine,
 " 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.

4 "In memory of your dying Lord,
 Do this (said he) till time shall end;
 Meet at my table and record
 The love of your departed friend."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.



HYMN XLI. C. M.

1 With warm affection let us view,
 With pious grief improve,
 The solemn and impressive scene
 Of Jesus' dying love.

2 Not all the malice of his foes
 His pity could subdue ;
 " Forgive them, Father," he exclaimed,
 " They know not what they do."

3 O what a love was here displayed,
 Beyond our utmost thought !
 How pure the lessons, how sublime,
 In life and death he taught !

4 Let not his sacred truths by us
 Be lost or misapplied ;
 Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
 That 'twas for us he died.



HYMN XLII. C. M,

1 Come, and before we bid adieu,
 And the Communion end,—
 Come, in a hymn the praise renew
 Of our exalted Friend.

2 Though in the blissful realms above
 His brighter glories shine ;
 Though there the soul, with purer love,
 Shall hail the light divine ;

3 Yet there are mild enlivening rays

Diffused around us here ;—

And the kind tokens he conveys,

Make his remembrance dear.

4 O let us, then, his praise repeat

In our most grateful strains,

Till with his people we shall meet

In glory where he reigns.

HYMN XLIII. C. M.

*Brotherly kindness from the precepts and example
of Christ.*

1 Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love he lived and taught,
Inspired by love he died.

3 And do you love him ? do you feel
 Your warm affections move ?
 This is the proof that he demands,
 That you each other love.

4 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;
 Like his be every mind ;
 Be every temper formed by love,
 And every action kind.

5 Let us, who call ourselves his friends,
 Deserve the honoured name ;
 And by a near resemblance prove
 The title which we claim.

HYMN XLIV. S. M.

1 Now let each happy guest
 The sacred concert raise,
 To close the honours of the feast,
 And sing the Master's praise.

2 The gospel's mighty plan,
 How glorious in our view !
 The salutary source to man
 Of peace and pardon too !

**3 His precepts how divine !
How suited to our state !
How bright his acts of mercy shine !
His promises how great !**

**4 Kind author of the grace
So largely, freely given,
Upon our souls thine image trace,
And form them fit for heaven !**

HYMN XLV. L. M.

“Show forth the Lord’s death till he come.”

1 COR. XI. 26.

**1 LORD, at thy table we attend,
Feed on the bread and drink the wine,**

Memorials of our absent friend,

The signs and seals of love divine.

2 As bread recruits when strength decays,

And wine revives our sinking hearts,

Jesus immortal food conveys,

Jesus immortal joys imparts.

3 Thus we the death of Jesus show,
 From whose bequest our comforts rise,
 Till we his richer grace shall know,
 Prepared and promised in the skies.

4 Then shall we, rising from the dust,
 To those blest realms exulting soar,
 And join the millions of the just,
 And feel nor want nor sorrow more.

HYMN XLVI. L. M.

1 O FATHER, may thy grace descend
 To crown the blessings of this board,
 These emblems of our dying friend,
 Our buried, risen, reigning Lord.

2 Be thou our guide, and, while we tread
 Life's thorny path, we ne'er shall stray;
 Nor shall the prison of the dead
 Keep back our souls from endless day.

3 We long that better world to see,
 Its glories and its joys to share;
 To live with Christ and near to thee,
 And feast the soul forever there.

HYMN XLVII. C. M.

The Table blessed.

- 1 To these provisions of our board,
Which, Lord, thy liberal grace bestow
Thy benediction now afford,
Whence all their power to nourish flow
- 2 To fill our wants and cheer our hearts
The earthly feast its food supplies ;
But thy refreshing grace imparts
Means of a life that never dies.
- 3 Nurtured by this, our souls improve,
Until an invitation's given
To join the happier church above,
And share the banquet spread in heav

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